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MARCH 1997

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The International Magazine for Men

March 1997

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Advertising Offices: *New York*: Penthouse International, Ltd., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. Tel. (212) 702-6000; *Midwest*: Penthouse, 333 N. Michigan Ave. Suite 2415, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel. (312) 750-1150; *South:* P.O. Box 1535, Mason Neck, Va. 22199-1535. Tel. (703) 339-1060. *West Coast*: Penthouse, 3330 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90405. Tel. (310) 392-2998. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc.
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Printed in the U.S.A.
Certificado de licitud de titulo No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de titulo No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica.

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MARCH HOUSECALL

A superstar's fall from grace, a beautiful lady in second place, and extreme sports and adventure make this a special issue indeed!

Bad

According to legal documents obtained by *Penthouse*, **Michael Jackson**, international pop-music star and demigod to millions, is a glaring example of every parent's nightmare. In this issue we publish a sworn statement by then 13-year-old **Jordie Chandler** about his relationship with the reclusive singer. It's been said that the Chandler family received upwards of $20 million from Jackson to keep quiet about what happened to their son. But before all that money changed hands, Jordie made this sworn statement of his relationship with the gloved one.

Dope for Dopes

"It has to be boredom. That's why people do heroin or any other drug," writes **Chuck Dean**. "Dope reels in [life's] absurdity and whacks off the edge; it makes your condition not bearable, but tolerable. That means a lot when you're expected to shoot for the moon and never miss. Heroin makes bad days seem good, and bad lives better." Dean spoke with experts about the heroin problem in America, but in this article he also writes from experience. A former heroin user, he paints an intimate portrait of what his life and the lives of his friends were like while shooting up, and how easily death can be delivered by the next needle in your vein.

Technomania

Ken Sander is known in New York City as the Cable Doctor. On his live TV show Sander—accessing an encyclopedic knowledge of his subject—answers callers' questions about various high-tech equipment and helps them find new solutions to old problems. This month we introduce a new column, "Technomania," in which Sander (who has been a road manager for **Kiss**, **War**, and **Patti LaBelle**) shares with readers the latest that the wizards of high technology are creating to transform our lives. He's one cable guy you'll be glad to welcome into your home.

Going to Extremes

"Extreme sports have become mainstream," says **Geoff Tabin**. "Everywhere you look, the coolest people are doing high-risk, high-adrenaline sports." With sports shows broadcasting events like bungee jumping, street luge, and sky surfing, activities that only a few years ago were on the fringes of athletic pursuit are now getting a surge in popularity. Advertisement of these sports entices novices to give them a try. The jolt of adrenaline and excitement of the danger make the first experience a thrill, but a surprising number of these people become fanatics, devoting themselves to training and perfecting their skills so as to push ever closer to the edge of the abyss. Tabin, who somehow manages to combine a full-time career as a medical doctor, practicing several months a year in Nepal and Tibet, with his love of adventure and exploring, explains how your mind prepares you for these extreme experiences and how engaging in extreme sports affects you mentally and physically.

Dropping a Bomb

F.B.I. chemist **Frederic Whitehurst** will be taking the stand in the trial of the accused Oklahoma City bombers. His credentials are impeccable, and his superiors say he knows more about bomb residues than anyone in any lab anywhere. He'd be the perfect witness to tighten the noose around accused bombers **Timothy McVeigh** and **Terry Nichols**. The only problem—he'll be testifying for the defense. **Ryan Ross** and **John Kelly** profile this whistleblower whose testimony may well torpedo the government's most important domestic-terrorism case.

A Second Look

Twenty-seven-year-old **Heidi Lynne** may be our 1997 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, but she's really second to none. Her sizzling pictorial brings all of us up to date on what this former Catholic-school girl has been doing since her first appearance in these pages in October 1994. "I'm surprised at how far I've come, especially since I'm so small," she told us. "I guess what it comes down to is personality—and I've got plenty of that!" Personality, style, and stunning sensuality—a winning combination for Heidi and also for all of this month's special Pets. As Heidi says, "Being on the cover of *Penthouse* is like a fantastic dream to me." It's a fantasy we all love to share.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Pees on Earth

As a longtime reader of *Penthouse* I've become accustomed to the fine woman-on-woman features you've given us every month. There is not another magazine that does this type of pictorial as well as *Penthouse*. I love the shots of two women kissing each other's lips, breasts, and pussy. And in *Penthouse* they look as if they're really enjoying themselves. That makes the pictures so much more exciting. I thought it couldn't get any better.

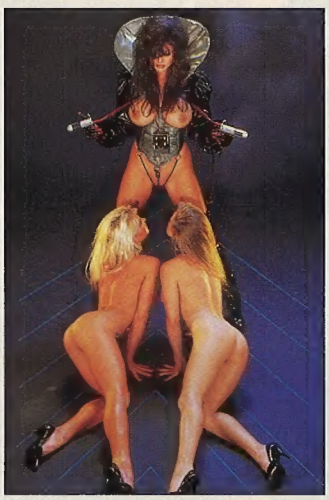
But I was wrong. The "Pees on Earth" feature in the December 1996 issue was your best pictorial ever. I was so turned on by the pictures of these women, I couldn't put the magazine down. You have really outdone yourself. Keep the lesbian pictorials coming, and let us see even more.

Thanks for everything throughout the years, and thanks for everything that is to come.—*D. S., Illinois*

All Enemies, Foreign and Domestic

I am a 23-year-old male in the military, currently on a six-month deployment in the Mediterranean. I have just been informed that certain military bases are trying to ban the sale of your magazine. This is very disturbing to me. When a person enlists in the military he or she is required to take an oath to "support and defend the Constitution of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic." Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't freedom of speech mentioned somewhere in that same Constitution?

If the military officials are concerned with children getting hold of "offensive material" (as these self-appointed censors call it), they shouldn't be. In most of the post exchanges I have been to the pornographic material is put either on a top shelf or behind the counter covered with a blanket. These places require you to present your I.D. at the cash register. If a minor attempts to purchase pornographic material, the cashier will not and should not allow the purchase.



If the brass is worried about the military's "morals and ethics," I find nothing demeaning or degrading in your magazine. To me, it simply reflects the changing views and opinions of society. Is the military going to ban "society" next?

Don't get me wrong. You also have tasteful pictorials of some of the most beautiful women in the world, which is one reason people purchase your magazine. I, for one, appreciate the quality as well as quantity of information you pack into each issue. "The Penis Page," "Men's Health & Fitness," and of course "Call Me Madam" are a few of your excellent sources of information.

I feel the military should judge a book by its content, not solely for its pictures. Your magazine definitely has content. If the military does ban the sale of this type of material, people could still get a subscription—and yes, I do have a subscription.—*J. C., North Carolina*

Whole New Love Life

Late last spring my husband's buddy came to stay for a couple of weeks. It was nothing new for him to stay at our place. He comes about once a year, but this year something was different.

I walked in from work the day he arrived, and found him and my husband talking in the family room. I walked over and gave him a hug and a kiss hello. I couldn't help but notice his jeans were tight and showed me some hard thighs—my weakness.

I had a beer with the guys, then excused myself and

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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KATHY KEETON
President & C.O.O.

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(U.S. edition)

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MARCH

headed for the shower. I didn't have to work the next day, and after my shower I joined the guys as they were making plans to go out. I couldn't keep my eyes off our visitor. I could feel wetness growing between my legs every time he looked at me. After they left, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to let this opportunity go by. The next day was going to be mine. I made up the couch for him to sleep on and headed to bed.

The next morning after my husband left for work I took off my nightshirt and headed into the family room. I saw our guest sleeping on the couch. The blankets were rumpled, and I could see that he was sleeping in the nude. I could feel my nipples get hard as I looked over the uncovered parts of his body. My heart was racing as I moved across the room. As I got closer I could see the head of his cock just under the edge of the blanket. I almost turned away when he opened his eyes and looked at me. When our eyes met I knew there was no turning back.

I walked over to him and kneeled down beside him. My hands were shaking as I reached under the covers and felt his cock. It grew as I stroked it. I leaned over and whispered, "Would you like me to suck your cock?" His eyes answered me, and I set to work. He pulled back the covers, and I made my way down his chest, kissing and love-biting down to his massive cock. My pussy was dripping wet, and as soon as he reached down and started to rub my clit I couldn't hold back. I came hard. I screamed out as he put his fingers in my hot honey pot. I took the head of his cock in my mouth and began to make small, fast circles on the end. His moans told me he liked blowjobs. I don't mean to brag, but I really enjoy sucking cock, and I've been told I give great head.

I began to play with his nuts as I continued to suck and lick his cock's head. I slowly slid his shaft into my mouth and let my tongue flutter like a butterfly on the underside of his cock. When I deep-throated him, I came again. I could feel his cock hit the back of my throat, and I licked his nuts when I got to the base of his cock. I pulled back slowly as I sucked hard. When I got to the head I started to pump his cock with one hand while I rubbed his ass hole with the other. I guess that was all he could take, because soon I could feel his cock swell as he shot his jism down my throat.

At that point he pulled me down on the couch and began to suck my tits. My nipples were hard and sticking out. It felt so good to have them played with and sucked on. His hands were busy playing with my clit and pussy. I came again as he finger-fucked my ass. I wanted that too, because he had grown hard again, and it didn't take long for him to guide his manhood into my wet,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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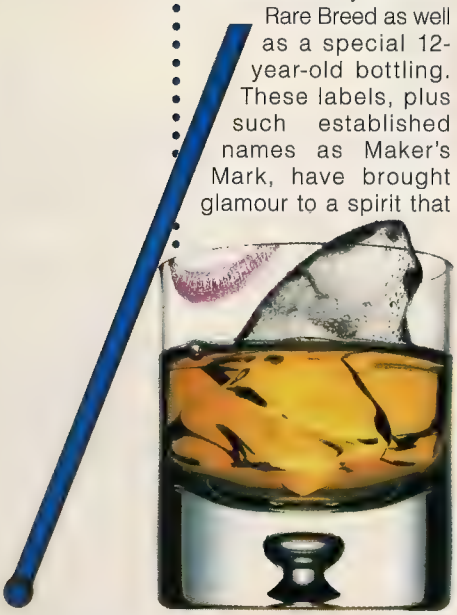
The most normal sex in this film is a husband driving through a car wash while his wife screws a friend in the backseat.

SPIRITS

Bourbon, first distilled in what is now Kentucky more than 200 years ago, seems to be enjoying a renaissance. Just as the renewed interest in Scotch whisky was fueled by a fascination with the distinctive tastes of single-malt whiskies, so bourbon, the all-American spirit, owes much of its newfound popularity to the introduction of limited amounts of special small-batch, single-barrel, and older whiskies, each with its own personality. Thus the best-selling Jim Beam launched Knob Creek and Booker's; Ancient Age also has Blanton's and Hancock's Reserve; Heaven Hill markets Henry McKenna single barrel and Elijah Craig; United Distillers Glenmore offers the 12-year-old Very Special Old Fitzgerald and the 15-year-old I.W. Harper Gold Medal; Brown Forman has introduced Woodford Reserve; and Wild Turkey markets Rare Breed as well as a special 12-year-old bottling. These labels, plus such established names as Maker's Mark, have brought glamour to a spirit that was, for many years, more appreciated in Europe and Japan than in its home country.



By law and definition, bourbon must contain at least 51 percent corn and be aged in new, charred barrels for at least two years; in practice most bourbons contain 75 to 80 percent corn and are aged four to six years. The result is a rich, warming whiskey noted for an aroma and taste that suggest honey, vanilla, toast, caramel, and perhaps even leather and tobacco. (The well-known and widely acclaimed Jack Daniel's and George Dickel are both corn-based, oak-aged whiskeys, but because they are made in Tennessee they cannot be labeled bourbon.)

The specialty bourbons are best enjoyed in a snifter or with just a splash of water to enhance their aromas. The popular brands, more widely available but no less enjoyable, can be drunk on the rocks or in such cocktails as the Whiskey Sour and the Mint Julep. Southern Comfort, a whiskey-based liqueur with hints of peach, complements bourbon perfectly; add a dash of Southern Comfort to a Whiskey Sour or use it to make an unusual Collins with bourbon, peach brandy, sugar, and lemon juice, all stirred together with ice and topped with club soda.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

FILM

David Cronenberg and **J. G. Ballard** are not nice guys. In 20 years of filmmaking, Cronenberg has directed such uppers as *The Fly, Videodrome,* and *Dead Ringers.* Ballard, the surrealist science-fiction writer, has 32 years of weirdness to his credit. So it is a mystery why the Cannes Film Festival thought their collaboration, ***Crash,*** so unusual that they created a special Outrageousness award for it. So what if the most normal sex in the film is a husband driving through a car wash while his wife and a friend screw in the backseat?

Crash (based on a book by Ballard that was excerpted in the November 1973 *Penthouse*) is about people who eroticize auto crashes. **James Spader,** in his best sotto voce, is the husband; **Deborah Unger** is the wife, who likes sex against cold metal. After an auto accident they discover a sexual underground (inhabited by **Holly Hunter, Rosanna Arquette,** and the riveting **Elias Koteas**) where folks re-enact famous car crashes—Jimmy Dean's, Jayne Mansfield's—which turn them on, until an "act" takes them out. Arquette plays a woman so aroused by her scars that she runs around in stilettos, mesh stockings, and leather *bustiers*—and to think that Arquette once complained about photos of herself on the beach.

One supposes that *Crash* means to ask whether sex that doesn't turn viewers on in real life can become, on the screen, a turn-on. Sadly, there will be no answers from this film. The pacing is so dreamy as to be listless, and Hunter and Unger are seriously miscast. But not much is lost. Viewers may learn nothing about the erotic lure of car crashes, but watching Spader, they will learn a great deal about his.—*Marcia Pally*

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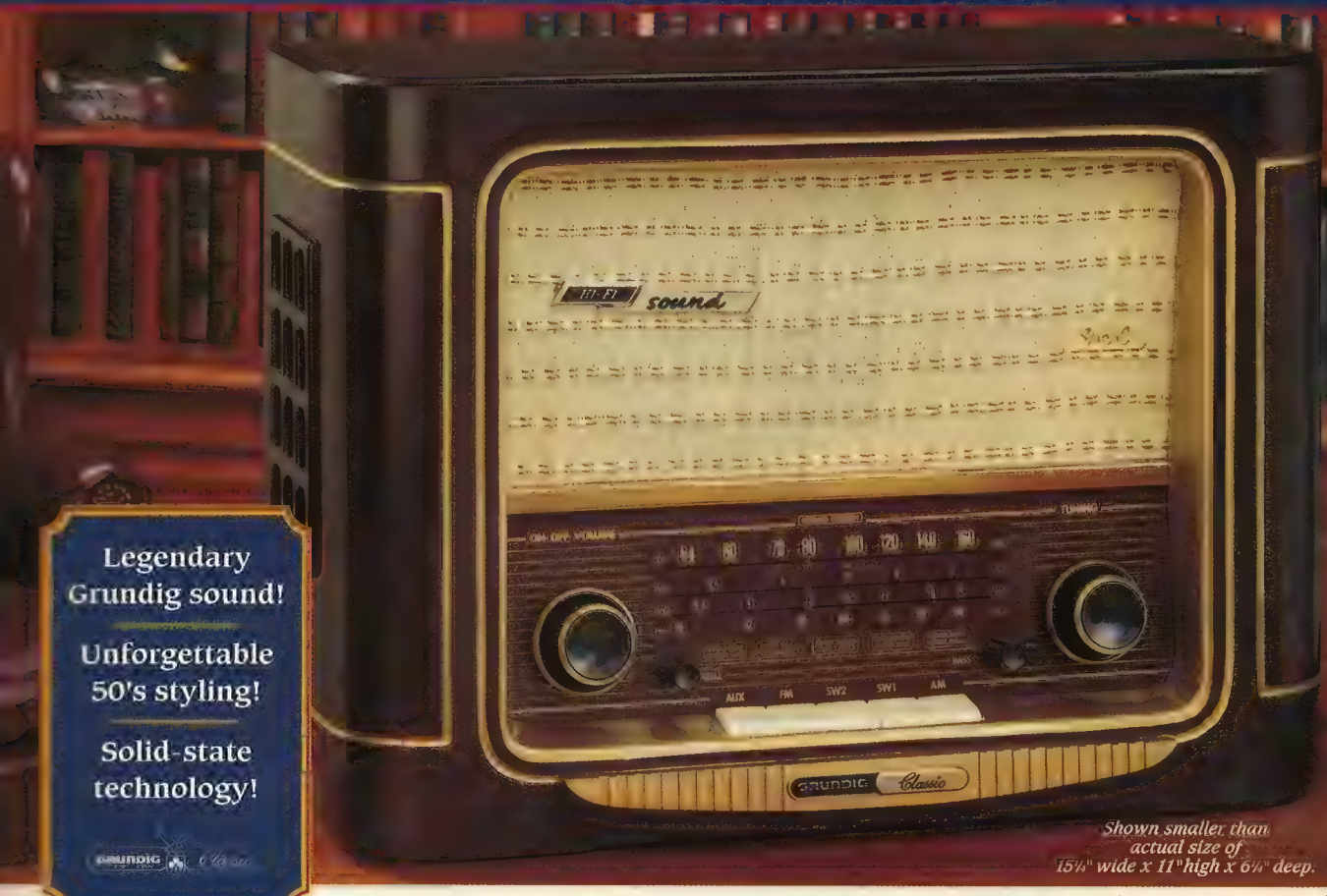

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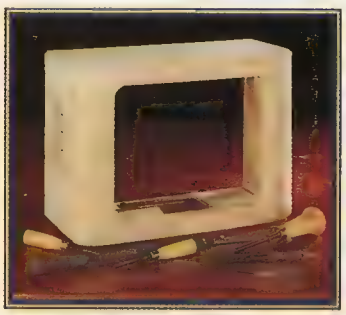

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TRAVEL

Times Square has become a tourist theme park, complete with cartoon characters, video games, and flashy junk food.

In its never-ending passion for self-renewal New York City has finally wrestled seedy Times Square to the mat, and a flashy new playland is coming alive in and around the legendary 42nd Street. Across from its latest cartoon supermarket, Disney has resurrected the grand old Victoria Theater. A musical of *The Lion King* is due in the fall at the New Amsterdam. Warner Brothers has leased Number One Times Square, so Bugs Bunny may be riding the ball when it drops next New Year's Eve. Hansens Brewery's vast expanse of window is a catbird seat overlooking the dazzle. Virgin Records has opened a monster superstore right next door to the stadium-like All Star Café, where a ring of giant TV monitors and a roving blimp oversee all the sports you can watch and all the junk food you can eat. A lot of sleaze has been banished in the name of renewal. The scattered survivors of the city's sex-shop and peep-show wars may win the battle in court to market porn, but lose the war as rents soar.

Restaurants are poised to get in on the renaissance. On 47th Street the three-story Firebird hopes to evoke memories of the old Russian Tea Room. Comedy Nation will dish up food and laughs above the Comedy Club at 50th. The 40,000-square-foot Copperfield Magic Underground opens this fall a block south. Visitors can stop at the intimate new Hotel Casablanca, 43rd and Broadway. A simulacrum of Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks will be housed in a 335,000-square-foot retail-and-entertainment center that also boasts a 25-screen cineplex. An outdoor summer film festival takes place in Bryant Park behind the New York Public Library, just a block east of Times Square.

Theater is throbbing with good health once again. The revival of *Chicago* has left critics grasping for superlatives. The raw energy of the rock musical *Rent* won it a Pulitzer. Savion Glover's rousing tap makes *Bring in 'Da Noise* a must. *Grease* may have enough grease to keep it alive forever. And Andrew Lloyd Webber (*Cats, Evita, Phantom*) will be back in the spring with *Whistle Down the Wind.*—*Gael Greene*

AUTOS

He's baaack! Dennis Manning, who held the motorcycle land-speed record for five years in the early seventies, is after it again.

His new streamliner, Tenacious II, has the first motorcycle engine ever designed specifically for the land-speed record (held right now by Easy Riders at 322 m.p.h.). The methanol-powered 90-degree three-liter 16-valve V-4 was built entirely by Manning and his team, from the initial drawings through casting and forging to final assembly. It's been bench-tested at 411 m.p.h. at 8,000 r.p.m.

Last October, California racer Rocky Robinson took Tenacious II to 279 m.p.h. in initial runs on the Bonneville Salt Flats. He was itching to keep on going—"just 50 miles an hour more," he kept saying—but the tires were wearing badly, and Manning nixed any further runs until this year.

"We know we have a great machine," he says. "And we know the record is within reach. So why risk it all by being hasty? Let's do it right."

Expect Manning and Rocky Robinson to do it right this year, either in Australia or Bonneville. And then look forward to a treat: Once they get the record back, Manning and his team at BUB Enterprises ("pipes for bikes") are going to build a new street motorcycle, a sports twin. "Just for us, for fun," says Manning. But say it ain't so, bub. Make a few for the rest of us too.—*Lesley Hazelton*

WINE

Almost every year since 1945 the labels of Chateau Mouton-Rothschild, one of the top vineyards of Bordeaux, have incorporated specially commissioned designs by famous artists, among them Jean Cocteau, Salvador Dalí, and Marc Chagall. The 1993 label displays a work by the European artist Balthus. Although the label received federal approval, a consumer group in California denounced the depiction of a nude girl as obscene. Baroness Philippine de Rothschild, the owner of Mouton, responded by eliminating the art from the labels of those bottles destined for the U.S. The result: European collectors are seeking the bottles with blank labels.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
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PURITANS

What is so wonderful about intercourse? I recently married a man I met when we both were freshmen in college. We were both virgins on our wedding day; however, from the moment we knew we would marry we were sexually active in every other way. We would sleep together, in the nude, at least two or three times a week, and could both climax two or three times each time we became sexual. Indeed we got to be quite creative in finding ways to achieve orgasm without intercourse.

But since our wedding things have gone downhill. At first my husband had trouble penetrating me; he would prematurely ejaculate before I could reach orgasm. Now when we try outercourse, we can't recapture the magic that existed before. We may sleep together in the nude every night now, but I want more.

What is wrong with us? What can we do to salvage our sex life? Signed, Desperately Seeking Orgasm.—B. H., California

Although this is the first time I have heard from you, my immediate reaction is to say, "I told you so." For a woman to still be a virgin when she gets married is silly enough, but to marry another virgin is asking for trouble, and all the time you were fooling around guarding your respective cherries, I have no doubt that you reveled in how "good" you were being.

It is wrong of me, I know, to criticize your behavior, because it is a consequence of your indoctrination by a really sick society, namely, the one we live in, where you are not allowed to see a woman's naked breast on the cover of a newspaper, book, or magazine, but you can go into a shop, buy a gun, and kill an animal or a person with the greatest of ease. It is a society where the idea of monogamy has become an obsession, to the extent that at least one husband has tried to divorce his wife for committing "cyber-adultery" on e-mail.

What is wrong with your sex life is not a physical problem, but a direct result of your own pathetic, Mrs. Grundyish, Goody-Two-Shoes, prudish, Puritan thinking.

All is not lost, however. You have made the right first move, which is asking a rotten, wicked, irreligious sex maniac like me for advice. From the tone of your letter I suspect you are beginning to realize how silly you have been, but I don't think you're really convinced yet.

In the legal definition of rape, "penetration" is usually agreed to be of *any* orifice, so when you say that you were sexually active in "every other way," does that include oral penetration? In other words, if you give your husband a decent blowjob (if you know what that is), maybe he could learn to get over his prematurity. If he has trouble penetrating your vagina, get him to lick it into shape first. It may be that as a result of your recently acquired hangups you are not lubricating sufficiently for his inexperienced penis to find a way in. Go to your friendly corner pharmacy and buy a tube of K-Y Jelly and use it lavishly next time you try to fuck. Yes, *fuck;* learn the word and say it to your husband when you are horny. Say, "Fuck me!" to him.

Buy or rent some hard-core porn videos and watch them together, naked, in the bedroom. Light a few candles, have a few drinks, relax. Another excellent idea would be to start over. Pretend you are not married and have sex the way you used to, or better yet, have sex with some other people. Then you can get together with your husband again, trade experiences, and show each other what you have found out about sex. It may be that after this you both might prefer someone differ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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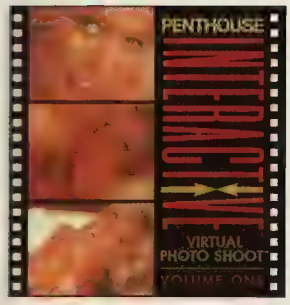

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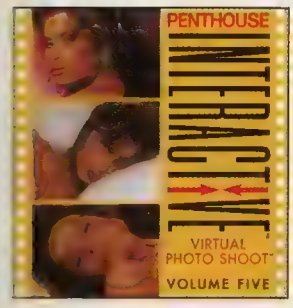

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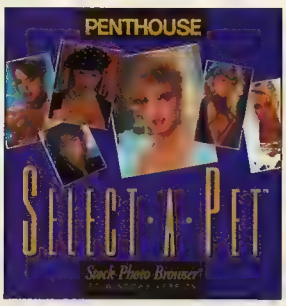

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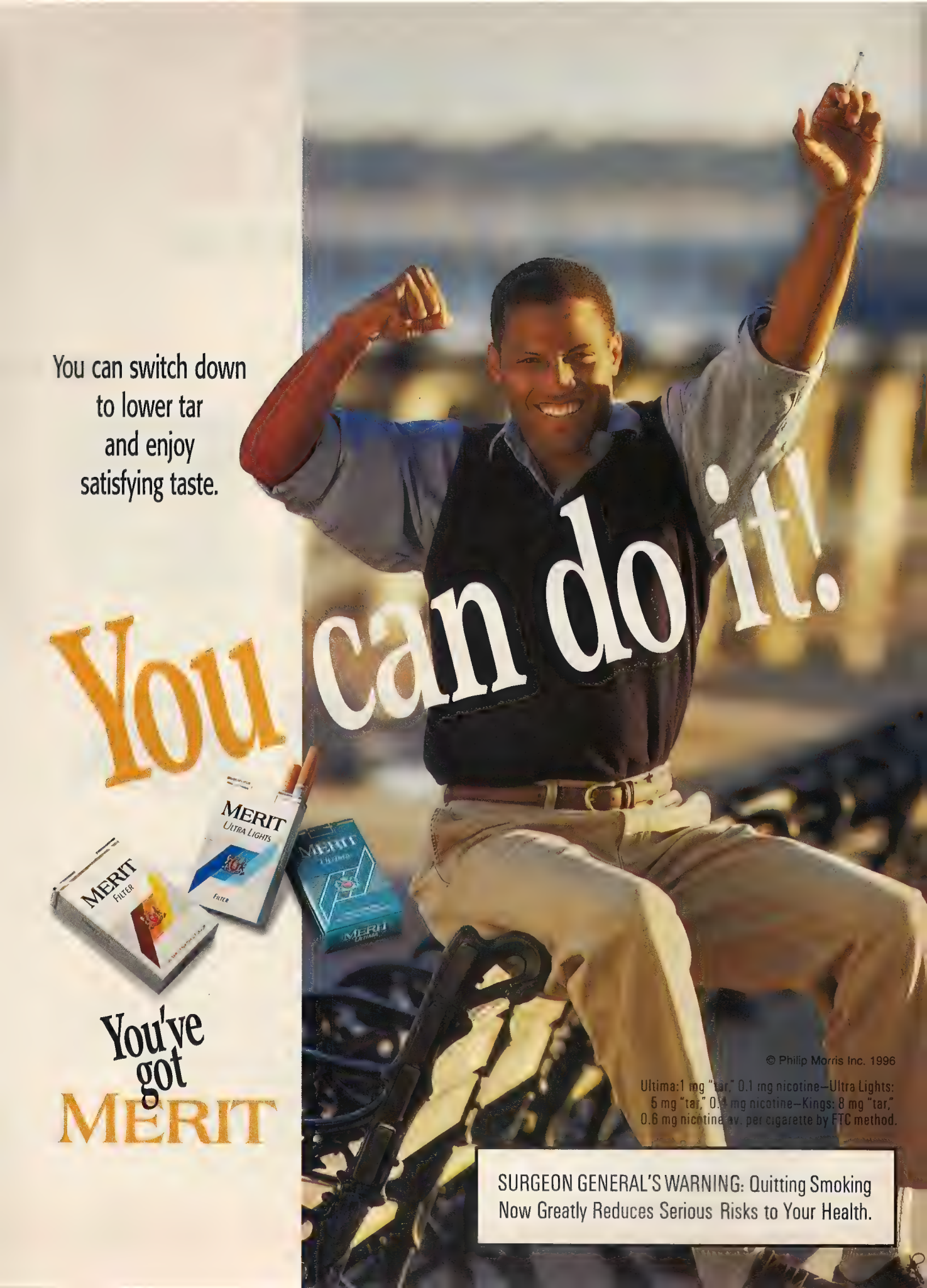
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

EXTREME ADDICTS

By Geoff Tabin

Extreme sports have become mainstream.

ESPN broadcasts "extreme games" with competitions in bungee jumping, street luge, rock climbing, in-line skating, skateboarding, sky surfing, and mountain biking. Only a few years ago these activities were on the fringes of athletic pursuit. Now everywhere you look, from MTV to Mountain Dew commercials, the coolest people are doing high-risk, high-adrenaline sports. When I started rock climbing 23 years ago it was a cult activity practiced by a devoted few. The hard-core climbing community was small enough for most of us across the country to know one another. Today indoor rock-climbing gyms are opening in every major city, and I don't even know all the serious climbers in my hometown, Burlington, Vermont. The circulation of specialty climbing magazines and sales of mountaineering gear have jumped by 700 percent in the past ten years. A similar surge in popularity is seen in all the extreme sports.

The publicity- and image-makers entice novices to give extreme sports a try. The jolt of adrenaline and pure excitement of the danger make the first experience a thrill. A surprising number of people who engage in extreme games go on to become fanatics, devoting themselves to training and perfecting their skills so as to push ever closer to the edge of the abyss. The increased participation is a function of more than simply the physical challenges. These activities tap into the body's chemistry to give a true natural high. Enthusiasts become both psychologically and physiologically addicted to their sport.

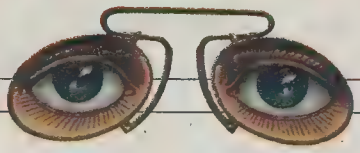
The experience starts in your mind. You are in a plane gaining altitude. Your brain begins to prepare for the experience by releasing chemicals into your bloodstream. You feel anxiety. Your skin tingles, as if an electric wire shocked you to attention. Your mouth becomes as dry as if you'd swallowed a ball of cotton. Your mind races, then focuses sharply on the task at hand.

The door to the plane opens, and your pulse quickens. The pounding of your heart heralds a surge in energy and power. You step into your sky surfer and move to the opening. The beauty of the landscape below, the feeling of the wind in your face, and seemingly the entire world come into perfect clarity in your mind. You launch yourself out into the void and become one with the world. You float, spin, flip, dive, and ride the wind currents. You feel the grip of gravity, the speed of your descent, and the motion of your body in three dimensions. You are in total control, yet the smallest error in judgment, failure of skill, or fluke change in airflow could end your life in an instant. Your concentration is complete. You are one with the experience, until your parachute opens and you float gently to the ground. You have again faced down your own death, and fully appreciate every small joy of life. Euphoria permeates mind, body, and soul. You smile broadly and are totally content. The joy lasts for days. But soon you crave more, and you are back in the plane, heading even higher.

The body's reaction to extreme sports begins with the sympathetic nervous sys-

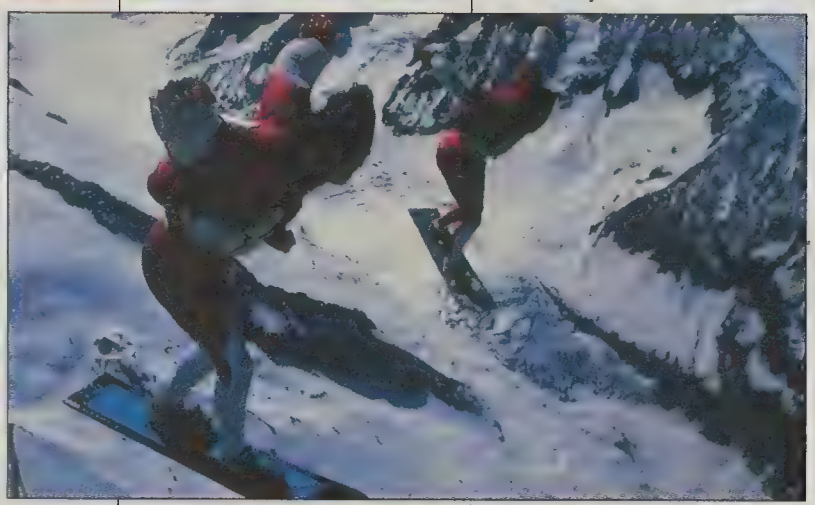
Why parachute or bungee-jump from a hot-air balloon? Answer: Because you can. The need for kicks keeps taking thrill-seekers to new heights.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



Plunging into your fear zone basically tricks the brain into full-alert mode. The resulting surge of adrenaline energizes the body like a thousand cups of espresso.

tem and what Harvard physiologist Clifford Barger termed the "fight or flight" response. The body is primed for survival by the brain's connections to the hormonal system. In nature a predator attacks. The eyes see the approaching danger. The image is transmitted along the optic nerve to the brain. Electric signals pulse through the cerebral cortex, processing all available information pertaining to the situation. If the brain decides that full-on danger is approaching, the alert is instantly transmitted via electrically activated nerve



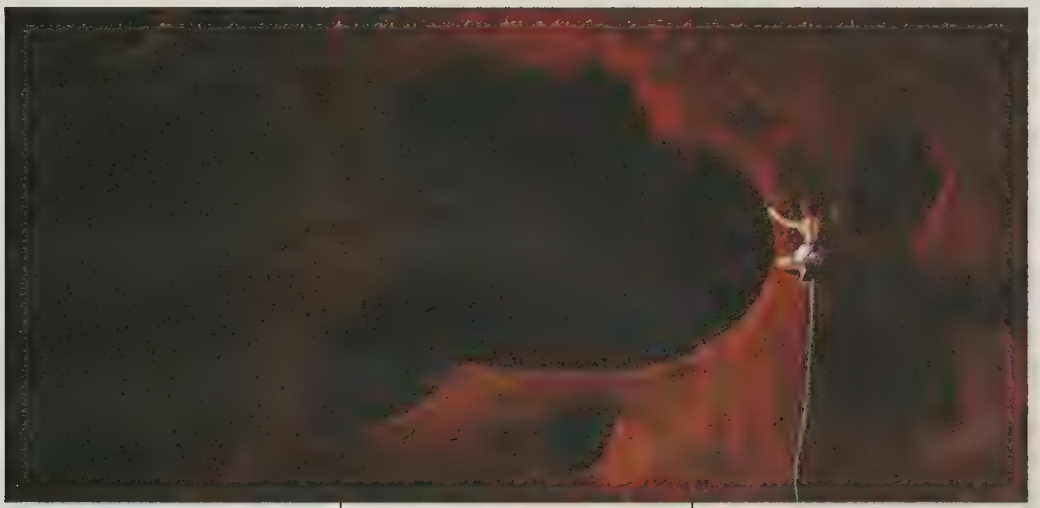
cells to both the sympathetic nerve chain and the hypothalamus, a stalk of endocrine tissue at the base of the brain. The hypothalamus has its messenger molecules ready; they jump into the bloodstream and rush, via a special hot line of direct arteries, to the pituitary gland.

The sympathetic nervous system begins to prime the organism for the fight ahead. Five times the brainpower we normally use is channeled into the struggle for survival. The heart beats faster and with more power. The pupils dilate. Blood flow is redirected to the muscles that are needed for action. Meanwhile the endocrine system of hormones brings in all the supplies needed for peak performance.

The pituitary is the body's master gland, controlling the hormones that pulse through the bloodstream. Alerted to the danger by the hypothalamus's releasing factors, the pituitary sends simultaneous signals to every other gland. The adrenals send out a surge of adrenaline that energizes the entire body like a thousand cups of espresso.

The plane door opens. You are in total control, yet the smallest error in judgment could end your life.

Glucagon is dispatched into the bloodstream, and insulin is inhibited. The result is that stores of glycogen, the muscles' instant energy source, are mobilized for maximal effort. The capillaries in the alveoli of the lungs fill with increased blood flow, gathering more oxygen for the bloodstream. The extra oxygen is dispatched to fuel the muscles and keep the mind alert. Thyroid hormone increases. The brain reaches a heightened state of activity that is completely focused on a single task. Every nerve



"You never know what you are fully capable of until all bridges are out behind you and there is nowhere to go but on."

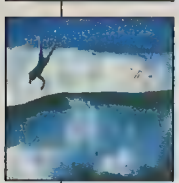
ending is called upon to activate muscles to work at a level far beyond normal strength.

The body is now prepped to fight or run with superhuman power. It is this mobilization that enables a distraught mother to lift a car off her trapped child, that enabled our primitive ancestors to escape death in the wild, and energizes the participant in extreme sports. As the great adventurer, climber, and skier Heinrich Harrer said, "You never know what you are fully capable of until all bridges are out behind you and there is nowhere to go but on."

Once the "fight or flight" systems are fully activated, a second, more addicting chemical-release process begins in the brain. Endorphins are the body's own opiates. In fact the only reason that opium and heroin make people feel good, and Demerol, codeine, and morphine give relief from pain, is because they fit into receptors that were created for natural endorphins. Endorphins are released by the brain as the final chemical pathway for surviving extreme situations. A wounded rabbit is able to flee into the safety of its underground home because endorphins block the pain. If a rabbit is not so lucky and is caught in the jaws of a wolf, it never feels the terrible agony of the final fatal blow because massive endorphin release in the brain provides a chemical bliss before death.

The endorphin response is what gives the so-called runner's high that many joggers cite to explain their need to run every day. Still, the amount of endorphins released after a few miles' jog is minuscule compared to what happens when you launch headfirst into space with only an elastic bungee cord tied to your ankles. Like lock and key, the endorphin molecules fit into their own specific receptors. When the endorphin receptors are occupied, the pain-processing centers in the brain are completely inhibited and you feel no anguish. A few seconds later you are awash in an intense ecstasy. The endorphin connections go directly to the brain's pleasure center. Eventually, as the extremist continues to shock his system, he displays needs that are

VIEW FROM THE TOP



As your mastery increases, there is a subtle shift from the all-out adrenaline rush of the novice to the sustained endorphin high of the expert.

similar to those of a heroin addict taking outrageous risks to obtain his fix. The endorphin junkie constantly needs an even more dangerous situation in order to get an even greater release of the molecules to reach a greater high.

This chemical reaction is only half of the extreme-sport enthusiast's addiction. The psychological component is just as great. The first time you try rock climbing you experience a jumble of sensations. The first is often fear. It is unnatural to climb up to a height from which if you fall you might die. Neophytes must first overcome their terror and push themselves to try. Overcoming your own natural terror brings a feeling of control and power.

This is quickly amplified as you begin climbing. With every step you are passing beyond what had recently been, for you, the limit of the possible. The feeling of satisfaction you get at the completion of a climb is total. There are not many times in civilized life when you test yourself in a situation that requires total effort and commitment and where failure can mean death. Combine this intoxicating feeling with the fantastic natural setting you are in, and the bonds formed by trust in your partner, and psychologically you will want to do it again.

Every outing is more satisfying than the one before. Your skills and strength increase. After your first fall—and the first time your partner saves your life by catching you on the rope—both your trust and your friendship deepen. Like buddies in a foxhole, you become convinced that your battles on the rock walls are the most important events in your life. The psychological addiction is soon complete.

Meanwhile, as your mastery of extreme sports increases, there is a subtle shift from the all-out adrenaline rush of the terrified novice into the sustained endorphin high of an expert. Your body becomes conditioned to the speed or the height. No longer does a 3,000-foot sheer drop scare you. You know that you are in control banking around corners at 85 miles an hour in your street luge. Doing that requires both a perfection of skills and total concentration. You are able to focus the increased chemical and electrical stimulation into power for the sport. You are fully engaged in the moment. You achieve a Zen-like state in which you are perfectly one with your activity. Your mind, body, and soul are in total harmony, all directed toward succeeding at the task at hand. You reach a state of meditative bliss. You still get the same overwhelming endorphin release as the doomed rabbit. Rather than feeling the sharp teeth of a wolf rip through your neck, however, you experience the rush of endorphins raising your joy to new levels.

The chemical addiction combines with the psychological desire to push the extreme enthusiast ever closer to the edge. Something deep inside drives you to test the full extent of your capabilities. This fuels ever greater adventures. My climbing friends call this "feeding the rat." Pushing right to the very edge, where every system in the body is primed for death, will satisfy the rat for a while. But inevitably the rat returns, bigger and hungrier than before. The rat must be fed, and the limit must be pushed even further.

Conquer the demons: Overcoming your own natural terror brings a feeling of control and power.

The cycle of addiction is complete. You are psychologically and chemically hooked on extreme sports. It has become more than an activity; it is your way of life. It is not a matter of being able to say, "Been there, done that." It is needing to do it again … *now.*

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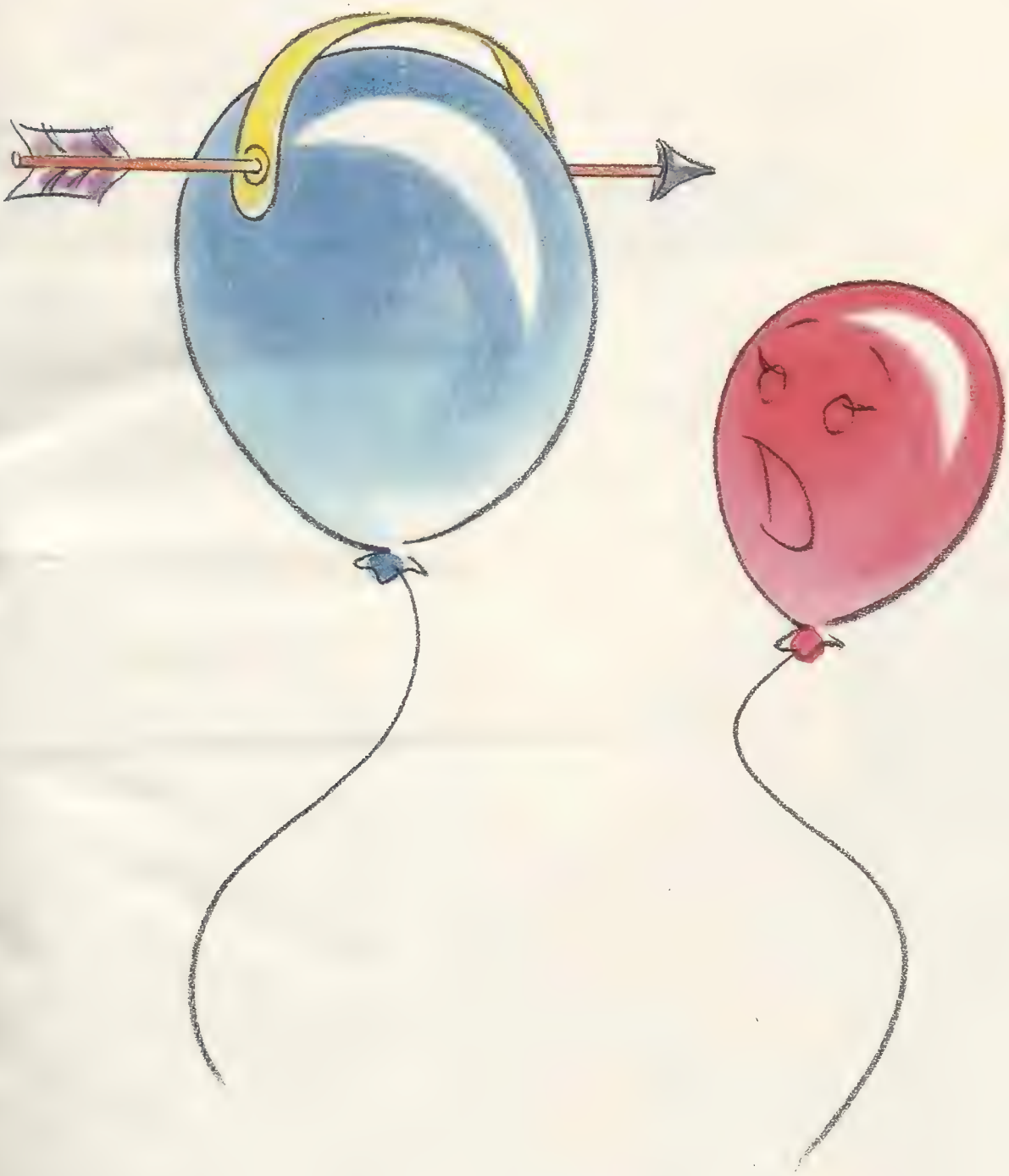
BY ART CUMINGS



"What breaks Hillary up doesn't necessarily cut it at the National Press Club, Mr. President."

Blasting the FBI

The government doesn't rely on F.B.I. chemist Frederic Whitehurst anymore. That's a mistake.

By Ryan Ross and John Kelly

When Federal Bureau of Investigation chemist Frederic Whitehurst takes the stand in the trial of the accused Oklahoma City bombers he'll come armed with impressive credentials. He's a Ph.D. chemist. He's been with the F.B.I. forensic lab for a decade. He's won glowing performance appraisals and an F.B.I. commendation for his work on the World Trade Center bombing. His superiors say he knows more about bomb residues than anyone in any lab anywhere. By his background Whitehurst is ideally suited to help tighten the noose around the necks of accused bombers Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols.

But bombing-case prosecutor Joseph Hartzler will be squirming when Whitehurst testifies. Hartzler won't even call Whitehurst. He'll be a witness for the defense.

His testimony will expose a festering scandal deep in the bureaucratic apparatus the government relies on to convict hundreds of accused criminals every year. It will soil the pristine image of the F.B.I. as surely as the testimony at the Simpson trial bloodied the "serve and protect" image of the Los Angeles Police Department. And it will damage the government's ability to convict those accused of some of the most heinous crimes in America, including the deadliest terrorist act on U.S. soil in the country's history.

All this because until late 1995 upper-echelon Justice Department officials all but ignored the charges Whitehurst has been making since the mid-eighties about lying, cheating, and fabricating by agents in the F.B.I.'s forensic laboratory. That's the lab that serves as the nerve center for forensic evidence for almost every prosecutorial arm of every government—federal, state, and local—in the country; the one that plays critical roles in the biggest prosecutions, including the Unabomber and World Trade Center cases in addition to the Oklahoma City case; the one that pioneered techniques in identification, first with fingerprints, then with D.N.A.; the one widely considered the premier lab of its kind in the world. If the work of this lab is suspect, then the ability of hundreds of prosecutors across the country to secure convictions in all manner of cases is jeopardized.

It's suspect.

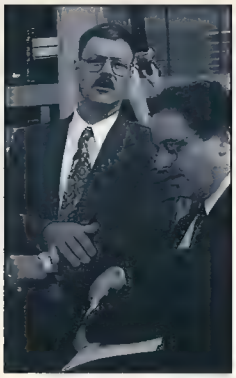
F.B.I. officials have conducted numerous reviews of Whitehurst's allegations, without any findings of extensive or serious misconduct. But Whitehurst is really challenging the lab's culture, an environment in which, he says, corners are cut in the name of bagging a conviction. Given the breadth of the charge and the fact that the real target is the F.B.I. itself, bureau officials can't be expected to judge Whitehurst's charges fairly, no matter how hard they try. Whitehurst certainly rejected the validity of the internal reviews. Beginning in 1994 an exasperated Whitehurst went above the bureau and formally accused some of his colleagues of a range of improprieties in complaints he lodged with the Justice Department unit that investigates internal wrongdoing. He also sued the bureau, alleging retaliation and harassment. A few months later his bosses reassigned him. He became a "trainee" in paint analysis.

If that was an attempt to sweep his charges away, it didn't work. In September 1995 Attorney General Janet Reno intervened and called for the appointment of a panel of international experts to review Whitehurst's charges. Early in 1996 Justice Department officials launched a nationwide review of the cases in which successful prosecution was threatened by what Whitehurst was saying.

An F.B.I. spokeswoman says bureau officials have a "no comment" policy on Whitehurst inquiries. They haven't challenged Whitehurst's motives publicly. Privately, many are no doubt combing Whitehurst's background for clues as to why he would seemingly turn against his government.

It's simple, Whitehurst told one of us (journalist John Kelly) in the first in-depth interview he's granted. His loyalty isn't to the bureau or to

Whitehurst won a commendation for his work on the bombing of the World Trade Center (far right). But prosecutors will be squirming when he testifies for the defense in the Oklahoma case.



Whitehurst with his attorney, Stephen Kohn. His concern with proper scientific protocol and procedure may well help accused bomber Timothy McVeigh (below) escape conviction.

prosecutors, it's to the evidence. "Forensic scientists are powerful on the witness stand," he says. "You almost have to trust them. The average person can't defend themselves against an unscrupulous forensic expert. If the forensic evidence is fabricated or falsified, that's illicit justification for a conviction. And if a convicted defendant is then executed, that's murder."

Over the years most Americans have taken the testimony of F.B.I. lab agents at face value. There was no reason to question their credibility. These were, after all, the good guys, honest and trustworthy to the core. They were widely considered among the most knowledgeable people in the world in their fields of expertise.

From his insider's vantage point Whitehurst sees grounds to question a lot. The bureau has prohibited Whitehurst from publicly discussing specific cases or individuals. He wouldn't discuss specifics with us, but his concerns are apparent in memos, which we obtained from other sources.

Take his concerns about lab agent Roger Martz. Martz has been chief of the chemistry and toxicology unit—one of seven units in the scientific-analysis section of the F.B.I. lab—since 1989, even though his college degree is in biology, not chemistry. At the request of explosives-unit chief Thomas Thurman, Martz conducted explosives-residue analyses in the investigation of the letter-bomb killing of Federal Judge Robert Vance in 1989. Thurman and Martz launched this work even though then lab director John Hicks wrote in a 1990 memo that Whitehurst was the only qualified explosives-residue examiner in the lab at the time.

Upon learning of Martz's analyses, Whitehurst discussed them with Martz, reviewed his work, and concluded that Martz had committed one blunder after another. To begin with, according to Whitehurst, Martz failed to inform the jury that he had no degree in chemistry or special training in explosives-residue analysis. And what he did say was flawed. He testified that based on his analyses all four of the explosive devices at issue in the case contained Hercules Red Dot smokeless powder. This was damning testimony because another witness had testified that he'd sold that kind of powder to Walter Moody, the accused bomber. In fact the powder in the devices wasn't identified, according to Whitehurst, because Martz wasn't capable of identifying it, and didn't have the equipment for making such an identification. In effect he was fabricating evidence. Moreover, if Martz had done the correct analyses, he may have found that one or more of the bombs contained a different powder, Whitehurst noted, suggesting that someone other than Moody made the deadly bomb. This would have been extremely important exculpatory evidence. Martz, according to Whitehurst, "avoided that problem with gibberish" in his testimony.

With curiosity and alarm, Whitehurst then reviewed the testimony of explosives-unit chief Thurman. While Thurman has a master's in forensic science, according to Whitehurst he has no degree or formal training in any of the physical sciences that underlie forensic work. Whitehurst says he doesn't believe all forensic scientists need to have advanced degrees in a physical science, but if they don't he does

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SCENE #40
OTTESON

believe they have to have formal training. As Whitehurst sees it, Thurman isn't a forensic scientist, no matter what his F.B.I. title or authority. Thurman knows the mechanics of how a bomb is manufactured, Whitehurst says. He doesn't know much about the chemistry of how a bomb works. Whitehurst tells the story of a recent investigation during which he had to explain to Thurman in the most elementary terms the significance of nitrate oxidizer in explosives. "Thurman had no idea what an explosive material was composed of or how the different components functioned in the chemical reaction of the explosion," Whitehurst wrote in one of his many memos critiquing the work of lab personnel.

In the Moody trial Thurman testified that from a "gross look" at the recovered bomb fragments, "it is very evident that we have an explosion of a double-base smokeless powder with a high-explosive detonator, again." This was based on flawed tests by a lab agent Whitehurst says Thurman knew wasn't qualified to do the work. As Whitehurst saw it, Thurman "fabricated the evidence in order to support the prosecution's hypothesis that all the bombs [in the case] ... were the work of one individual [Moody]."

Whitehurst was appalled. "The testimony represents abuse of authority on Martz's and Thurman's part, fraudulent science and public corruption," he wrote in a 1994 memo. "I believe that the analyses and testimony were conducted in such a way as to slant the facts and interpretation of the data, and to establish guilt rather than present unbiased opinion to the trier of fact."

Whitehurst also criticized the lead prosecutor in the case, Louis Freeh. Freeh put F.B.I. lab personnel on the stand and asked them questions he knew were beyond their areas of expertise, Whitehurst charged.

Accusing witnesses of knowingly testifying outside their areas of expertise and prosecutors of asking their experts questions they know they aren't qualified to answer are extraordinarily serious charges. And it's difficult to keep charges like this a secret. Under the rules of evidence, prosecutors are obligated to share with defense lawyers any information casting doubt on the guilt of accused criminals. If this isn't done, convictions can be overturned on appeal. What Whitehurst was charging would undercut otherwise solid cases.

But Whitehurst didn't level his charges stemming from the case involving the killing of the federal judge until after the trial, and by that time the bureau had a success story. Walter Moody was convicted in 1991 of the bombing murder, and given seven life terms plus 400 years. Whitehurst says in the memo Martz boasted to him that this was one of his greatest cases. Thurman and Martz received commendations. Three years later prosecutor Freeh was tapped to head the F.B.I.

Over time Whitehurst became suspicious of what he says is Thurman's habit of altering reports without consulting the reports' original authors. In one memo Whitehurst wrote that Thurman had been altering his, Whitehurst's, reports for years without Whitehurst's knowledge. He alerted the section chief. Nothing was done. "Despite the fact that false statements were in the records, no effort was made on the part of the F.B.I. to address that matter," Whitehurst complained.

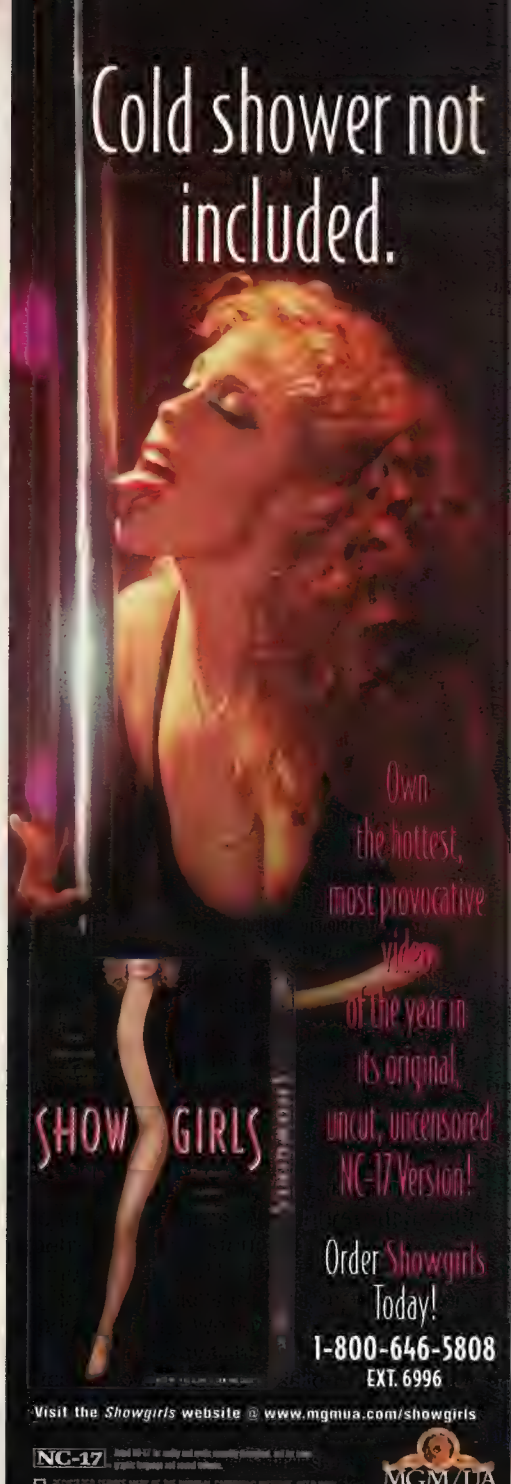
Along the way Whitehurst found some support among his F.B.I. colleagues. According to court papers filed by Timothy McVeigh's attorneys, F.B.I. lab agents Steven Burmeister and Amy Sirignano have also charged Thurman with altering their reports without their knowledge. And metallurgist William Tobin says Thurman has drawn conclusions without first conducting the necessary tests.

Whitehurst's critics challenge both his conclusions and the way he pushes them. Martz declined comment, and Thurman didn't respond to a request for comment. Former lab director Hicks, who left the bureau in 1994, now says there wasn't "any substance" to Whitehurst's charges, and that Whitehurst had a habit of misstating the qualifications and positions of lab personnel. He says Thurman and Martz were fully qualified to do the work they did in the Moody case. He says his own 1990 memo in which he called Whitehurst the lab's only qualified bomb-residue examiner was "hyperbole" and "not entirely accurate."

Hicks's successor, Milton Ahlerich, credits Whitehurst with "meaning well," but says his charges are mostly "overblown," "focused on minutiae" and scientific trivialities, and that in Whitehurst's view of lab procedures "common sense takes second place." Whitehurst also takes the "ludicrous" position, Ahlerich says, that no one without a Ph.D. is qualified to do forensic analysis.

As for Whitehurst's approach, Ahlerich says the chemist is "obsessive," has "vendettas" against some lab personnel (Ahlerich wouldn't name them), and sometimes acts in a "bizarre" fashion. Ahlerich wouldn't detail that behavior, except to say that some lab employees told him they were afraid Whitehurst would harm them physically.

Whitehurst stands six feet two inches tall. He weighs 218 pounds, and has a brawny build. He could be physically intimidating if he wanted to. But his unyielding commitment to his understanding of the profession's ideals is likely a bigger threat to some of his colleagues.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"With Fred there's an absolute necessity of relying on his way of doing business," Ahlerich says. "It's his way or no way."

Hicks calls Whitehurst "troubled," citing an incident in which Whitehurst burned himself with a cigarette lighter as part of a lab test, and what he says is Whitehurst's habit of becoming "vengeful" toward some of his colleagues. "It doesn't take much with Fred for him to turn on someone," Hicks says.

But the test Whitehurst did with the cigarette lighter was conducted at the request of prosecutors, and provided important evidence in a child-abuse case. And Whitehurst's immediate supervisors, scientific-analysis-section chief James Kearney and materials-analysis-unit chief James Corby, defended him in his 1995 performance appraisal against barbs from his colleagues. "Many" of the complaints about him were "unsubstantiated" and based on rumor, they wrote.

It's easy to see why, with his insistence on following every protocol to a tee, Whitehurst grates on some of his colleagues. He sees it in typically black-and-white terms. "My first allegiance is to the truth," he says. "Therefore I'm at odds with agents whose first allegiance is to the F.B.I."

Private-sector paint analyst Darlene Brezinski of Chicago, who teaches classes for F.B.I. lab agents, concedes some shades of gray in the dispute. Whitehurst "is an idealist striving for a perfect world," Brezinski says. "But in forensic science we need to have people who stand up for what's right and practice the highest standards of science, because people's lives are on the line. Dr. Whitehurst maintains the highest standards I've ever seen."

By early 1994, when Whitehurst began filing charges with the Justice Department's internal investigations unit, it was clear he was at bureaucratic war with some of his colleagues. The transfer to the paint-analysis post came in June.

Kearney, the director of the scientific-analysis section at the time, declines comment. Ex-lab director Hicks says he wasn't involved and didn't know about the transfer. Ahlerich, who took over the lab two weeks after the transfer, says he knew about the transfer and could have reversed it. He didn't, he says, because he felt Whitehurst could work there without making his colleagues feel uncomfortable or hurting morale, because he considered the post an important one that was well suited to Whitehurst's talents, and because Whitehurst was replaced in the bomb-analysis work by someone Ahlerich says—and Whitehurst agreed—was capable of doing the requisite work.

But the federal government lost the services of its most noted bomb-residue expert. And it hasn't found another useful role for him. Whitehurst says he hasn't been given much of anything to do ever since.

Whitehurst's penchant for fighting against wrong no matter the consequences to him first surfaced in Vietnam, where he won four Bronze Stars for heroism during three combat tours. He once stopped a group of GIs who were raping a Vietnamese woman with a rifle muzzle. Even in the midst of war, Whitehurst couldn't countenance violations of his basic sense of right and wrong. Whitehurst says he regularly fought assorted wrongdoing on his side in the war. He never backed away from these battles. He thought he was doing good. He even volunteered for two more tours of duty because, he says, he felt he was making a difference.

After the war Whitehurst finished his undergraduate work at East Carolina University in his hometown of Greenville, North Carolina, and earned his doctorate at Duke University.

Whitehurst's instinct to oppose wrongdoing at every turn was at play the minute he walked into the F.B.I. lab in 1986, four years after he joined the bureau as a field agent. He was quickly concerned that scientific protocol was given short shrift. Proper procedures weren't followed, he says, or were relegated to secondary importance. He was aghast at the willingness of some lab personnel to cut corners to back prosecutors. Understanding what caused this behavior didn't mollify him. "Part of it is that there is tremendous pressure from prosecutors as well as agents to fit the data to the hypothesis of guilt," he says. "But it's also because we're comfortable, making sizable salaries, and believe a guy's guilty anyway."

Three months after joining the lab, Whitehurst started writing the first of what is by now about 200 memos to his bosses commenting on lab procedures and critiquing the performance of his colleagues. He certainly had the time to write at length (one "letter" runs 90 pages). Whitehurst is a workaholic, routinely putting in 12-hour days. He doesn't socialize much. He and his wife, who also works for the F.B.I., didn't have any children until recently, when they adopted a girl from India.

Whitehurst's complaints were mostly rejected. Lab chiefs didn't home in on Whitehurst until 1989, when he took matters into his own hands and informed lawyers representing a defendant in a criminal case that some of the evidence against their client was, Whitehurst believed, based on faulty lab work. The defendant was subsequently acquitted. Whitehurst didn't testify in the trial, but was suspended for seven days without pay for communicating with defense lawyers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

NO WONDER WE'RE SO PRODUCTIVE HERE

According to a new study, unhappy people are much better workers than happy people. The study explained that glum people worked harder because they were less confident, looked deeper at situations, and found more creative solutions to problems.

TUTTI FRUTTI, OH RUTTI

"I am the architect of rock and roll. I am the originator. I am the emancipator. I am the man who started it all."—**Little Richard,** in case anyone out there forgets his place in history.

Legendary blues singer **B. B. King** reveals in his autobiography that he has fathered 15 children by 15 different women, none of whom he ever married. King also disclosed that he lost his virginity at the age of six to an "older woman"—a seven-year-old girl.

AH, WEDDED BLISS

"My husband is a car man. He really loves cars and watches and pens and lighters. I said, 'Fuck you, asshole, you don't even smoke!' Now he smokes. He started to smoke because he likes lighters so much."—Bette Midler on her husband's love of gadgets

WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT

Amy Fisher, imprisoned for the shooting of **Joey Buttfucker**'s wife in a sensational case that drew nationwide attention, was asked during a television interview in prison, "How would someone who really knows you describe your worst traits?" Her reply: "Way too spontaneous."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

A rally in Boston to urge the legalization of marijuana attracted nearly 50,000 people. Just a few blocks away the 11th annual Just Say No to Drugs Day rally that convened at the same time attracted fewer than 500 people.

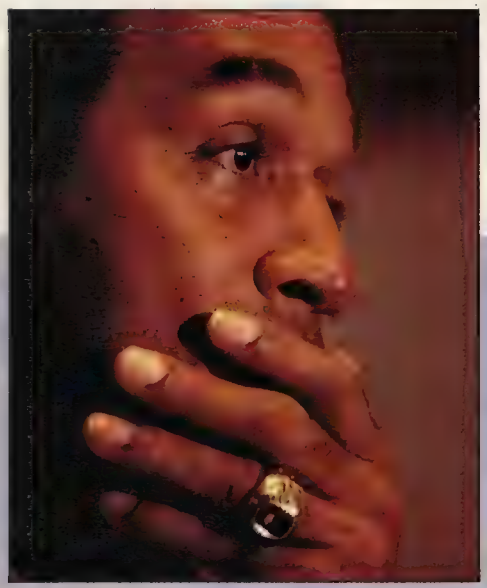
IT FIGURES

Ross Perot, asked during a television interview what would be the first thing he would attempt to rescue from his home in the event of a fire: "The portrait of myself."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WORST NEW TOURISM IDEA

A Dallas entrepreneur offers a special assassination tour of the city, featuring a limousine similar to the one President Kennedy was riding in when he was shot. For $25, customers are driven along the exact route taken by the president on November 22, 1963, with the sound of gunshots and radio news broadcasts piped into the limo as it passes the Texas School Book Depository. As a finale the vehicle races to the nearby Parkland Hospital, where doctors tried to save Kennedy's life.



AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU!

A Miami judge, urged by a prosecutor to set an example in protecting citizens from repeat offenders, did just that in the case of a man convicted of stealing 22 rolls of toilet paper: He handed down a sentence of 40 years in prison—almost two years per roll—to the thief who had a history of 51 previous arrests.

FUNNY, WE'VE HAD THE SAME REACTION

Actress **Bridget Fonda** recounted that she had some difficulty during the filming of a documentary about dolphins because the unpredictable animals seemed totally uninterested in her. "It was all I could do to keep their interest," she said. "I tried everything, but they would get bored. Then one day I inhaled some water. As soon as I started to choke they were really interested."

"My biggest enemy are the Jews."

O. J. Simpson on his ongoing legal difficulties

FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD

According to a tell-all book by a daughter of the late **Colonel Harland Sanders,** founder of the Kentucky Fried Chicken empire, the good colonel took up with a mistress after his wife concluded she could not satisfy his "excessive" hungers. Sanders, according to the book, then created a cozy ménage à trois, putting the mistress on the payroll as a live-in housekeeping assistant to Mrs. Sanders. The fried-chicken magnate, awarded the honorary title "colonel" by the state of Kentucky, later divorced his wife, married the mistress, and took both women with him as guests to a presidential inauguration.

TRUE, TRUE

"Any idiot can get laid when they're famous. That's easy. It's getting laid when you're not famous that takes some talent."—Actor **Kevin Bacon,** asked during a magazine interview whether he regrets getting married before he became famous.

OH, LIGHTEN UP!

A woman in Danbury, Connecticut, filed a suit alleging "severe emotional distress" because a friendly golden retriever, the pet of the local court's presiding judge, had nuzzled her from behind and put its nose under her skirt "upwards toward the plaintiff's crotch."

OUR BEAUTIFUL-BUT-DUMB AWARD TO ...

... **Sharon Stone,** who told one gathering that her favorite Irish poet is **Dylan Thomas** (he was in fact Welsh), informed columnist **Art Buchwald** she never misses any of his columns in *The Wall Street Journal* (they're in the *Washington Post*), and managed to mispronounce the name of opera star **Placido Domingo** when she thanked him for performing at a charity affair. To make matters worse Stone put it this way: "I want to thank Placido for not grabbing my ass in true Italian fashion." Domingo is Spanish.

AH, THAT EXPLAINS IT

Courtney Love said she bears major responsibility for the suicide of her husband, **Kurt Cobain,** because shortly before his death she told him in a mean way that he had accidentally dropped their infant daughter on her head.

"I don't want to go around shaking hands and having babies pee on me."

Barbra Streisand explaining why she will not run for public office

UPDATE FROM NEVER-NEVER LAND

Michael Jackson, testifying in Los Angeles in a breach-of-contract suit brought by Las Vegas producers, turned the courtroom into a kindergarten. Before a stunned judge and jury, Jackson giggled hysterically, played peekaboo with his hands, munched on a huge gumball, hid behind the witness stand, and blew bubbles. His lawyer tried explaining his client's behavior by noting that Jackson is "used to singing and dancing," but is unfamiliar with the solemnity of a courtroom.

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

From a review of designer **Tom Ford**'s fashion show that appeared in the good gray *New York Times:* "If you've never seen a woman just after she has had sex in a bathroom stall in a steamy nightclub until her face is slick and her makeup running and sweat is pouring off her back, Mr. Ford showed a pretty good approximation of what she might look like."

F.B.I.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Whitehurst says he never did that again, but he continued to file internal reports critiquing the performances of other agents, and he says he continued to face punitive measures. He was passed over for promotions. He was required to see a psychologist. The psychologist said Whitehurst was suffering from stress. F.B.I. officials required Whitehurst to see another shrink. They offered to pay. Dr. Donald Soeken said Whitehurst was fit for duty. Soeken dismisses the bureau's professed concerns about Whitehurst's mental health as hollow. If there were legitimate concerns, Soeken says, bureau officials wouldn't have continued to allow Whitehurst to carry the handgun he's issued as a lab agent.

Hicks and Ahlerich say there were numerous reviews of Whitehurst's charges, including one initiated by Director Freeh and conducted by the bureau's top lawyers. The reviews usually determined that there were some elements of truth in what Whitehurst was saying, Ahlerich says, but stopped short of backing the sweeping indictments Whitehurst was making, and didn't result in any housecleaning.

Hicks dismisses as "nonsense" the charge that lab personnel slant their findings to favor prosecutors. There's no incentive to do so, he says. But the Associated Press quoted him in 1995 as saying, "I used to get a lot of phone calls from frustrated prosecutors and investigators who were upset [because] the findings didn't point to the suspects." Hicks says that statement "doesn't sound like something I said." The comments by outsiders about lab work were general, he says, and weren't directed at a specific case.

The internal reviews didn't satisfy Whitehurst, in part because bureau officials were investigating bureau officials. Ahlerich rejects the notion that he should have gone outside the bureau for a review of Whitehurst's charges. That would have been expensive, he says. Besides, Whitehurst's charges had been reviewed internally many times without any findings of extensive or serious misconduct.

There were other probes, though. Whitehurst says he's been the target of five internal investigations, including one in which he was accused of improper communications with a congressional oversight committee. In February 1996 the Justice Department appointed an investigator to probe alleged leaks to the media about lab problems.

Because of the harassment and reprisals, Whitehurst petitioned President Clinton to initiate an investigation. Such an application is provided for under a law designed to protect whistleblowers. The President is required to respond within ten days. The petition was filed in January 1996. Whitehurst says there's been no word from Clinton yet.

The lab problems Whitehurst wanted addressed became a bigger threat to prosecutors in the World Trade Center bombing cases because this time they became an issue before trial.

Whitehurst's work on the case won him a commendation from Freeh, and praise from his immediate superiors. "No other matter of greater importance than the World Trade Center bombing investigation offers a better example of [Whitehurst's] exceptional ability to get the job done under the most extreme, stressful, high-visibility circumstances," his superiors wrote in their next performance appraisal.

But others in the lab opposed having Whitehurst testify in the case. Because they found urea, nitrate, and nitric-acid residues at the bomb site, the F.B.I., and in particular lab agent David Williams, developed the theory that urea nitrate was used to blow up the World Trade Center. With no eyewitnesses tying the accused to the bombing, the urea-nitrate theory was important to prosecutors because those chemicals were found separately in materials that could be connected to the defendants.

Whitehurst contended it wasn't scientifically possible to demonstrate that the bomb was made of urea nitrate, certainly not on the basis of residues from the blast site. As Whitehurst later testified, nitric acid is in the air in New York City, which is in the acid-rain belt, and from the air it covers everything and everybody. It's also in car exhaust. Urea is also everywhere: It's on your hands, on your clothing, you excrete it. In New York City it's used to melt ice. It's also present in sewage, and four sewage pipes burst at the World Trade Center, flooding the site with some 80 gallons of sewage.

Nevertheless, Martz was performing explosives-residue analyses, finding urea-nitrate traces, and reporting his findings to Williams, who was incorporating these data into his reports presented to the prosecution. According to Whitehurst, Martz was using an analyzer that couldn't discriminate between urea nitrate and other compounds, meaning that any positive finding for the substance was meaningless.

Whitehurst was later to testfiy that he pointed this out to Martz by doing a blind test. He took a beaker of his own urine, evaporated the urine, put acetone on top of the residue, and took a solution off the top of what was left of the dried urine. He then put the solution into a test tube, marked it as evidence seized from the home of one of the defendants, and gave it to Martz to be analyzed. Martz tested the solution. The results excited him because they seemed to confirm the urea-nitrate theory. Whitehurst testified that Martz said, "These results are blowing my machine away." When Whitehurst told him it was only his own urine, Martz accused him of injecting urea nitrate into the solution, "ignored the data," and continued using the analyzer.

Others in the F.B.I. chain of command pressured Whitehurst to fall in line with his colleagues. Materials-analysis-unit chief Corby "had me come into his room one day and told me they—I don't know who 'they' were— ... wanted me to take statements out of my report.... [T]he statements ... were marked ... with yellow highlighter," Whitehurst testified later.

He refused to alter his reports. Williams was allowed to alter them, Whitehurst complains. "Mr. Williams ... rewrote my reports in an unauthorized rewriting, issued these reports, unauthorized, changes being in them, and changed the meaning of the reports I think, without realizing it," Whitehurst testified later.

Whitehurst also testified he was told not to provide any information or evidence, such as alternate theories to the urea-nitrate theory, that could be used by defense attorneys to challenge the prosecutors' hypothesis of guilt.

Hicks says he wasn't aware of any charges of improper altering of lab reports. He says he was told about disagreements over language in the World Trade Center bombing reports. He directed Kearney to hold a meeting to review the dispute. He says he was told Whitehurst agreed with what emerged from the meeting, but Whitehurst wrote a memo to Kearney saying that lab agents provided inaccurate information during the meeting.

> "If McVeigh's lawyers are reading Whitehurst's memos correctly, and if Whitehurst is right, the evidence is useless."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

PARLIAMENT

Lights

THE PERFECT RECESS

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

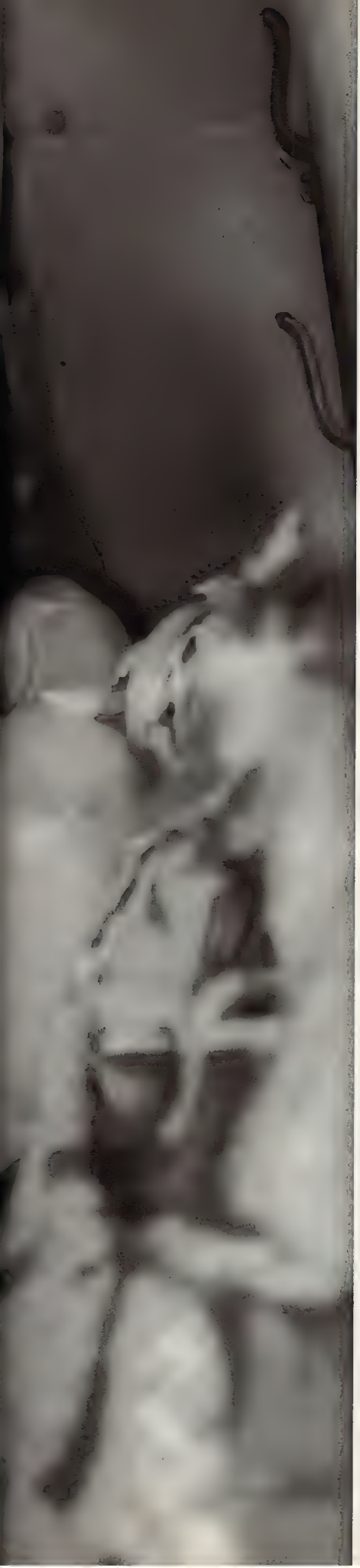
TANYA'S SPRING FEVER

In the spring, the saying goes, a young man's fancy turns to love, but Tanya Danielle, the siren on these pages, could turn heads in any season. This sultry 24-year-old brunette trekked to California's High Sierra Mountains to pose for *Penthouse,* and the beauty of such remarkable natural surroundings only enhances Tanya's own inborn loveliness. "Tanya is one of my favorite models," photographer Ken Marcus tells us. "I knew she would be perfect for my combination of a beautiful woman with beautiful scenery. She stands out in any setting." Tanya was equally enthusiastic. "This was a great experience for me," she says. "I couldn't get over the amazing views, and it's very flattering that Ken thinks I add something to this gorgeous landscape."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KEN MARCUS

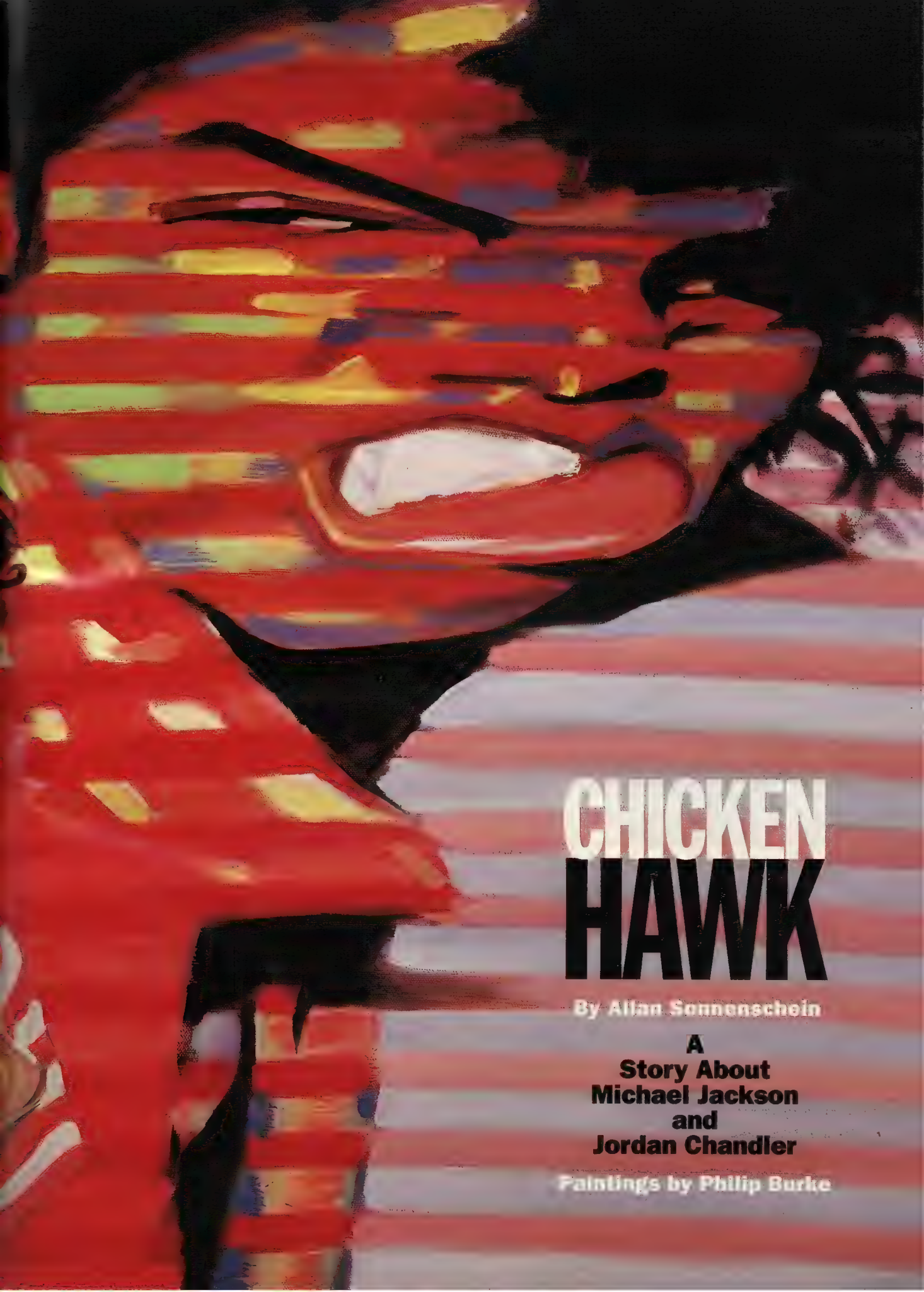
A model and dancer who travels across the United States for appearances. Tanya also talks about her career with enthusiasm. "I *love* dancing," she says. "I get a

thrill out
of going to
new places
and
meeting
different
people, and
I really
enjoy being
onstage
and seeing
how men
and women
respond
to me."



"I'm an exhibitionist," Tanya confesses. "I even made love during a traffic jam on the freeway once. *Everyone* noticed, but that made it more fun!"

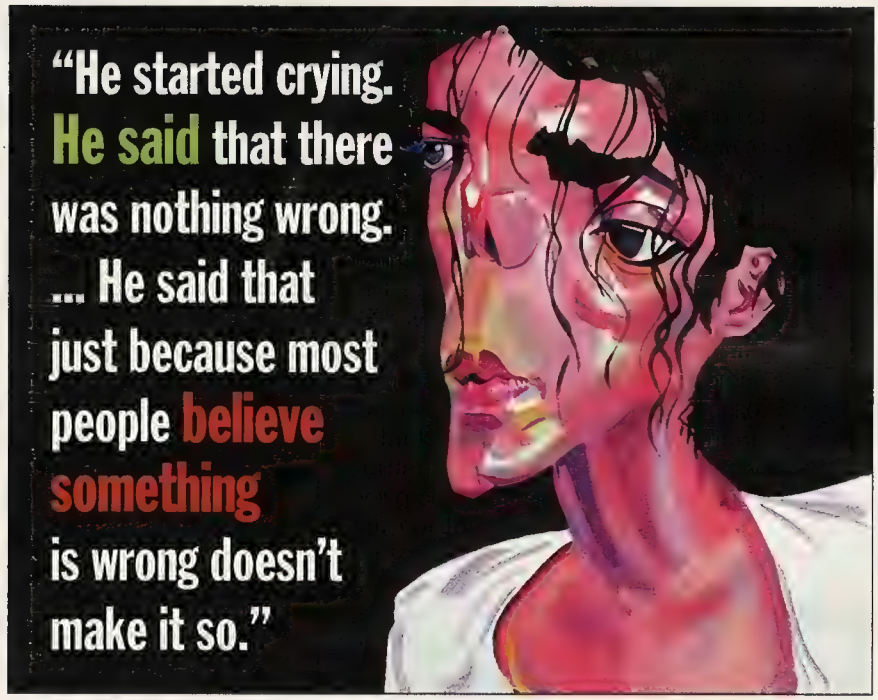
"Even my erotic fantasies involve being an exhibitionist," the 34DD-23-33 charmer adds. "I like watching sports, especially boxing and extreme fighting, and it really turns me on to imagine myself making love to a sportscaster while he's reporting the blow-by-blow." Tanya, we'll take you to the fights anytime.


CHICKEN
HAWK
By Allan Sonnenschein
A
Story About
Michael Jackson
and
Jordan Chandler
Paintings by Philip Burke

"The fact that a thirteen-year-old gets his cock sucked is not a negative act."—an attorney who belongs to NAMBLA (the North American Man-Boy Love Association)

"It's the worst form of conditioning going on, and to present it as an innocent activity in which the child has free choice ... is absurd, a total distortion of the facts."—a therapist for pedophiles

According to documents obtained by *Penthouse,* Michael Jackson, international pop-music star and demigod to millions of children and adults, is a glaring example of every parent's nightmare. Nearly 15 years ago, in an award-winning article in these pages, I first reported on what was then the shocking news that most child abusers are not strangers or bogeymen. They usually aren't the seedy-looking types lurking in the shadows of the schoolyard. Usually the molester is the guy your child knows, often a person he admires and trusts. The child molester is a seductive abuser in search of a long-term relationship.


"He started crying. He said that there was nothing wrong. ... He said that just because most people believe something is wrong doesn't make it so."

The "Declaration of J. Chandler" that follows (which was obtained by *Penthouse* from an independent journalist) reveals that the above characterizations apply perfectly to the then 34-year-old Michael "Jacko" Jackson and 13-year-old Jordan "Jordie" Chandler. On one level this is a sad story about an unsurprising and everyday crime in America—a crime so common it rarely makes the local newspapers and television news. On another level it is an example of outrageous abuse of power and money by one of America's wealthiest and most adored entertainers.

Since the public first began hearing about the goings-on inside the heavily guarded walls of Michael Jackson's Neverland estate in the late summer of 1993, confusion has reigned. Often it has been difficult to separate rumor, gossip, lies, and bluff in what took place among Jacko, Jordie, the Chandler family, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara police and district attorneys, and some of the most famous media lawyers. That's what happens when high-powered egos clash over different agendas. At heart, however, the story of Jackson and Chandler is all too typical of any pedophile and his prey.

Jordan Chandler comes from a well-to-do, middle-class, broken Southern California family. His father, Evan Chandler, is a successful Beverly Hills dentist, and has frequently been described as a "part-time scriptwriter." His work with the pen, not the drill, often stirred debate about the truth of what took place. Jordie's mother is remarried to David Schwartz, described as a "millionaire car-rental magnate." The youngster lived in a three-bedroom Los Angeles house with his mother, stepdad, and half sister. It was at Schwartz's Rent-a-Wreck in May 1992, the legal documents charge, that Michael Jackson's seduction of the young boy began. (When contacted for comment, Jackson's lawyer replied, "Michael and Mr. Chandler agreed not to discuss the details of the case.")

Jackson was renting a car from Schwartz when Jordie got a call from his stepfather to come down and meet the star. If it was a dream come true for the eighth-grader to meet his idol, the documents charge that the adult Jackson was also smitten by the teenager. As described in Jordan's "Declaration," the superstar's subsequent behavior would appear goofy, sort of lovable, if it weren't so sick and harmful. For nearly a year, no matter where in the world Jackson was being a thriller and singing "Bad," he telephoned his teenage crush. The conversations appear harmless—about water fights, video games, etc.—until one remembers that it was not two teenagers chatting, but a 34-year-old man and a child he barely knew. Jackson's behavior as described here is no different from that of most of the pedophiles I reported on 15 years ago.

Beginning in 1993, the "Declaration" charges, Michael Jackson's seduction of Jordan Chandler intensified. There were trips to the star's fantasy hideaway, Neverland. Accompanied by the boy's half sister, the two would visit Toys Я Us—hours after the store was closed to normal folk—and Jackson bought the children whatever they could stuff into their shopping carts. There were video games and toy guns and jet skis. Jordan was overwhelmed by his buddy Jacko.

Jackson was a patient seducer, Jordan alleges, moving cautiously, going so far as sleeping with the child but not touching him. Soon he led Jordan to believe there were other little boys who loved Jacko so much that they would let him touch them in naughty-but-nice places. And, most important, they never told anyone about it. After all, the pedophile's warped logic goes, just because "grown-ups" think something is wrong doesn't make it so. That was, remember, the subtext of *Peter Pan,* where the lost boys lived forever in Neverland with Peter, the boy who would never grow up, free of the stuffy concerns of their parents.

But as the "Declaration" shows, Jordan did know there was something wrong with a grown man doing weird things to a kid, and he resisted. Again, like lesser-known pedophiles, Jackson allegedly wore the 13-year-old down by playing head games. Jacko knew enough child psychology to make his playmate feel guilty for not reciprocating for all those wonderful toys, trips to places like Monaco, and other favors by giving in to his benefactor's sexual demands. Sadly, caught between being loved by the world's and his idol and

Hofmekler's People

THE EXPULSION The Bible says that man was expelled from Paradise. But Clinton looks like he's still there. For someone who likes french fries more than fruit, the only question is: Do they really have forbidden apples in Paradise in the form of tits and asses?

being just another kid, Jordan says he finally submitted.

As described in the "Declaration" the relationship continued until late July or early August 1993. When Jordie's biological father, Evan Chandler, learned what was going on he confronted Jackson at a hotel. The authorities were not notified. However, a few weeks later the youngster was sent to a therapist, who immediately notified the police. Evan Chandler was accused by some in the Jackson camp of attempting to extort millions of dollars from their employer. Both the extortion charges against Evan Chandler and child-sex-abuse allegations against Michael Jackson were investigated by Los Angeles and Santa Barbara police and district attorney's office prosecutors.

For many months there were storms of charges and countercharges. Prominent lawyers came and went. Tabloid television had never had it so good—but in the end nobody was satisfied. The prosecutors, to the chagrin of Jackson's defenders, found the charges of extortion against Evan Chandler to be without merit, but when the Chandler family accepted a tidy sum from Jackson—estimates range up to $20 million—the cops were deprived of their primary witness. And although there were two other boys alleging that they had been sexually abused by Jackson and the criminal case is being kept open until the statute of limitations runs out in 1999, under the law Jackson is as innocent as O. J. Simpson.

Now *Penthouse* is publishing the previously secret "Declaration of J. Chandler," a sworn statement by Jordie as to what really happened between the pop idol and himself. While Jacko's suspect marriage to Elvis's daughter, his supposed impregnation of and marriage to his doctor's receptionist, and his silly black mask and white glove have provoked snickers and titillation, it is to be hoped that reading Jordie Chandler's own story will finally rekindle the question, Where is the outrage?

DECLARATION OF J. CHANDLER

I, J. Chandler, declare:

1. I am the plaintiff in this lawsuit against Michael Jackson. I was born on January 11, 1980 and I am 13 years old. I am currently in the eighth grade. I first met Michael Jackson when I was five years old at a restaurant that my mother, stepfather and I often went to.

2. In about May of 1992 I met Michael Jackson again at my stepfather's car rental business, Rent-a-Wreck. My stepfather called me and told me that Michael Jackson was at Rent-a-Wreck and that I should come down and see him. Later I learned from my stepfather that Michael Jackson's car had broken down and that he was at Rent-a-Wreck to get another car while his was being repaired.

3. After I met Michael Jackson at Rent-a-Wreck he began calling me on the telephone. From about May of 1992 until about February 1993 (when I first spent the weekend with Michael Jackson at Neverland), I received many telephone calls from Michael Jackson. For at least part of this time Michael Jackson was on tour and he would be calling me from various places throughout the world. On occasion these telephone conversations lasted as long as three hours. Michael Jackson and I talked about video games, the Neverland Ranch, water fights, and famous people that he knew.

"Michael Jackson put his hand underneath my underpants. He then masturbated me to a climax."

4. In about February 1993, my mother... (my half sister), and I went to Neverland at the invitation of Michael Jackson. The three of us stayed together in the guest area. I did not spend the night with Michael Jackson. This was a weekend trip.

5. I spent the entire weekend with Michael Jackson. We went on jet skis in a small lake he had, saw the animals that he kept at Neverland, played video games and went on golf cart rides. One evening he took [my half sister] and me to Toys 'R Us and we were allowed to get anything we wanted. Although the store was closed, it was opened just for our visit.

6. In late March 1993, my mother, [my half sister] and I went to Las Vegas as a guest of Michael Jackson. We flew on a private airplane. We stayed at a large suite at the Mirage Hotel. My mother and [my half sister] shared a bedroom. We stayed at the Mirage Hotel about a week. One night Michael Jackson and I watched the Exorcist in Michael Jackson's bedroom. When the movie was over I was scared. Michael Jackson suggested that I spend the night with him, which I did. Although we slept in the same bed there was no physical contact.

7. From that time, whenever Michael Jackson and I were together we slept in the same bed. We spent two or three additional nights in the same bed at Las Vegas. Again, there was no physical contact.

8. After I returned from the Las Vegas trip, my friendship with Michael Jackson became much closer. My mother, [my half sister] and I started making frequent trips to Neverland. At Neverland I would always sleep in bed with Michael Jackson. I also slept in bed with Michael Jackson at my house and at hotels in New York, Florida and Europe. We were together until our relationship ended in July 1993. During our relationship Michael Jackson had sexual contact with me on many occasions.

9. Physical contact between Michael Jackson and myself increased gradually. The first step was simply Michael Jackson hugging me. The next step was for him to give me a brief kiss on the cheek. He then started kissing me on the lips, first briefly and then for a longer period of time. He would kiss me while we were in bed together.

10. The next step was when Michael Jackson put his tongue in my mouth. I told him I did not like that. Michael Jackson started crying. He said there was nothing wrong with it. He said that just because most people believe something is wrong, doesn't make it so.

11. Michael Jackson told me that another of his young friends would kiss him with an open mouth and would let Michael Jackson put his tongue in his mouth. Michael Jackson said that I did not love him as much as this other friend.

12. The next step was when Michael Jackson rubbed up against me in bed. The next step was when we would lie on top of each other with erections.

13. During May of 1993, my mother, [my half sister] and I went with Michael Jackson to Monaco in Europe. Michael Jackson and I both had colds so we stayed in the room all day while my mother and [my half sister] were out. That's when the whole thing really got out of hand. We took a bath together. This was the first time that we had seen each other naked. Michael Jackson named certain of his children friends that masturbated in front of him.

14. Michael Jackson then masturbated in front of me. He told me that when I was ready, he would do it for me. While we were in bed, Michael Jackson put his hand underneath my underpants. He then masturbated me to a climax. After that Michael Jackson masturbated me many times both with his hand and with his mouth.

15. Michael Jackson had me suck

SORAYAMA

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For more information on his originals and book, call (310) 288-5930.

one nipple and twist the other nipple while Michael Jackson masturbated. On one occasion when Michael Jackson and I were in bed together Michael Jackson grabbed my buttock and kissed me while he put his tongue in my ear. I told him I didn't like that. Michael Jackson started to cry.

16. Michael Jackson told me that I should not tell anyone what had happened. He said this was a secret.

17. My relationship with Michael Jackson ended when my father obtained custody of me in July 1993 and I started living permanently at my father's house.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

Executed on December 28, 1993, at Santa Monica, California.

(Signed) J. Chandler

Excerpts From

MEMORANDUM OF POINTS AND AUTHORITIES

This suit arises out of the sexual molestation of plaintiff, J. Chandler, by defendant Michael Jackson ("Jackson"). In the present motion, plaintiff seeks an order permitting him to commence discovery of Jackson's financial condition pursuant to *Civil Code* §3295(c). Plaintiff is entitled to such an order because he can demonstrate a substantial probability that he will prevail on his punitive damage claim at trial. Upon such a showing, the plaintiff is entitled to discovery of the defendant's financial condition....

The plaintiff's account of this relationship is corroborated by the testimony of numerous witnesses. Jackson's chauffeur, Gary Hearne, confirmed in his deposition that Jackson and Chandler spent numerous nights together, including over 30 nights at the plaintiff's home. (Exhibit "A," Hearne deposition) ... In addition, plaintiff was at The Neverland Ranch nearly 20 times, much of the time spending the night in Jackson's bedroom (Exhibit "B," deposition of Adrian McManus ... Exhibit "C," deposition of Gayle Goforth ...)

Plaintiff was not the first of Jackson's young friends to share his bed. (... Goforth deposition ...; Exhibit "D," deposition of Evangeline Aquilizan ...) Indeed, Jackson has a long history of sexually molesting young boys. One of Jackson's maids has testified that Jackson spent the night with a young boy in his bed on fully 40% of the evenings he was at The Neverland Ranch.... The aftermath of these evenings would often be evidenced by the participants' dirty underwear lying in a pile beside Jackson's unmade bed....

While, defendant, Michael Jackson, was on the "Bad" tour which lasted approximately two (2) years, he was accompanied by one young boy approximately 90% of the time. His intimate contact with this boy mirrors the conduct in this suit. During the day, he took this boy on lavish shopping sprees—and, virtually every evening, he brought the boy back to Jackson's private bedroom. Behind his closed bedroom door, Jackson and the boy would spend the night together in Jackson's bed. (Exhibit "H," deposition of Jolie Levine ...) This conduct was personally observed by Jolie Levine, a Jackson employee. After observing this behavior during her tenure with Jackson, Ms. Levine was moved to remark to others, including the police, that Jackson was a "chicken-hawk", a slang term by which Levine meant that Michael Jackson is a pedophile....

The maid responsible for Jackson's bedroom for a number of years has testified, under oath, that she witnessed Jackson sleeping with and having sexual contact with several young boys. At her deposition, Blanca Francia testified that she saw Jackson nude in the shower and in the jacuzzi with one of the young boys....

In addition to the naked shower and jacuzzi scenes, Francia testified that she saw Jackson share a bed with five separate young boys.... Jackson limited his sexual partners to young boys. He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

Creativity aside, Mr. McFeenee's entry into the St. Patrick's Day potato-carving contest would fail to impress the devout Midwestern panel of judges.
Oh, my. It IS an anatomically correct replica of a vagina on a stick.
JUDGE
JUDGE

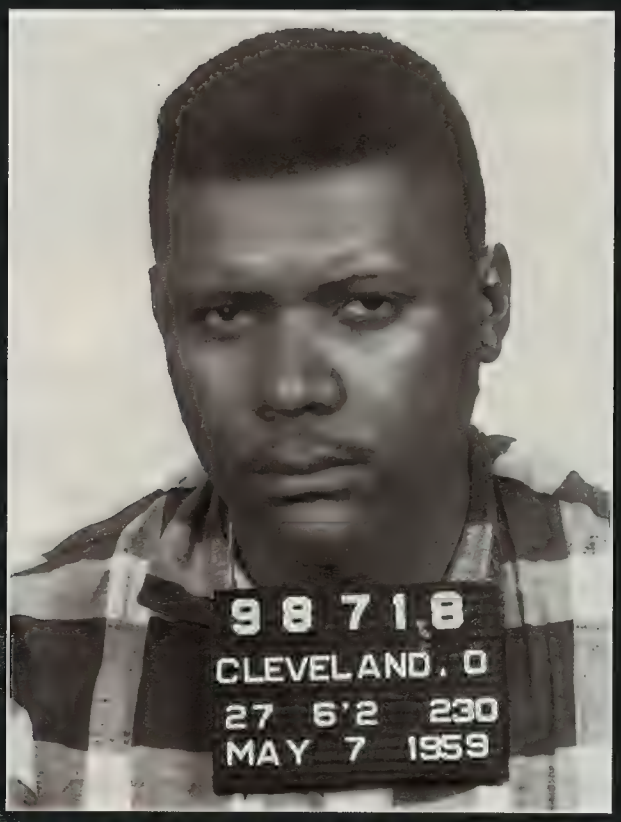
Well-known for his affinity for alcohol and disdain for children, Father O'Mara would no longer be requested to perform baptisms at St. John's Parish Church from that day forward.
Relaxsh... it's holy water.

LOW MOMENTS IN THE HIGH LIFE

MUG SHOTS

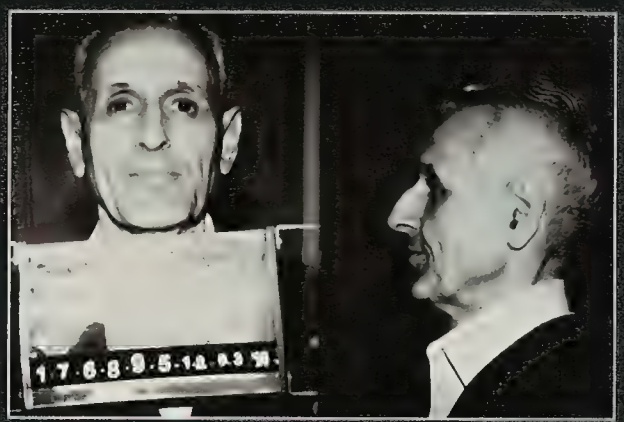
From *Mug Shots: Celebrities Under Arrest.* Copyright © 1996 by George Seminara. (St. Martin's Press, Inc.)

Lenny Bruce Arrested April 27, 1963. Charges: Not recorded. Released upon posting a $50 bond.



Don King Arrested May 7, 1959. Charge: Suspicion of being a possible drug dealer.

Luther Campbell (lead singer of 2 Live Crew) Arrested June 10, 1990. Charge: Obscenity. Not guilty.



Dr. Jack Kevorkian Arrested December 3, 1990. Charge: First-degree murder. Charge dismissed.

RIGHT STUFF

NEED FOR SPEED By Gerard Van der Leun

STREET BANDIT

If you want to look bad and be cool at the same time, take a glance at the Bandit 1200SV from Suzuki. A four-cylinder wonder, it has a mean roll-on acceleration that will let you know you're on your way in no uncertain terms. Once you are up to speed you can cruise for hours in security and comfort and still have extra horses when you need them. An excellent compromise between power and cost.

ROAD HAWK

A strong contender to dominate the asphalt in 1997 is the Super Hawk VTR1000F from Honda. This sleek bird gets maximum lift-off from the 996cc, four-valve V-twin engine. Added to this are the immense 48mm, slanted, flat-slide carburetors for taking the kind of big gulps that an engine like this demands. Weighing in at 424 pounds, the Hawk will deliver a lot of thrills per pound when it hits the U.S. tarmac this spring.

SAMURAI SWORD

Nobody off the track really needs what the Kawasaki Ninja ZX-11 can dish out, but it is nice to know it's there. The Ninja continues the Kawasaki tradition of being the fastest production motorcycle around, but it hasn't compromised on safety, comfort, or quality. A 1,052cc, 16-valve dual-overhead-cam engine supplied by four 40mm carburetors and a six-speed transmission put the power where the power belongs.

TOTAL TRIUMPH

Triumph's T509 Speed Triple is a step up from your average road bike. Long on looks and power, it is one of the crowning achievements of the reborn Triumph Motorcycles in Daytona, Florida. The 885cc engine is boosted by a new fuel injection system, the bike weighs in at 432 pounds. The bottom line is an affordable street bike with much more power per pound than you'd ever expect.

TECHNOMANIA

High-tech tools for the 21st century

By Ken Sander

The Phantom (below) scrambles radar, but the Air Taser (top right) scrambles the brain.

Have you ever wanted to be invisible? Me too. Rocky Mountain Radar may have the next best thing—a device that makes your car invisible to radar and laser speed traps. Named the Phazer, this device combines an active and a passive radar scrambler in one unit. It works by mixing up radar/laser signals with an FM chip before they bounce back to the squad car. This befuddles the computer inside the laser/radar gun that determines and records your speed. Mike Churchman, the former NASA engineer who invented the Phazer, recommends you combine it with a radar detector. That way you know when you're being watched. To that end the folks at Rocky Mountain Radar developed the Phantom, which does both.

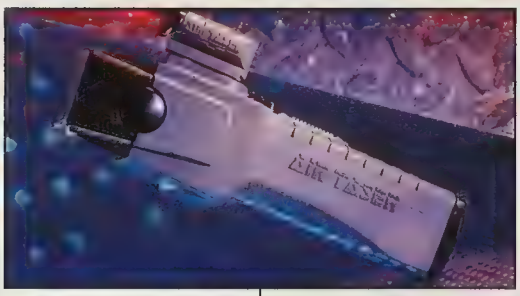
Does it work? I don't know for sure, but I will tell you that my cabin is 144 miles upstate from the city where I live, that I've been using the Phazer for some time now, and my license is clean, no points. So far, so good.

Speaking of laser devices, you need to get an honest opinion of an inexpensive product, the acrylic license-plate cover. The premise is simple. The police shoot a very fine laser beam at the license plate of your car from a distance of one to three miles. The beam reflects back to the laser gun, which can accurately measure your speed. While ordinarily a license plate is reflective, one covered by acrylic is not. Therefore, the rationale goes, the cops shoot and get nothing back. Sounds good, right? Wrong. Why? Because at a distance the laser beam spreads over a larger area than just the plate; it could reflect off the grill or windshield. I wouldn't trust it to do the job.

I-SPY

I remember this movie where a hit man said he'd ring a doorbell and, when the target looked through the peephole, would shoot the guy through the aperture. Not a nice concept: You get shot inside your own home without opening the door.

An interesting and very low-tech solution is the First Sight Peephole System, which lets you see out your door from six feet behind it. The First Sight gives you a wide view. It takes only five minutes to install and comes with complete installation kit of drill bit, hole saw, and instruction video. All you need is a drill, and you can be scoping out visitors before they know you're at the door.



REACH OUT AND TASER SOMEONE

Spock! Sulu! Scotty! This is the Captain! Set your phasers on stun!

Well, in the nineties we don't have phasers, but we do have the Air Taser. Taser is short for "Thomas A. Swift's Electric Rifle," previously available only to law-enforcement agencies. The Taser is considered to be a firearm, in that it uses gunpowder to shoot probes. The Air Taser, however, uses compressed nitrogen. In 1994 the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms classified the Air Taser as a non-firearm, making it legal for sale to the general public. Some states and localities do, however, restrict the Air Taser, so check local laws before buying one.

I first heard of the Air Taser at a press conference at the Consumer Electronics Show. The lights in the room went out, and Air Taser company president Rick Smith shot two probes (at 50,000 volts) into a target 15 feet away. Shazam! In an instant I was hooked on nonlethal self-defense.

With the Air Taser you have a 15-foot zone of protection. The probes only have to snag clothing. Hit by 50,000 volts, an attacker instantly loses muscle control. You can then run like hell. If you miss, or there is more than one attacker, you can use the charged handle as a stun gun.

Intended only for self-defense by honest citizens, any use of the Air Taser can be traced. When you fire it, it sprays the air with little pieces of transparent film printed with the serial number of that particular Air Taser cartridge. In a world where rape, assault, and mugging occur daily, it's comforting to know there's a safe and nonlethal way to protect you and yours.

MENTHOL
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
CAMEL MENTHOL LIGHTS
10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

F.B.I.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Whitehurst didn't testify at the trial of the accused World Trade Center bomber, and convictions were obtained. But in 1995 lawyers for defendants in a follow-up trial stemming from charges of a conspiracy to blow up other structures in the New York area became aware of Whitehurst's charges, and called him to the witness stand. For the first time Whitehurst described his battles in the F.B.I. lab publicly. He testified that he wasn't worried about his work undermining prosecutions. "I have no concern about opposing counsel—whatever that is—knowing what I have done," he testified. "And I would hope that if I did it incorrectly, they would determine that I had done it incorrectly...."

Prosecutors dodged a bullet. Although it exposed the dispute raging in the lab, Whitehurst's testimony didn't challenge the bulk of the prosecution's case. Once again prosecutors obtained convictions.

Prosecutors in the O. J. Simpson trial were similarly fortunate. Martz testified about some of the F.B.I. lab's work in the case, and Simpson's lawyers wanted to call Whitehurst to challenge Martz. Judge Lance Ito refused, noting that Whitehurst hadn't worked on the Simpson evidence. But the ruling wasn't handed down until after a closed-door hearing in which F.B.I. Assistant General Counsel Steve Robinson, according to a published report, acknowledged that F.B.I. supervisors routinely alter reports by lab agents before they are disseminated to defense lawyers. He defended the practice. It is within the agency's right to do so, Robinson said, according to an article in the *Baltimore Sun*. One of the attorneys present at the hearing says the *Sun*'s account is correct. The attorney says Simpson lawyer Robert Shapiro angrily denounced Robinson's assertions about F.B.I. prerogatives. An employee in Shapiro's law firm says Shapiro doesn't comment on Simpson inquiries. Robinson didn't respond to requests for comment. Ex-lab director Hicks says there is no such policy or practice. The *Sun* says transcripts of the hearing were sealed at the request of Justice Department officials.

Although Whitehurst didn't testify in the Simpson case, that prospect reinforced the conclusion of Justice Department officials that they couldn't keep the lid on his charges, and that the longer they tried the more likely the mess would blow up in their face in court, sooner or later, in a case in which it would threaten their ability to win a conviction. It was the day after Whitehurst was interviewed by Simpson's lawyers that Attorney General Reno suggested the appointment of the international panel that is leading the probe of Whitehurst's charges.

There are grounds for questioning the trustworthiness of this review too. All panel members have spent most of their careers working with prosecutors. They're likely to share what Whitehurst says is the lab's pro-prosecution bias. And as Whitehurst lawyer Stephen Kohn points out, the probe is still led by Justice Department officials, even if they are getting advice from outside experts. An internal probe has as much a political as a truth-finding purpose. It's certainly not the independent inquiry Kohn has called for. With the creation of the panel suggested by Reno, who appointed Freeh, an ally of chief targets Thurman and Martz, how can the expert panel be counted on for an objective analysis? A conflict-free probe would have to be conducted by a panel whose members were appointed by, say, a private professional organization of forensic scientists.

Even as Reno's panel was convening, Justice Department officials were scrambling to assess the damage done by Whitehurst's charges. In January 1996 then Acting Assistant Attorney General John Keeney formally advised federal prosecutors across the country of the charges, alerted them that in many cases defense lawyers might have to be notified, and directed prosecutors to identify the cases based in part on lab results or testimony from one or more of the 20 agents Whitehurst accused, including two former directors of the scientific-analysis section, two unit chiefs within the seven-unit section, and agents in five of the seven units.

Keeney put together a team of officials to assess and mitigate the damage. The problems created for prosecutors by Whitehurst's allegations are "nationwide in scope," Keeney wrote, "affecting a substantial number of criminal cases in numerous districts throughout the country."

Keeney wrote his memo on January 4, 1996, nearly ten years after Whitehurst made his first formal allegation. Had Keeney or one of his colleagues acted earlier, they might have avoided endangering the government's probe of the Oklahoma City bombing. As it was, it was too late.

By order of Presiding Judge Richard Matsch, lawyers in the Oklahoma City case are prohibited from discussing prospective witnesses or their testimony. But court files suggest Whitehurst will likely play a more prominent role than at any previous trial he's testified in. His allegations pose several hurdles for Oklahoma City bombing prosecutor Joseph Hartzler.

"That's not the organ we were expecting."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! *Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*

THE CHOLESTEROL CONSPIRACY

Most Americans, doctors included, are victims of a mass campaign of vilification against a substance produced by our own bodies. Cholesterol is not necessarily the monster we've been led to believe it is. In fact cholesterol is vital to the health of every cell in our systems. It helps the liver digest fats, and works with protein and lecithin to transport those fats through our blood. Not only that, but our sex hormones are made from the stuff. Cholesterol is so important that if not enough comes from food, the liver manufactures it.

Make no mistake, this substance can still gum up your arteries and lead to heart disease, but it's wrong to reach for a medication just because your doctor says your serum cholesterol level is above normal. Following are safer, more natural ways to keep cholesterol levels down:

Chew. Add more fiber to your diet. Fiber increases the rate at which the body disposes of excess cholesterol. Pectin, a kind of fiber found in apples and other fruits, is especially good. The fiber in old-fashioned hot grain cereals like rolled oats or buckwheat is highly beneficial. Also eat plenty of foods high in vitamin B_6, such as raw fruits and vegetables, especially leafy greens.

Sweat. Exercise seems to raise levels of "good" H.D.L. cholesterol and lower levels of "bad" L.D.L. cholesterol. But you have to keep at it: It may take several months before the effects of exercise begin to kick in. Choose any activity that gets the heart rate into aerobic territory, sustained for at least 20 minutes, three to five times a week.

Swallow. Some vitamins and minerals can be a valuable aid in countering cholesterol. Especially vital are niacin (500 mg a day), vitamin C (1,000 mg a day), and vitamin E (400 to 600 I.U. a day). One caution: People with gout, liver disease, or diabetes should use niacin only with great caution. Among the known cholesterol-fighting minerals are chromium, calcium, magnesium, and zinc.

Season well. Put some ginger and cayenne in your food. These spices decrease the liver's production of cholesterol and triglycerides. Garlic and ganoderma mushrooms also help lower cholesterol and triglycerides in the blood.—*Gary Null*

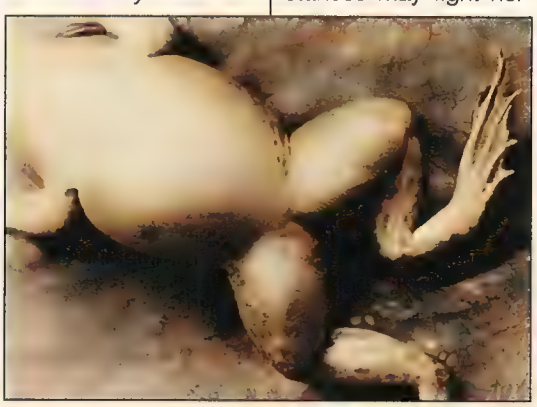
FROG KICK

Not only do frogs not give you warts, they may be able to protect against genital warts.

Two potential new entries into the long list of medicines that come from animals are a group of natural compounds—some from frogs, some from sharks—that might someday serve as a barrier against sexually transmitted diseases.

Frogs and sharks, you see, hardly ever get skin infections. This trait led scientists at a pharmaceutical firm in Pennsylvania to search for the skin-saving substances. In frogs, the protective effect turned out to be due to magainins, which kill invading organisms. Sharks use a class of substances called aminosterols, which keep invaders from replicating.

So far, animal tests suggest that both substances may fight her-



Men's Health & Fitness

Got something to shout about? Sometimes it's good to vent your rage.

IRE HAZARD

Every man gets angry, and most men deal with it in one of two ways: They either squelch the anger and fume in silence, or they express it openly in fits of rage. Conventional wisdom has it that men who let it all hang out are less apt to have heart attacks.

But a new study suggests that it matters less how you deal with your anger than that you deal with it flexibly. According to Tilmer Engebretson, Ph.D., and Catherine Stoney, Ph.D., of Ohio State University, men who sometimes suppress anger and sometimes express it are better off than those who deal with their anger the same way every time.

Among 116 airline pilots, average age 42, those who had only one way of handling anger—whether it was clamming up or flying off the handle—had higher levels of total cholesterol and of "bad" L.D.L. cholesterol than those who dealt with their anger differently according to circumstance.

To vary your anger style, "view each situation individually," Engebretson says. Then pause and choose whether to express your fury or suppress it. You might want to hold it in when dealing with your boss and let it go when at odds with a trusted friend.—*J. Garrard*

HOT STUFF OR NONSENSE?

After the workout or the game, many of us like to ease our aching muscles with a generous dab of rub-in sports creams like Ben Gay or Heet. Do these ointments really work? Yes, but the reason may surprise you.

Contrary to manufacturers' claims, these rubs don't actually penetrate to the muscle. The active ingredient, menthol, makes the surface of the skin tingle, which in itself can feel good. But what really eases the pain is the heat generated by rubbing the cream in, says Lon Castle, M.D., clinical instructor at the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston.

ASPIRIN'S ACID TEST

Hey kids, don't try this at home: Fast for about eight hours, then swallow a couple of aspirin without water. Yech! Aspirin and its pain-relieving cousins all have the potential to upset your stomach and, with frequent use, irritate its lining. Now, thanks to an international panel of scientists, you can know which are least troublesome. The researchers rated various nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) for their likelihood to bring on a bad stomach. The higher the number, the greater the risk of tummy grief.

DRUG	RANK
Ibuprofen	1.0
Fenoprofen	1.6
Aspirin	1.6
Diclofenac	1.8
Sulindac	2.1
Difunisal	2.2
Naproxen	2.2
Indomethacin	2.4
Tolmetin	3.0
Piroxicam	3.8
Ketoprofen	4.2
Azapropazone	9.2

FLEX YOUR LOVE MUSCLE

Want better sex? Turns out the critical exercises are Kegels, which work the P.C. (pubococcygeal) muscles, located just about midway between your bum and your balls, according to Kenneth Goldberg, M.D., director of the Male Health Center in Dallas. "Kegels build the muscles needed to delay ejaculation and improve sexual performance," Goldberg says.

Find 'em. Your P.C. muscles are the ones you squeeze to stop the flow of urine. Try it. Attaboy! Notice how you can do this at any time without anyone noticing—like while you're waiting in that duck blind, waist deep in swamp water. (Just wipe that grin off your face or your hunting buddies will start to wonder.)

Work 'em. Contract the P.C. muscles 15 to 20 times, holding each contraction for one second. Do twice-daily sessions of 75 repetitions each.

Go long. Now try long, slow reps. Hold the P.C. contraction for three seconds. Work up to cycles of ten seconds each.

Mix it up. Now that you've got your moves down, do sets of short and long squeezes. After two months of 300 reps a day, you should have awesome P.C.'s. (Too bad you can't show them off to anyone.)

DON'T BE A MARKED MAN

Stretch marks ... they're a woman's problem, right? It may surprise you to know that men sometimes get stretch marks too. The causes are big-time weight loss (more than 20 percent of total body weight) or big-time weight lifting. In either case the skin gets stretched for so long that it loses elasticity.

There's not much a guy can do to prevent stretch marks, but a new laser treatment can make them go away. Only a certain kind of laser will do, a "pulsed dye" laser that operates at very low energies. This makes the treatment, which helps restore the elasticity of the skin, virtually painless. "There's no need for anesthesia," says Paul Lorenc, M.D., a New York City plastic surgeon and assistant professor of surgery at New York University Medical Center. "There's only a slight burning sensation."

Erasing the stretch marks usually takes one to three sessions, at $800 to $850 each. There's some discoloration of the skin afterward, but this generally lasts less than two weeks. In six weeks the stretch marks are virtually gone.

At this writing Lorenc is one of the few plastic surgeons in the world who's doing the pulsed-dye-laser procedure. He can be reached at (212) 472-2900, or at his Web site: http://www.lorenc.com.

Externals

SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

Sitting in front of that computer screen all day got you bleary-eyed? Here are some eye-saving tips from the Better Vision Institute in Rosslyn, Virginia:

Blink. This keeps the eyes lubricated with oils and enzymes to prevent drying out.

Eat fish. The natural oils in fish, and potassium-rich foods like potatoes and bananas, help keep eyes lubricated.

See the light. Pull up those shades. Don't work in a dark room. The contrast between low ambient light and a bright computer screen creates eye strain. Also avoid subjecting yourself to undue glare: Never place your monitor in front of a window or bright light.

Go shopping. Pick up some eye-saving software, like Eyes (Micronite, Inc., $49.95), which reminds you at regular intervals to take a break. It even details a few relaxing eye exercises. To order call (800) 936-3746.

Give it a rest. Software or no software, take a ten-minute break at least once an hour.

SEX Rx

Next time the little lady says she's not in the mood, tell her she's got to, doctor's orders.

The reason you need sex right away? It's all for the sake of your prostate. Now admit it, you probably don't know what the prostate is. You may think this gland only produces problems for older men, but young guys can also suffer prostate agony. Infections down there can burn like hell when you pee. And then there's the part where you have to get up and urinate four or five times a night.

The solution? "Sex, sex, sex," says Springfield, Massachusetts, urologist Gregory Slachta, M.D. "The more the better."

Slachta, an assistant clinical professor at Tufts University, explains that the prostate can easily become overrun by bacteria. So it's extremely important to keep the prostate drained.

And how do you drain a prostate?

"Ejaculate," says Slachta.

Sore sport: When you get that (burning) feeling, you need sexual healing.

Bad blow job: Playing the trumpet can throw your jaw out of whack.

DID YOU KNOW?

• Playing a musical instrument can make you more vulnerable to T.M.J. (temporomandibular-joint) syndrome. According to John J. Taddey, D.D.S., whether you're blowing into a trumpet or simply clenching your teeth when you bow a violin, the jaw is subjected to abnormal, long-lasting pressure.

• It's now a snap to do a background check on your doctor using the World Wide Web. The American Medical Association's site, at http://www.ama-assn.org, offers brief c.v.'s of 650,000 of its member doctors.

• Asthmatics can use the Heimlich maneuver (well known for relieving choking victims) on themselves to reduce or eliminate the need for asthma medications. Consult your doctor.

THE CLITORIS: A MAN'S GUIDE

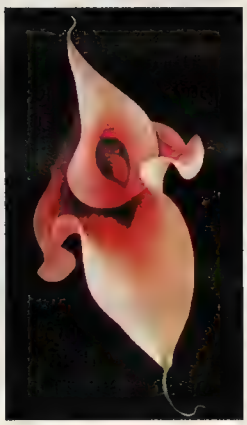
Consider the vagina, an intricate maze ... fascinating ... delightful—and totally mystifying. After you've fumbled around down there wondering what button to press and how hard or soft, it can occur to a guy that what he needs is a user's manual. To the rescue comes sex therapist Joel D. Block, Ph.D., with his book *Secrets of Better Sex*. Here are his instructions on how to make love to a clitoris, the tiny pleasure-trigger tucked under a hood of skin.

Light is right. Whether you're using your lips or your fingers, do it with a light touch. If she wants a firmer feel, she'll let you know.

Circling gets you squared. Try a variety of movements. Use a circular motion, then switch to up and down. Or try holding two fingers in a V position with the point of the V above the clitoris and the fingers extending along its sides. Gently press with your fingers.

Show and tell. Every woman is different down there. When in doubt, ask her to show you exactly how she likes her clitoris to be touched.

Getting there is half the fun. Don't concentrate so hard on bringing her off. Women aren't like us. They may enjoy the experience just as well without orgasm. Many are also self-conscious about being stroked down there, and have a hard time reaching orgasm—what with you camped out between her legs, drooling. The point being, stop feeling so pressured to do everything perfectly. Just relax and enjoy the ride.—*J. Garrard*



Discoveries

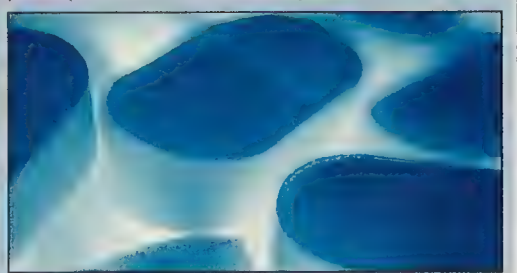
THE 90 PERCENT SOLUTION

It's still in the labs, but if this one gets through the testing required to bring a new drug to market, it could be the biggest news yet in the treatment of impotence. It's a pill called sildenafil, and early research has aroused major enthusiasm among scientists. Consider: Up to 90 percent of men who have taken the pill report improved ability to achieve and sustain an erection.

The best thing about sildenafil is that it's a pill, says William Steers, M.D., chairman of urology at the University of Virginia. That makes it the easiest erection-maker by far. It's less painful than injections, less cumbersome than mechanical devices like vacuum pumps, and less invasive than penile implants.

Irwin Goldstein, M.D., professor of urology at Boston University, also sees potential for sildenafil. In fact he sees so much benefit that he worries about the possibility of black-market sales and illicit use of the drug.

Sildenafil's developer, Pfizer, wouldn't comment on the status of its research, except to say that studies are under way in the U.S., Europe, and Australia. The company also wouldn't tell us when the drug will be available. But sources say perhaps within the next few years.



Tune-ups

HIGH-SPEED TRAIN—HOW TO FIT FITNESS IN

If you're the 16-hour-a-day type whose only exercise is running from meeting to meeting, there are still ways to stay in shape, says the American College of Sports Medicine in Indianapolis.

Shun the lift. Whenever possible, use stairs instead of elevators.

Spike the remote. When you have to change channels, get up, walk over, and do it by hand. Another TV tip: Keep a jump rope by the tube. During commercials, use it.

Stand and deliver. Get in the habit of talking on the speaker phone at work. Stand up and move around during calls.

Take a hike. Walk whenever you can: to work, to meetings, to and from lunch. The more the better. Get in the habit of parking a few blocks from the office in the morning and at the back of parking lots when you go shopping, so you can hoof it more frequently.

Pencil it in. If you're an executive, have your secretary schedule your workouts in advance. Then treat them as the important appointments they are.

Be a joiner. If you're not an executive, join a health club near your office. Now that you've paid for it, the need to get your money's worth will inspire you to use the facilities. Race over for a quick workout during lunch or before or after office hours.

POOL MISCUE

Next time you chalk up your cue stick, give a thought to this piece of research: Investigators have discovered that poolroom chalk may cause lead poisoning.

Cued by the discovery that two children came down with lead poisoning after eating pieces of pool chalk, researchers from Arizona and North Carolina checked out 23 brands. Three of them—Pioneer Chalk's green and tangerine, and Master Chalk's green—contained lead in amounts considered hazardous to children.

What about us grown-ups? Mary Beth Miller, a medical toxicologist at Good Samaritan Regional Medical Center in Phoenix, is worried about pool-hall owners and their employees, who kick up chalk dust every time they sweep the floors. Habitual players may also be inhaling more lead than they should be. The solution is simple: All you need to do is steer clear of the above-mentioned brands. The other 20 tested had very low levels of lead.

SHACKING UP IS HARD TO DO

Who screws around more, married women or live-in mates? Modern folk wisdom has it that couples who live together may have as strong a sexual bond as those who plunge into marriage. Sorry, but a new study shows it ain't necessarily so. In fact, if you're currently shacked up, you might want to phone the preacher ... like now.

In a survey of 1,235 women, only four percent of married respondents confessed to having an outside lover, report Renata Forste, Ph.D., of Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, and Koray Tanfer, Ph.D., of Battelle Memorial Institute in Seattle. But among the merely cohabiting, five times as many—a whopping 20 percent—were seeing a backdoor man. If

The thrill of the chaste: Marry the girl if you want to be sure she'll stay true.

that isn't bad enough, the study showed that women who live with a man and later marry him are also more likely to take on a lover.

For those who are living together, it might be a good idea to tie the knot—the sooner the better. (Or at least press her a little harder about why she needs the plumbing looked at three times a week.) As far as cheating goes, Forste and Tanfer say, "cohabiting women are more similar to dating women than they are to married women."

F.B.I.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

The first is that the government's primary bomb expert on the case is Thurman. He provided the initial analysis of the Oklahoma City blast cited by agents in their requests for search warrants. It will be difficult, therefore, for Hartzler not to call Thurman to the stand. And once he does, defense lawyers can call Whitehurst and use his testimony to attack Thurman's ability, integrity, and conclusions. Thurman will be pitted against the man judged by his superiors to be the most skilled bomb-residue expert there is.

Martz was also assigned to the Oklahoma City probe, McVeigh's lawyers say. He was in charge of processing key pieces of explosives evidence. His record will likely become an issue at trial too. So will the record of David Williams, who was also assigned to the Oklahoma City case.

What's more threatening, thanks to Whitehurst, defense lawyers now have grounds to challenge the reliability of all of the government's forensic analyses of the bomb and bomb residues. At the time Thurman, Martz, and Williams were assigned to the case their superiors knew of Whitehurst's allegations. They knew those allegations hadn't been reviewed by the Justice Department internal-investigations unit Whitehurst had filed charges with. They still assigned the trio to the case, even though there were other agents available. Why invite an attack on the lab agents in what was clearly one of the most important cases the lab would ever handle? Ahlerich, the then lab director, says he wasn't involved in deciding whom to send to Oklahoma City. Section chief Kearney declined comment.

McVeigh's defense lawyers previewed their trial strategy in court motions filed last year. They allege Whitehurst wasn't assigned to the Oklahoma City bombing case because he wouldn't "toe the company line." Even if they can't persuade jurors of that, it was the F.B.I. that needlessly gave them the platform to make the argument.

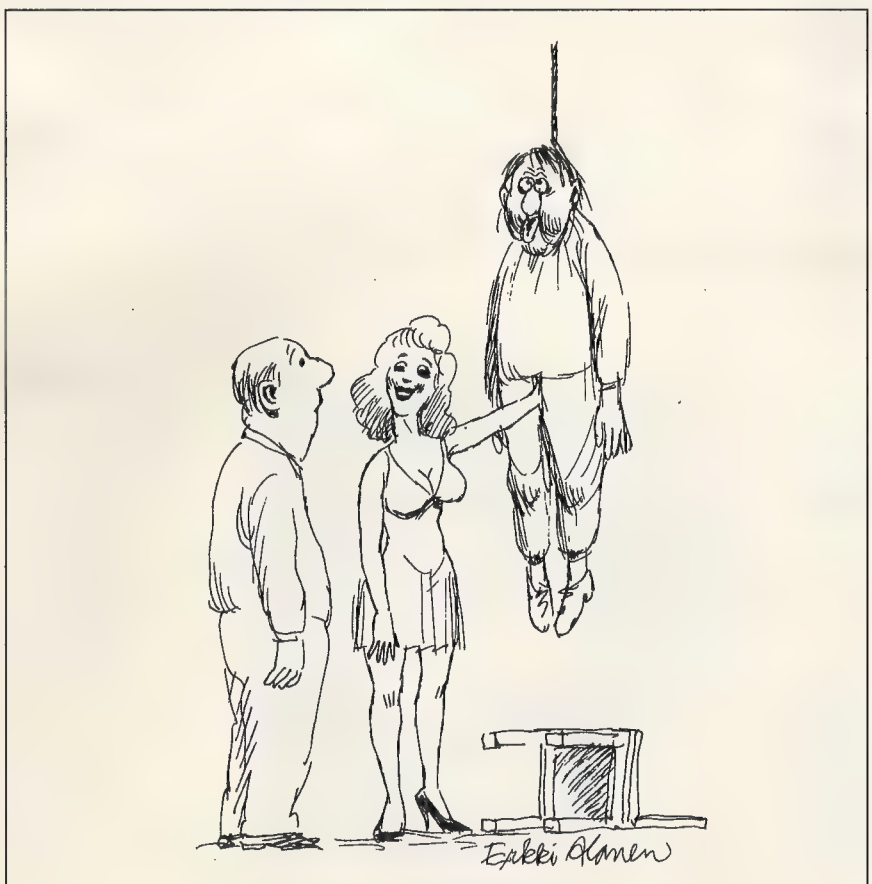
Defense lawyers also have ammunition to attack the key forensic finding by the F.B.I. lab. Court records show that, among other tests, the clothes McVeigh was wearing when he was picked up by Oklahoma State Police two hours after the blast tested positive for bomb residue. An agent testified at McVeigh's preliminary hearing in 1995 that the test results indicated McVeigh had been near the suspect Ryder truck at the time of the blast. That's an important piece of the circle of circumstantial evidence against McVeigh, all the more so because the eyewitness evidence is shaky. Three of the four witnesses who told agents they saw McVeigh outside the Murrah Federal Building in the minutes before the blast later failed to pick him out of a lineup, the agent acknowledged at the preliminary hearing.

But McVeigh's lawyers say in court papers that Whitehurst predicted, once he knew who was assigned to the Oklahoma City bomb case, that evidence would become contaminated—and, they say, that's just what happened. Based on memos Whitehurst wrote about the lab's handling of the bomb-case evidence—memos the government turned over to lawyers for McVeigh and Nichols—McVeigh's lawyers say in court papers that Whitehurst concluded that the lab in which McVeigh's clothing was examined was contaminated with bomb residues from the bomb scene before tests were conducted. That makes it impossible to determine whether the residues were on the clothing when the clothing arrived at the lab, or whether the material was inadvertently introduced thereafter. If McVeigh's lawyers are reading Whitehurst's memos correctly, and if Whitehurst is right, the evidence is useless. What's more, according to an assistant prosecutor in the case, Whitehurst conducted his own test of McVeigh's clothing—presumably before it was, by his contention, contaminated by lab personnel—and found no bomb residues.

Prosecutor Hartzler has the option of hiring bomb experts from the private sector to buttress the government's case. But that would mean implicitly rejecting Thurman, Williams, and Martz. Which is a more attractive scenario for defense lawyers: attacking the F.B.I. agents, or suggesting to jurors that if prosecutors won't even call their own experts to the stand, then there is obviously something seriously wrong with the government's probe of the bombing, something so corrupting that the government's account shouldn't be trusted at all?

However Hartzler ends up answering that question, it's clear who is responsible for forcing him to ask it. Because of Frederic Whitehurst, what used to be a reflex for prosecutors—calling the F.B.I. lab experts to the stand—is now a step teeming with unwelcome complications and consequences.

How does Whitehurst feel about putting prosecutors in that position? If he feels any anguish, he doesn't let it color his explanation for what he's doing. He's on a crusade. He won't be deterred. "We need to change the culture of the F.B.I.," he says. "We're supposed to be serving the American people, not the political agendas of various potentates. I'm talking to posterity. They're never going to stop me."



"He's dead all right."

What Does GOD Look Like? PART 2

Text and Illustrations by Ori Hofmekler

I think it's time to renovate God's "grumpy old man" image.
Let's take the popular Quaker Oats man off the box and elevate him to the level of God.

At last a happy God.

Quaker Oats God

Can you imagine people going to war for a God who looks like the Quaker Oats man? Or Quaker Oats people as crusaders? They're roly-poly couch potatoes—they don't go to war. The real crusaders were kind of angry and mean, just like the image they were ready to die for. I wonder if there is a kind of a natural law whereby you look like your own God.

Did the Ayatollah Khomeini look like Muhammad? Have you ever noticed that all Iraqi men look like Saddam Hussein? They all have the same mustache. Take an old, fat, bald Mao Tse-tung, ask him to sit down naked, then crack a dirty joke, and you get a smiling Chinese Buddha. Take a hairy redneck, put him on a diet, and you've got a North Carolinian Jesus.

That's why I truly believe a Quaker Oats God could change the way people look at themselves.

I was just trying to be optimistic here; personally, I hate oats.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

eager cunt. I felt like I had a mountain inside me. I cried out in pleasure as he began to fuck me. I could hardly handle his size, but soon we were fucking hard. We started out with me on top, but before we stopped I was on my knees with him entering me from behind. We fucked for hours. We ended with him fucking me in the ass. I hadn't had sex this good in a long time. His cock stayed hard and showed no signs of slowing down.

I suggested that we head into the shower for some fun. He was all for that. With the warm water running over us, I sucked him off again. I didn't stop at his cock this time. I moved around his nuts and began to lick his ass hole. He came, shooting his load against the side of the shower. We spent the rest of the afternoon finding ways of pleasuring each other.

We finished up before my husband got home from work. My husband and I had talked about having a three-way before, but I wasn't sure that he really wanted it to happen, especially with his best friend. I headed out to the grocery store and told our visitor to make himself at home, I'd be back in a while. When I got home I found the guys soaking in the hot tub. I told them I'd join them after I put the groceries away.

I returned with only my towel wrapped around me. I figured now was the time to see if the three-way was going to happen. I looked at the guys for a reaction, and when I saw smiles on both faces I dropped the towel and climbed in. I sat down between them and waited. It didn't take long until I could feel hands under the water reaching out and touching my legs and finding their way to my pussy. I leaned back and closed my eyes. I came while they played with me. I opened my eyes and was surprised to find that it was our guest who was busy at work.

I looked over at my husband and he was all smiles. He sat on the edge of the tub as I gave him a blowjob. Before he came he made sure that his buddy was able to see my mouth full of my husband's hard cock. As he shot his wad, I felt my pussy filling up with cock. I swallowed one cock while the other was fucking me. I was in heaven. Once we had all come, I suggested that we head to the king-size bed. It didn't take long for three naked bodies to make their way to the bed. Our three-way continued for the rest of the night. I sucked, fucked, and enjoyed having two men take me in every position imaginable.

That night was the beginning of a whole new love life. Since that time I've enjoyed many partners of both sexes, and will always be grateful for the vacation that brought our guest to me that year.—*D. L., Ohio*

A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING

You want to experience making love to another woman. It can't be anyone we know, and you are too shy to be so intimate with a stranger. I will do that part for you.

I find a woman I think you'll like, and I talk to her before you actually meet each other. She's a call girl, but a high-class one, referred to me—for intelligence and discretion—by a wealthy friend. I tell the girl what you would like in bed, so that she knows exactly how to please you. I predict that you will remain largely passive while she makes love to you, but of course your options are open.

I rent a luxury suite at a local hotel, and we go to the downstairs bar. After we've been there awhile and you've had time to relax, the call girl joins us. You are put at ease at once by her soft manner, intelligence, and charm. Later we go upstairs. She pours some wine, and with you sitting on the couch and the lights low, she takes her clothes off slowly and begins to caress herself in front of you. After a short while she begins getting worked up, and I pull an easy chair over for her where it's facing you. She begins to masturbate. You know that she is getting excited because her clit is huge and has risen to attention as she strokes it. She also has several dildos at hand.

She uses two or three of them for more than an hour in all kinds of positions, bringing herself to small orgasms a half-dozen times while you look on, sipping your wine. During the time she's doing this, she tells you every so often to take off a specific piece of clothing, so that by the end of her solo performance you are naked. She has asked you to play with your breasts and spread yourself so she can see all of you while she's masturbating for you. This makes her hotter, and you notice that her pussy shows a frothy come.

She gets on her knees in front of you and starts licking and sucking your breasts. She concentrates on your breasts for some time before moving lower. As she starts working between your legs, she gets very turned on again and eats you out furiously, but switches her attention back to your breasts when she senses you are about to come. She finally makes you come by sucking your clit and flicking it side to side, as I told her you like. You have the strongest and longest and wettest orgasm you can remember, bucking against her face wildly.

After you catch your breath, she takes you into the huge bathroom, where I have drawn a bath in the oversized tub that you can both get into. Giving you another glass of wine, she bathes you slowly with the softest of sponges. She stands in front of you in the tub and washes herself, not touching herself sexually at first, but not able to resist toward the end. She dries you off with the gentlest pats of a warm towel.

She leads you to the bed, where she sits up against the headboard and has you sit with your back against her. Reaching around, she caresses your breasts and kisses your neck, breathing in your scent and pulling your nipples softly, circling your breasts again and again with her fingers. As your nipples harden and your breathing becomes harder and faster, she occasionally lets her hands go down to your legs, gradually spreading them a little more on each trip until they're open wide. She knows you are wanting her to touch you and give you another orgasm, but she ignores your impatience.

She moves around on the bed to where she's on her knees at your feet, facing you, and begins to pull her own nipples and caress herself as she has just done to you. She whispers that you should mimic her moves as her hands move from her breasts to her pussy and back again. After 15 minutes of this she places pillows under your hips and proceeds to eat you out leisurely for an extended period. She sucks, flicks, and deep-tongues you until you almost come. Then she turns you over on your knees and elbows and continues with her tongue, paying special attention to your ass and pushing her tongue into it repeatedly before moving forward to suck your clit.

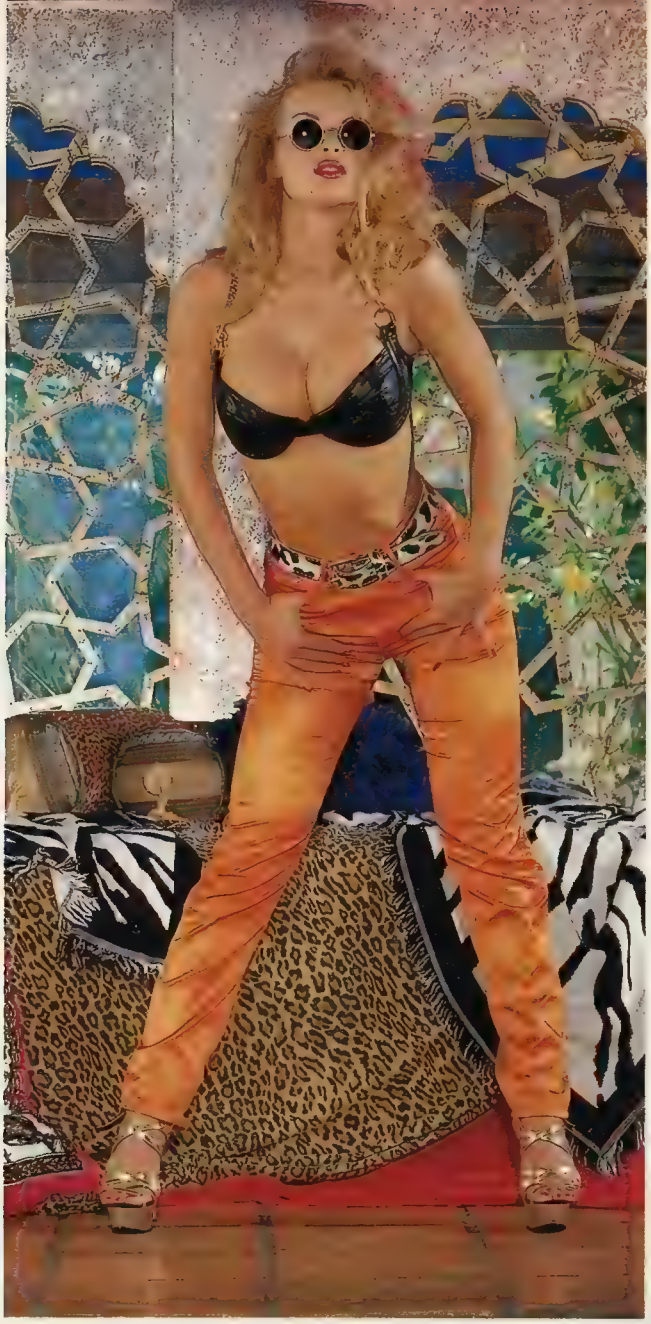
With you on your knees she straps on a dildo and enters you from behind,

"Before my husband came, he made sure that his buddy was able to see my mouth full of my husband's hard cock."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

"Having a moment of passion with a man I don't know—to not even know his name—would be dangerously exciting."

NIKIE



STRANGER ON A TRAIN

Twenty-six-year-old Nikie St. Gilles has a daring streak in her. No stranger to taking an ordinary meeting and turning it into a close encounter, the 37-23-35 bombshell from Brussels tells of a rather moving experience she once had with a man on a train. "I was meeting my date at the Brussels North train station," our Pet of the Month tells us. "We got on and started to make love. We got off—literally—when the train reached Brussels South. It's only about a 20-minute ride, but we made the most of what's usually a boring trip." Then Nikie adds with a laugh, "Actually, I've thought about how much more fun it would have been with someone I'd never met. Having a moment of passion with a man I don't know—to not even know his name or see his face, and then to never meet him again—would be dangerously exciting."

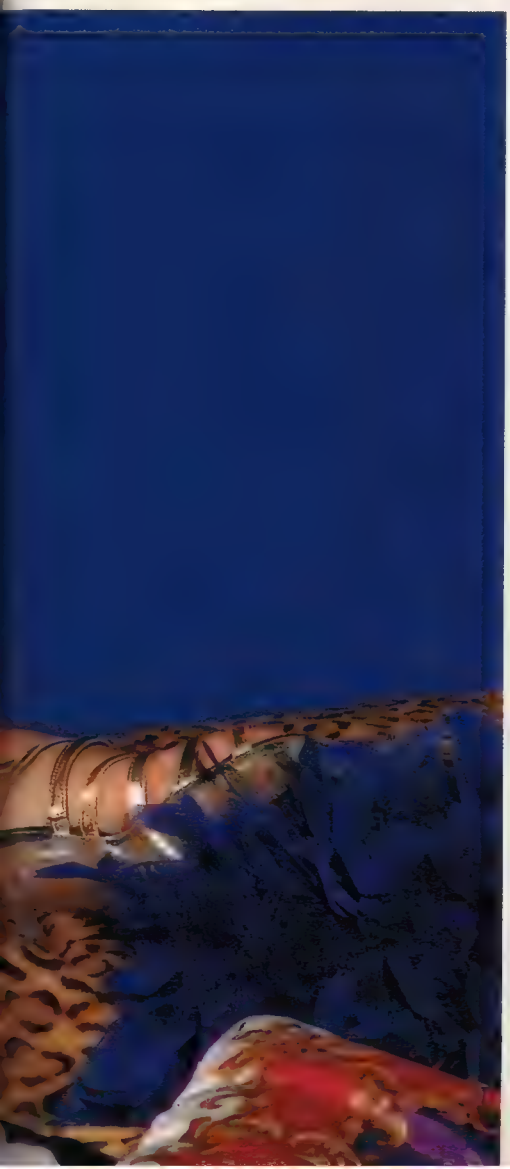
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PHILIP MOND

A professional dancer, Nikie is also going to school to study interior design. "I like being surrounded by beautiful things," she says. "If I can't find them in stores, I just make them myself."

"Seeing these pictures is going to be a big surprise for my boyfriend."

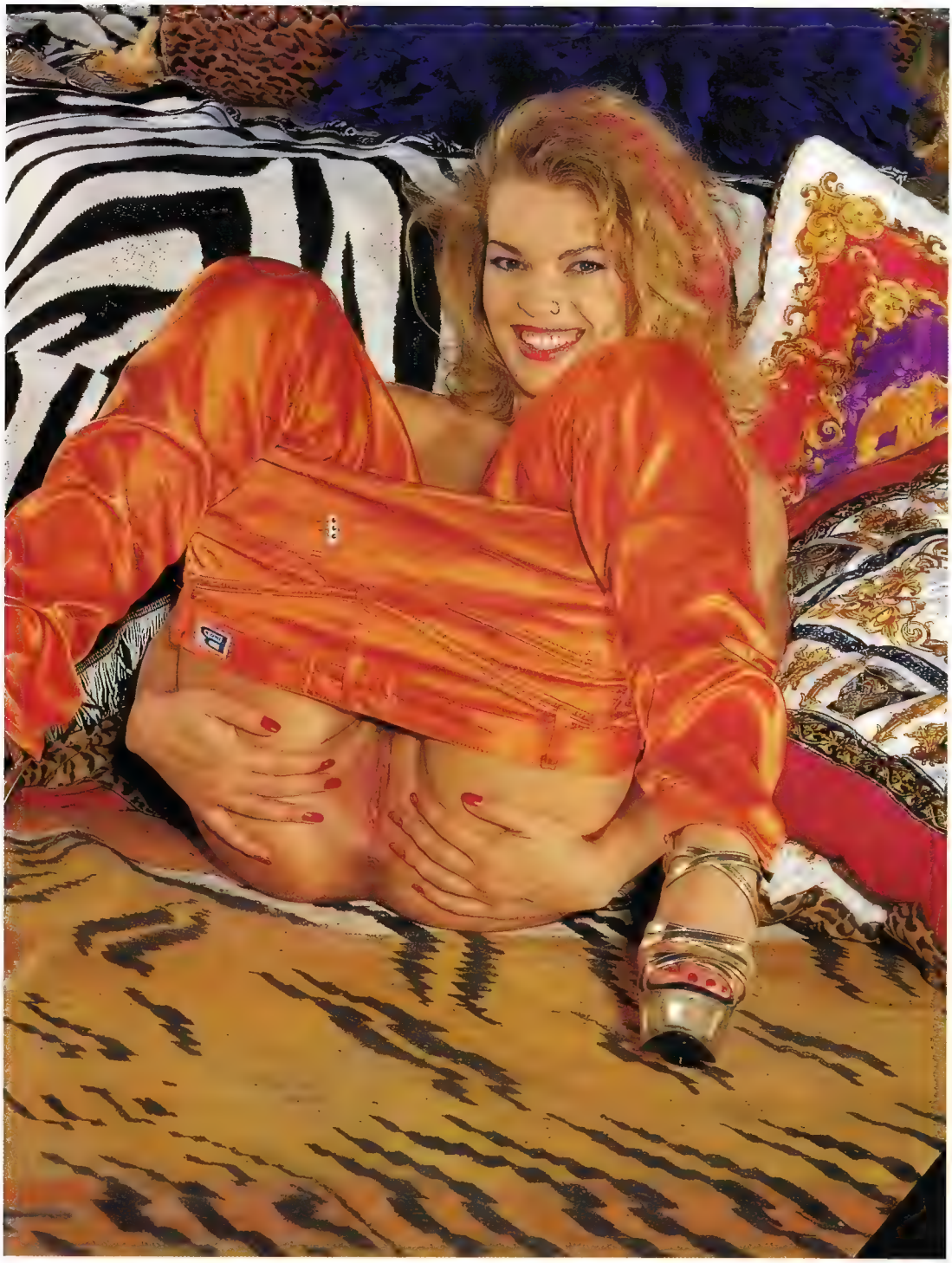
Our lovely Pet is originally from Holland, but she's lived in a number of different places in her life. "I went to school in Australia for a year, and I loved it," Nikie says, her green eyes sparkling. "The weather is so much better there than it is in Belgium or Holland. Here it's always cold, but in Australia it was really warm and beautiful. Everyone had a pool at their house. That's a very rare thing if you live in Holland. Only the really rich have swimming pools. It was really hard for me when I first got to school though. Everyone else there spoke English, and at that time the only thing I knew how to say in English was, 'I love you.'"

Dancing and design classes keep her busy, but Nikie still found the time to pose for *Penthouse*. "I was thrilled to have the opportunity to work with *Penthouse*," she says. "Sometimes I look at pictures of women in other magazines and think to myself just how boring they are. The same poses, the same things, over and over. But in *Penthouse* there's always something different. The pictures are beautiful and sexy at the same time. I didn't tell anyone that I was having these photographs taken, just in case it didn't work out. Seeing these pictures is going to be a big surprise for my boyfriend. I can't wait to show them to him!"



"I really should exercise more," she confides. "The truth is, I'm secretly very lazy and I use the fact that I'm so busy with work and school as an excuse to not work out."

MISS NIKIE ST. GILLES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Shoes courtesy of Shoe Stop Boutique, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; rubber by Funny Skin, Holland.

"My fantasy date begins with a night at the opera," Nikie says. "Afterward we go for an elegant dinner and dancing. Then we head to the beach to cool off and make love on the sand. After hours of endless lovemaking, my escort finally takes me home and I head off to sleep—alone in my bed. I like to have my privacy too, you know." Just promise that you'll give an encore performance, Nikie.

To see more of Nikie, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club at http://www.penthousemag.com.

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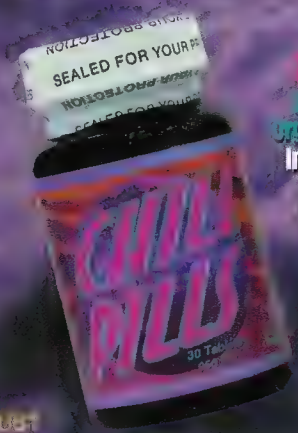

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MILITARY affairs

The morale of the armed forces is probably the single most important factor in their ability to defend our national interests. Success in warfare depends on the performance and attitudes of real live human beings. According to the late General George C. Marshall, morale "is the state of mind. It is steadfastness and courage and hope. It is confidence and zeal and loyalty. It is élan, esprit de corps, and determination." General Douglas MacArthur observed that morale "will quickly wither and die if soldiers come to believe themselves the victims of indifference, of ignorance, or of personal ambition on the part of their military leaders." To maintain morale, he added, it "must be joined with fair treatment and merited appreciation from without."

There are many things that can adversely affect the military's morale. In the recent past the public degrading of its performance in the Vietnam War resulted in low morale. Although it's not the military's role to decide where and when it will be called upon to protect our national interests, it can reasonably expect the American public to support it.

Morale suffers in all branches of the armed forces when military families are left high and dry.

If military personnel believe that the powers-that-be are disrupting their private lives and choices without good reason, morale can be shattered. For example, before our men and women go to sea, they try to make plans for the families they have to leave behind. When the support they were counting on is changed, especially economically, it leaves their families high and dry, and the men and women at sea worry. As a result, morale is harmed. When it comes time for these men and women to re-enlist, they are apt to say, "No way."

One way legislators and presidents risk undermining morale is by attempting to control the morals of military personnel through regulations and laws. By weakening military morale these meddlesome acts actually endanger our national security.

The godfather to these foolish attempts was Anthony Comstock, a Civil War veteran who became distressed by the effect gambling was having on young men and set about combatting it. Largely through Comstock's efforts, Congress passed a law in 1873 closing the mails to "obscene and indecent matter" of all kinds. Comstock's perverted ideas about what constitutes obscene and indecent matter are alive and well.

Congress recently ordered the Defense Department to ban the sale of sexually explicit magazines, videos, and audio products from military exchanges, commissaries, and ships' stores. This order, known as the Military Honor and Decency Act, was inserted in the 1997 Defense Authorization Act by Congressman Roscoe Bartlett (R-Md.), a two-term representative who boasts a 100-percent voting record as assessed by the Christian Coalition.

The ban on selling sexually explicit material (which at press time was on hold by the courts) is in fact censorship. It opens a Pandora's box of issues ranging from abortion to decency, and threatens not only the First Amendment but the long tradition that the U.S. military must remain apolitical.

A recent letter to *Navy Times* from "Dan McGrew," the pseudonym of a staff noncommissioned officer with 19 years in the Marine Corps, commented on Bartlett's folly: "But the real problem, Marines, is the extremely dangerous precedent this despicable act sets.... This act lets the politicians get their foot in the hatch to later strip us of additional rights that are guaranteed to us. For instance, their next step is likely to be banning Marines in the barracks and in base housing from accessing the Internet, because they might see someone's butt on it. This will be followed by the banning of cable TV on base, because an adult might see someone's butt on the tube."

The effect on McGrew's morale, and the morale of many thousands of other military personnel, can be seen in his further statement: "That's right, the people we elected just did some major damage to our First Amendment rights by appointing themselves the sole judges of what you and I can buy in the exchange and read in the privacy of our own homes. Are you going to let them get away with this, Marines?"—*William R. Corson*

Dope Shooting Fools

Article by Chuck Dean

Man, Mary died last night."

That's how I found

because Manny
had no emotion in
his face or his
voice when he
told me. Like
always, he just
walked in my
house, sat down,
and started read-
ing a magazine.
After 20 minutes
he lifted his head
and said it. At first
the words didn't
make any sense.

Paintings by
Marshall Arisman

Then they did, and I wanted to cry. Questions started filling my head, more about Manny than Mary. Why did he tell me the way he did? Why did it take so long? Why wasn't he bothered? For Christ's sake, Mary, Manny, Steve, and I were together last night. I couldn't understand what Manny was feeling. Maybe Manny didn't have any feelings.

Editor's note: This is a true story. For reasons of privacy, some names have been changed.

We were at Gary and Melba's, and Gary went outside with Snaggletooth Mike and Manny and smoked pot. Then everyone came inside and shot dope. Then Gary went to the kitchen table and started his zoology homework while everyone else sank into their ratty furniture and watched MTV. Melba looked beautiful, like she was about to die or kill someone, her eyes shiny like dew. Everyone was laid back until Gary started looking for a missing paper.

He picked up his zoology book by the spine, shook it, and a bunch of papers fell onto the floor. He unfolded them one by one, looked at them, then dropped them. We looked at Gary, then back at MTV. Melba went to the kitchen table and asked what he was looking for. "Where did you have it last?" she asked in a dope-slowed voice. Gary lifted some dishrags and said, "It was right here a minute ago." Manny got up and started looking. So did Snaggletooth Mike. So did I. Melba became frantic, looking for the homework in places it could never be: in cabinets, on top of the refrigerator, under the stereo, under sofa cushions. The whole apartment turned into one dope-hazed search party.

Sitting back down at the table, Gary said, "I'll just do it over."

"What do you mean, *you'll just do it over?*" Melba said angrily. Gary opened his book and shouted, "I'll just do it over! It's due tomorrow." Everyone returned to their places except Melba. She started pacing, refusing to give up. "You can't *just do it over,* Gary!"

He looked at her, his eyes glassy. "It's not that big of a deal, Melba. I'll just do it over." Melba stopped, looked at him, at us, threw up her hands, then held her head like it was going to explode. She screamed, "Christ, Gary, I *hate* it when you smoke pot!" She said she hates it when he smokes pot because it makes him forget everything. Eventually she calmed down, and Gary started his homework again.

Manny, Marie, Jon, and Helen came over, and they were fucked up. They knew I had work to do, but still they tried to persuade me to come out. One of them smelled like lice medicine; I couldn't pinpoint which one. Anytime you sit on someone's sofa in this town you put yourself in jeopardy. A few days later a powerful itch will hit you in the pubes, and you know what it is. A lot of guys have shaved heads to make parasite combat easier.

Eventually we started fussing about Nick—this lanky guy from Dallas with a shaved head who'd infiltrated our friendly circle a few weeks ago. He said he was visiting Austin when he stopped to pick up a hitchhiker and someone rear-ended

Then you draw the dope into the vial, pump your arm, and stick the needle in the ve

him, totaling his car. Now he claimed to be hanging out until the insurance money arrived. Nick kept asking everyone about their heroin use, and if they could get him some. He'd even asked people he didn't know, and that's something you don't do, a faux pas that translates into one thing: narc. Narcs try to be suave and fit in quickly, and that's what Nick did, and no one liked him because of this and because he was slightly asthmatic and had a wheeze that could set you on edge.

So a few parties back we pulled Nick out on the back porch and confronted him. Told him we didn't like him or his wheezing, and that his endless questions about heroin—where to get it, the best way to shoot it, how to wash your works—were complete bullshit, and that he was a narc. Nick freaked out, denied everything, called us crazy, and said that we were supposed to be his friends. Then he left, and we haven't seen him since.

Helen said that we were all being dumb, that Nick was way too stupid to be a narc. Manny, who's lived in New York and knows about these things, said that's how narcs operate, they act stupid to throw you off, and that Nick never talked about the past, another bona-fide narc characteristic. Marie said that Nick was just a big-time loser who was insecure and needed friends, so he tried to be cool by talking about dope. I didn't say much. Drinking around the aroma of lice medicine was making my stomach weird, and I was paranoid about any of them sitting on my sofa. The last thing I needed in my life was an infested sofa.

Stu's a dragworm. Dragworms are what some people call hard-core slackers because of Richard Linklater's movie *Slackers*. It's about the way people in Austin love to do nothing. A dragworm is someone who hangs out on the strip, the drag, Guadalupe Street, which runs right through the University of Texas. Dragworms never have money but they always have beer, and all they ever do is sit and talk about bikes and about low-maintenance jobs they've heard about. Dragworm Stu came by and porch-slummed with me. He stunk, a common dragworm trait caused by bike-sweat buildup and the absence of deodorant. I asked him if Mary shot up that night she died and he said real soft, "Yeah." He waited a little, then said, "And what's so bad is Jeff's still doing the crap." I asked Stu who Jeff was, and he said he was Mary's son. Then he asked me for a beer.

I got this letter from Nancy. Poor Nancy. She's getting old, mid-thirties, I think. She tried college, but it was a disaster. Then she moved to New York to pursue acting, got bit parts, but discovered heroin and how different it can make bad things seem. Nancy's dad is a bit off. Her mama's even worse. They divorced a long time ago, but live across the street from each other. Somehow Nancy ended up at her sister's house in Charleston to get off heroin, but there's dope to be found in South Carolina too, and Nancy found it. Just a short way into her recovery, a neighbor informed the sister that Nancy was entertaining "Negroes" during the day, when everyone was at work. Money and small appliances started

hat's the biggest or not collapsed. You pull up until the blood starts swirling....

to disappear. Nancy was finally booted to the next level of homemade recovery: her parents' houses, her hometown, where it all began.

Dear Chuck Honey,

Fucking cops down here have nothing better to do than harass people who are minding their own business. I guess I've been accustomed to N.Y. cops too long. There you can run into one 20 footsteps after you've scored, with no hassles, or pass the cop three times in ten minutes walking up and down the "business" block. Man, Clarence got busted with dope on him there, and they didn't write it up.

Here, they'd throw you in the slammer for ten years. Did you happen to know that First Baptist has a new recreation center? Of course only church members are allowed to use it, and blacks are denied church membership, but there is "no prejudice or discrimination...."

A pack of ten ten-cc ultra-fine needles costs about five bucks, and they're supposed to be for insulin. The package has a slogan: "The Next Generation of Injection Comfort." We get them at a pharmacy, but Manny told me not to tell the world because it's bullshit to spoil a good thing by running your mouth.

The first time I saw someone shoot up was the same night I met Manny. Summer is great in Austin, because you can sit on your front porch and pretty soon people accumulate, mostly friends of friends, who ride by on bikes and are summoned over with a few yells and the promise of beer. The night Manny showed up he looked hungry, so I fixed him two chicken potpies. Then he and Steve went over to Gary's place, and I went too, and they let me watch.

It's different in person than in the movies. After you cook the powdery heroin in a spoon with a dab of water, you throw in a piece of cotton or the top of a Q-tip, and you poke the cotton with the needle, also called a point, a rig, a work, whatever. Then you draw the dope into the vial, pump your arm, and stick the needle in the vein that's the biggest or not collapsed. You pull up until blood starts swirling in the top part of the syringe, where the clear dope is, and then you slowly push all of it into your body. After that everyone usually just sits around stoned, sweating, and watching TV. It's boring if you're not doing it yourself, unless there's something good on TV, which generally isn't the case.

Mary was in her late forties, I guess, and used to drive over to Gary and Melba's in a Mercedes-Benz to score. Mary had a classic dope face: tight skin pulled over her bones and set off by a pair of Kris Kristofferson eyes stuck so deep inside her head you couldn't tell if they were brown, blue, green, or any color at all. Her voice was totally wiped. The night Mary died she and Steve and Manny stopped by. I was asleep, but they came in anyway and sat on the edge of my bed. We talked awhile. They were going to Mexico the next day to score, and asked if I wanted to come. I didn't, so they went home to get some rest. Steve was with Mary when she died. He tried to wake her up, but she wouldn't. He looked at her belly. Nothing moved. He called 911. The police showed up. Then homicide was called in and they had a field day with Steve because they thought he did it.

It has to be boredom. That's why people do heroin, or any other drug. If you're in school it's frustrating because you know that these days everybody has a degree, so getting a good job is virtually impossible. This makes you feel stupid and apathetic, because your life doesn't match the ambitious, optimistic way we all are raised. Dope reels in that absurdity and whacks off the edge; it makes your condition not bearable, but tolerable. That means a lot when you're expected to shoot for the moon and never miss. Heroin makes bad days seem good, and bad lives seem better. It even makes bad TV good. Users tend to be mellow, harmless people. Sure, they may steal from you, but if you expect it then it's not too bothersome. Sooner or later you learn to keep your eye on them.

Actually, it's fun watching dopers when they're wired. I always knew when Gary and Melba were about to shoot. Their apartment door would open and someone would throw Oby the cat out. Then, 15 minutes later, the door would shake open again and Melba would step out and yell, "Obyyy!" He never came. Then Gary would poke his head out and try. Still no Oby. Eventually, half-dressed and dazed, Melba would end up in the alley, yelling the cat's name over and over as she stumbled around looking under cars and bushes. Eventually I'd go out and find Oby in less than a minute, a completely thankless job since Melba would snatch him from my arms and retreat into the darkness of the apartment. "There you are, Oby," she'd always whine in drug-speckled cat talk. "Come back inside here."

I went over to Manny's, and someone he sort of knew from the methadone clinic was sleeping on his sofa. She had scored dope somewhere and had enough for everybody, so I decided to do it. They needed a belt, so I took off the braided leather one I got last Christmas. I wasn't scared. I'd been around the stuff for a while and was prepared for whatever it did to me. If it caused pure elation, that would be cool, and if it caused me to run a few users down heading for a good puke spot, that would be fine too. Consequence, I realized, was part of the game, the intrigue. What I wasn't prepared for was a shortage of needles.

Steve looked at me. "You want my wash?" He asked. My face gave me away. I didn't even have to ask the question that swelled in my brain. "I don't have it," he said, looking straight into my eyes as he wrapped my belt around his arm, pumped, then shot his part of the dope.

The bleach was nearby, Clorox, lemon scented. When he was through he put some bleach in the tiny yellow cap and put the needle in it and sterilized the syringe. I knew that if Steve was lying, or even if he didn't know, I could get AIDS. But I did it anyway. I buckled the belt around my upper arm, pumped, and Steve picked a good vein and shot me up. I leaned against the wall and started watching TV. Someone, I don't know who, unfastened the belt from my arm. I suppose it was their turn.

"Man, did you see *Trainspotting*?" Besides the question "Is it just like the Lou Reed song?" that's the second-commonest thing you're asked when someone finds out you shoot. I've never seen *Trainspotting*. Then they want to know what it feels like. I just say I sweat a lot and that I try to find something halfway decent on TV to watch. And sometimes, in a gummy, internal way, I'll recall stuff from my past, like the night my mama and my brother Reggie woke me up screaming because a field rat got in the house and was at the foot of Reggie's bed. I grabbed a broom and beat the rat to death with the handle, and rat blood got all over the carpet, but mama's screams subsided. Using a dust pan, I scooped up the rat and threw it out the backdoor, and then I went back to bed. I was 16. I think about the night I fell asleep with the TV on and woke up to a special report saying something about John Lennon being shot and I thought I was dreaming. I think of my cousin Duane and how he grew up to be Santa Claus in the Simpsonville Christmas parade and how I didn't and if that means anything. I think about Jesus and how could he ever possibly forgive me, considering things I have done. I think about the real heaven and the one I've created for myself. I try not to think about hell at all. But I swear, when my feet are on the floor and I'm high, I can feel heat wavering below me. And I think about Frank Stanford, my favorite poet, and I try to imagine what was in his head when he killed himself, just what made him fire three shots into his own heart, and how that's even possible. And I wonder what he felt like when he was still alive, when he wrote these beautiful lines:

Born In The Camp With Six Toes cut me with a knife

Baby Gauge sucked the poison out

Oh Sweet Jesus the levees that break in my heart.

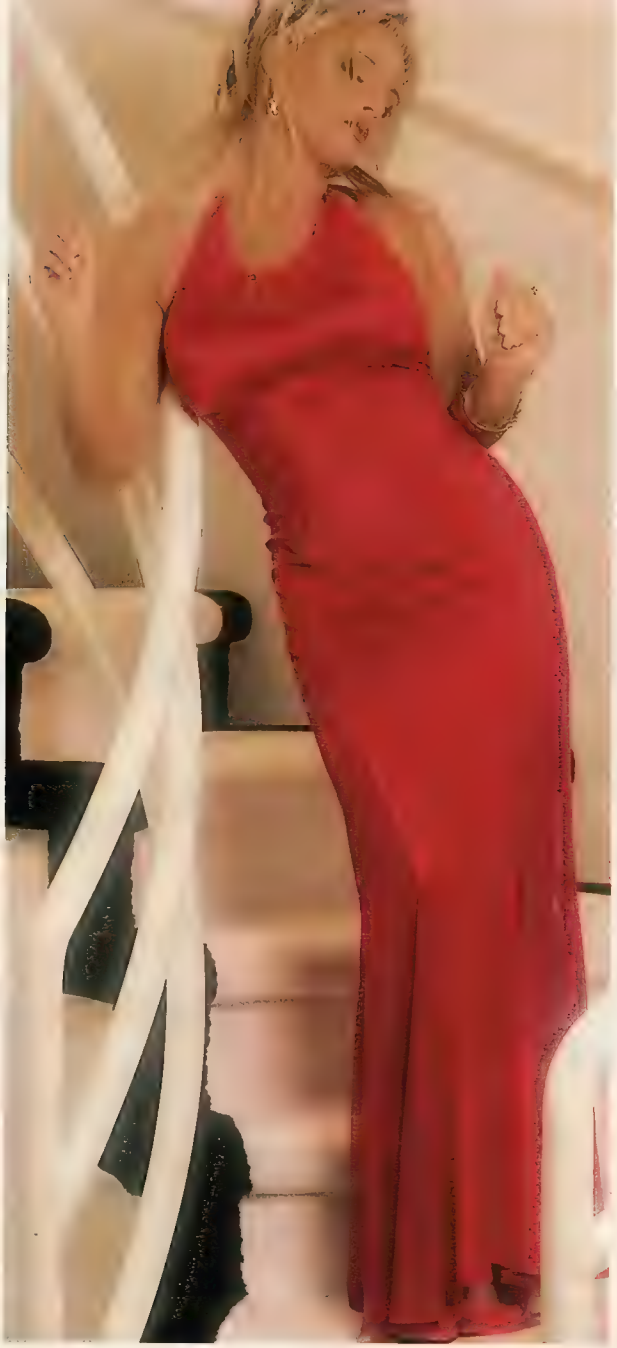
Because that's exactly what it feels like when I do heroin: Oh Sweet Jesus the levees break in my heart.

I saw Vicky today. It was the first time I've seen her since last summer, when she shot up and got mad and put her hand through some windows and needed operations and that funky cast. She has some scars now, but she's off dope and looks good, gained some weight in the face. I knew that Vicky had a psychology degree. She works with schizoids, and mainstreams them back into society so that they can become homeless. That's what she says. Sometimes when people tell the truth it sounds cruel .

Manny has a problem with depth perception, a condition that makes it hard to believe that he served his country in Desert Storm. He brought home a lot of medals. I don't know what they mean, but he can fire them off in one hyperventilating breath: Army Commendation Medal for Valor; Kuwait Liberation Medal; South West Asia Service Medal (with three bronze stars); National Defense Medal; Army Achievement Medal; Army Overseas Ribbon; Army Service Ribbon; and a few other letters of achievement. He got all these medals packing assault weapons, and he can't even pour Coke without making a mess because he can't tell when the glass is full. Although I knew about Manny's defect, I still let him shoot me up the second time I did dope, a stupid decision since my living room lacked an overhead light. Manny missed my big vein the first stab. I cussed real loud, then turned and pumped my other arm. He hit it that time, but something caused him to jerk a little, and within seconds a big ball of dope knotted up under my skin. It looked like a giant mosquito bite. "What the fuck?" I said as I pulled away from Manny's needle. Then I made the second mistake of the evening. I took my thumb and squashed the heroin knot. It went into my vein, fast, and I hit the floor. Everything went black and I felt one of my legs shaking uncontrollably and all I could hear was Manny laugh-

> "I kept thinking about how the mirror made me look stupid and wrong. It was the first time I'd ever watched what I was doing."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124



HEIDI

"It's a true honor to be chosen Pet of the Year Runner-Up. I couldn't believe it! I'm surprised at how far I've come, especially since I'm so small. I guess what it comes down to is personality ... and I've got plenty of that!"

Pet of the Year

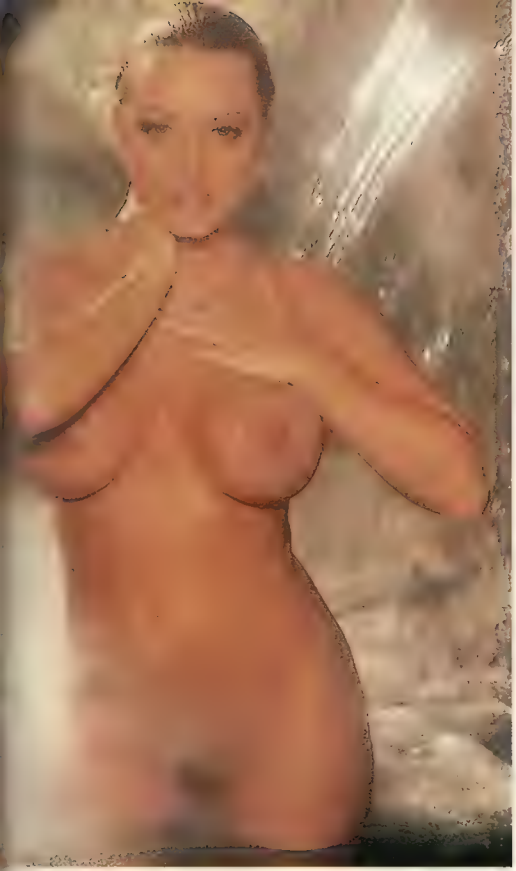
RUNNER-UP

After she received an overwhelming readership vote that matched her tireless devotion to *Penthouse,* we are honored to crown Heidi Lynne our 1997 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, proving that, indeed, good things do come in small packages. The sub-five-foot wonder appeared as Pet of the Month in October 1994—a debut that kicked off her flourishing modeling career.

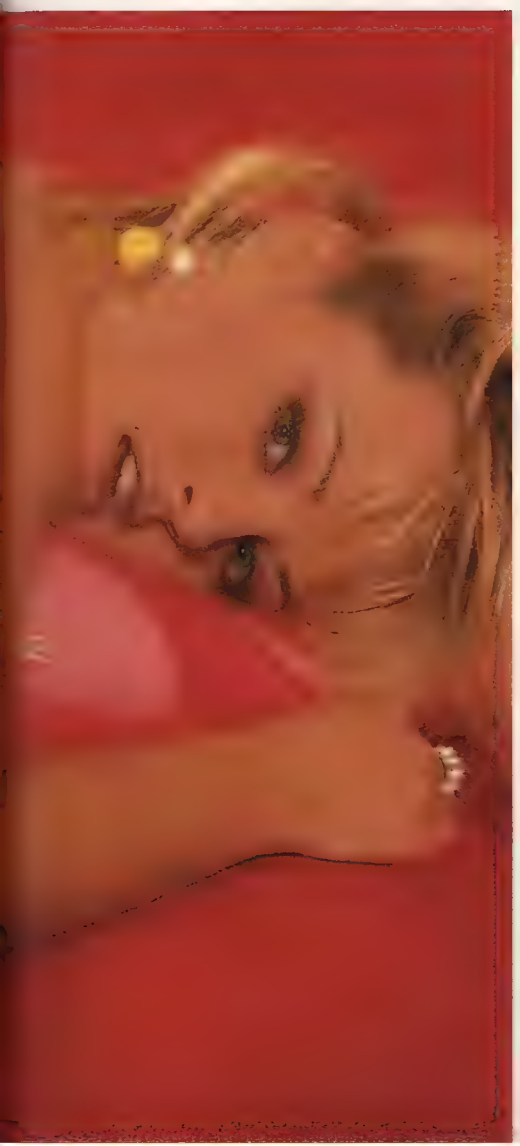
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"It's a true honor to be chosen Pet of the Year Runner-Up," says the 27-year-old. "I can hardly believe it. I'm surprised at how far I've come, especially since I'm so small. I guess what it comes down to is personality ... and I've got plenty of that!" Heidi's long-term goals involve going back to school to become a paralegal, but her latest project entailed marrying her best friend of 11 years. "When I posed for these pictures it was right before my wedding, so I was thinking about erotic things I would like to do for my husband on our honeymoon."

Our 34-22-34 Pet has found paradise in her sunny homeland of Southern California. "Although my schedule can sometimes get crazy—between my relationship, my law-firm job, friends, family, and modeling," sighs Heidi, "all I need is a few hours at my local nude beach and a luxurious bubble bath with my man, and I'm a new woman." On the rare occasion that this modern gal has a few days to chill out, it's off to the northern hills for total pampering at one of her favorite spas. "I believe that a woman should be able to have it all—I admire Madonna and Demi Moore for showing everyone that it's possible," says our Pet. "I guess I can best describe myself as a hard worker who's loving and non-judgmental. I believe that it's important to give people a chance before jumping to negative conclusions about them. I find that women often are jealous of me without really knowing what I'm like inside. You can't judge a book by its cover."



"All I need is a few hours at my local nude beach and a luxurious bubble bath with my man, and I'm a new woman."



Heidi maintains her physique with a strenuous workout routine. She reveals with a giggle, "Right now the only exercise I get is sex, but that's *a lot*!"

As a Catholic-school girl Heidi was known to have a wild streak, and she's convinced this bent for adventure stems from her highly focused Scorpio personality. Once an idea comes, there's no turning back ... like the time she joined the Mile-High Club and made love in an airplane rest room, or the time she sat still for a tattoo artist. "I'd always wanted a tattoo, and I finally realized it was now or never—I'm not getting any younger," declares our Pet. "It was one of the most exciting experiences of my life—I was both terrified and exhilarated. I have a small Scorpio on my ankle, and I think it suits me perfectly." It's Heidi's willingness to try anything that led her to *Penthouse*. "One evening while out for dinner, I checked my coat," she says. "When I left the restaurant I noticed a note in my pocket. It was from the owner of the restaurant, who wanted to know if I'd ever modeled. One thing led to another, he eventually became my manager, and the next thing I know I'm on the cover of *Penthouse*. It's all like some fantastic dream to me. I guess that's what comes from having an open mind and spirit."

Wardrobe courtesy of Collante, Hollywood, Calif.

"When I posed for these pictures, I was thinking about erotic things I would like to do for my husband on our honeymoon."

"I hope these photos convey my deepest thanks to everyone who voted for me," says our Pet. Consider your message received, Heidi ... loud and clear.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

ent. Well, you can always get a divorce. This is your right as part of the American dream; it is one of the few things not against the law, and if you do it sensibly, unlike the way you have done everything else, it need not be too costly.

GIRL TROUBLE

Help. I don't know where else to turn. I have been dating this girl for about six months. I knew from some friends that she got around in high school and college, which in some ways bothers me. She's 24 and I'm 27. She's slept with about 30 guys since she was 18, which seems like an awful lot of men. On the other hand I have done about the same number of women. I guess I'm into the old way of thinking that I don't want a woman who has slept around, no matter what I have done myself.

She says the reason for being with so many different guys is that she saw how men had treated her sister. To me that's a lame excuse. I thought that since she's been with so many guys we would have an A+ sex life, but she's not what I expected at all. She never initiates sex, does not like porno, and does not believe in oral or anal sex. I enjoy everything. I go down on her all the time, but she never does it to me. Those are things we'll have to work out. Any advice?

But the big dilemma is that she says she's never had an orgasm. This to me is unreal. She says it's not me, that she's never had one with any man she has slept with. I don't know everything, but I have done my best. I've tried so many things that have worked on other women, from going down on her to spending hours teasing her from head to toe without touching the love tunnel, all to no avail.

She says that many women never have orgasms, and that this is natural. I don't think so. I miss the love juice as I eat her out. How can I make her come?
—S. J., Connecticut

One of the major causes of sexual hangups is that we take sexual matters much too seriously. In the early days of porn, a video that was genuinely funny was deemed unerotic and scored a D rating with the critics, until the magic moment in *Deep Throat* when the line, "Do you mind if I smoke while you're eating," came shining though with its wonderful message: "Sex can be *fun*."

Another common reason for problems on the sex scene is a puritan or religious family background, and we are all too familiar with the traditional American father's attitude toward any member of the male persuasion who tries to make love to papa's little girl: "Get that little punk outta here before I break every bone in his body."

Your girl does not "believe" in oral or anal sex and didn't want to go steady because of what? "How men treated my sister"? In my book this is one badly fucked-up chick, and although I do not think five men a year for six years is excessive (an ideal number would be 52 a year, one a week, but it's difficult to find that many good candidates) her behavior pattern indicates that she has a somewhat low opinion of the male.

It may be that your girlfriend is a closet lesbian, but thanks to her "beliefs" considers the idea of female homosexuality disgusting and against nature, like touching the beastly male member or, worse still, sucking it.

"I listened with pleasure as Carolyn said she was coming again. He grunted and fucked her harder, sending them both over the edge."

The sad thing is that even today this attitude is not rare. It is often accompanied by the idea that masturbation is also dirty, revolting, weakens you, makes you go blind, and generally turns you into a social degenerate.

Most women have their first orgasm without the help of a man, by some form of masturbation. It may be deliberate manual stimulation, or simply wriggling around on the saddle of an exercise bicycle. A person who doesn't masturbate at all is unusual, to say the least. Men get to it much easier than women, because they have that lovely toy dangling between their legs, where it comes easily to hand and just asks to be played with, so they do.

If a woman can develop this kind of thinking in relation to her own sexual equipment, then she can usually handle most of the problems the world chucks at her. If her man doesn't come up to scratch she can always play with herself, and if he walks out on her she can go shopping for a vibrator. This is something your girlfriend could perhaps be persuaded to try, but what she has to do is get to know her own body, which she can maybe do with your help. She seems to have let her other boyfriends do all the work, so it should not be too hard to get her to go along with your ideas, which would probably be simpler to get across on a "playing doctor" basis. Convince her of the need for serious experimentation on a frivolous level and try to get her to masturbate, because that is the only way she is going to discover what she needs to bring her to a climax.

AROUSAL

I am not writing with a problem but out of curiosity. I am a 34-year-old woman, married, with a fairly active sex life. Sometimes, though not always, when performing fellatio on my husband, I have an orgasm. There is no tactile stimulation to me by either one of us, and my mind is totally involved in giving my husband pleasure. When it happens, it never fails to surprise me, as it happens quite fast. We have been together for 12 years, and have been sexually experimental since the beginning. As far as I can remember this did not ever happen before I met my husband. I enjoy doing it for him, but have never heard of anyone but me having an orgasm while doing it to someone. Have you ever heard of this, and maybe you have an idea about why it happens?—M.C., Canada

To go down on the sticky-uppy rather than that boring old nitty-gritty, it is usually unrewarding to suck a completely limp dick, or for that matter a totally unaroused clitoris. There has to be some kind of a turn-on first, to get the circulation flowing in the right direction, and as soon as we contemplate this idea we come up with the answer: Sex is a mental trip before it becomes a physical one.

Physical stimulation usually works as a sexual turn-on, but it is the mental stimulation that really gets us going; and despite the efforts of scientists and sexologists we still do not really understand what, for lack of a better expression, we call "body chemistry." This is what fetishes are all about: A guy can look at the most beautiful woman in the world, naked, writhing sensuously on his bed, and nothing happens, but one sniff of her underwear and he almost shoots his load.

You are lucky in that the sight, the smell, the feel, and the idea of your husband's cock in your mouth is so thrilling that it makes you come, but you are not as lucky as he is, because he has the perfect woman, who happens to be his wife. What more could he ask for?

FRIENDSHIP

My sex life was great. Carolyn and I had been married for ten years when I started having medical problems. I was told I had prostate cancer and that my

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prostate would have to come out. This happened a year ago, and our sex life has gone downhill some.

I bought Carolyn some sex toys, and together with oral sex I kept her fairly happy. I knew it wasn't like the real thing, because she used to have two or three orgasms in a session when I was in working order. She would always come when I shot a good load into her.

I suggested we get another man to help out. She was against it at first, but I told her it would be purely sex. She said she would have to be comfortable with whomever we chose. I suggested Harry. He is a good friend who is married and in love with his wife. Harry stops by every few weeks when his business brings him to our town.

The next time Harry showed up Carolyn was out shopping, so I talked to him. He knew about my problem, and I told him he would be doing us a big favor. He said okay, so long as it didn't interfere with our friendship. I told Carolyn what had transpired between Harry and me while she was out.

Harry arrived on Friday night. I had advised him not to get a motel room because he would be staying with us. We were all a little nervous, but after we relaxed Carolyn said, "I'm going to take a quick shower," and left. When Carolyn finished up she called out, "Are you guys going to sit there all night?"

The lights were low when we entered the bedroom. Carolyn was stretched out on our king-size bed, naked as the day she was born. I started undressing and Harry took off his robe. I looked at his cock. It was big and just starting to get hard. He went right for Carolyn's tits. I sat back and watched as he sucked one, then the other. My cock started getting hard as I lay between her legs watching her juices oozing out her hole.

I started licking up and down her slit, paying special attention to her clit. She moaned our names again and again, finally saying, "You guys are driving me crazy—let me have some cock." Harry knelt at her head and offered his big cock to her mouth. His semen-filled balls were large, and when Carolyn caressed them he moaned, "Oh yes, yes." His cock pulsed with his heartbeat. Her fingers barely got around it as she started sucking on the big mushroom head. Harry leaned over and began sucking on her large nipples while I watched her take half of his cock into her mouth. I was working on her clit, listening to her moan around her mouthful. Her legs splayed out wider and her stomach muscles rippled as she pumped cunt juice out her hole.

I sat back on my heels and told Harry she was ready. He knelt between her legs, holding the base of his cock while rubbing it up and down her slit until his prick was wet with her juices. He put the head in her hole and pushed. She moaned, "Ooohhh, God," as the big head eased into her cunt. Her legs wrapped around his ass as he pushed all his eight inches into her. After about a dozen strokes Carolyn cried out, "I'm there again, fuck me, Harry, fuck me." He started slamming his cock in her and moaned. I did too. I watched as his cock became coated with milky juice. He finally rolled to the side and Carolyn said, "God, that was good."

Carolyn rolled over and kissed me, saying, "Thank you for letting this happen." After a bit of rest we all went at it again.

After Harry left, Carolyn and I talked over coffee about how things had gone and how she felt. Except for her pussy being a little sore from Harry's big cock she felt good, and so did I.

Xaviera, this has been going on for about four months. Our marriage is good and solid. But last time I asked Harry about his home life he said it was so-so. Do you think we should cool it for a while and let Harry work more on his marriage?—F. B., Florida

"Harry is going to have to do some talking to convince his lady that what he has been doing is purely in the line of duty."

When I started reading your letter I soon asked myself, "What about Harry's wife?" and sure enough, right at the end, there she is, or rather there she isn't. We don't know how she feels about the situation; indeed, we don't even know if Harry has told her what he is up to, or rather who he is into.

The problem you all have, which Harry has in particular, is that he and your wife are having better sex than anyone can really hope for, mainly because they have both been limited to one person for years. You are getting your perks in the form of some unusual sexual kicks and a grateful, happy wife. Unfortunately Mrs. Harry has been left out in the cold.

I think you should definitely cool it with Harry for a while, but he is going to have to be more than tactful in whatever way he decides to "work" on his marriage, and the naked truth is not going to help him. Let us assume he has told his wife more or less what is going on, and that for the sake of friendship she has made no complaint; but what she must have noticed is that even if her own sex life has not deteriorated, it probably hasn't improved either.

Harry is going to have to do some self-brainwashing to convince his lady that what he has been doing is purely in the line of duty, and on the Hollander scale of sexual excellence bears no comparison with the absolutely brilliant sex he has with his lawful wedded wife. Before he can make her believe this, he's going to have to believe it himself, and she may ask him not to participate in any more gleesome threesomes.

If that should happen you would be well advised to replace Harry with an unmarried stud.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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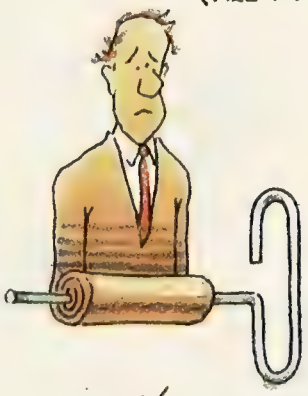

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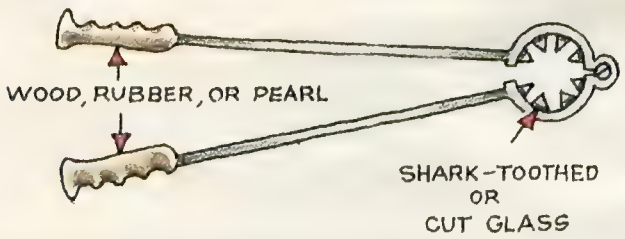

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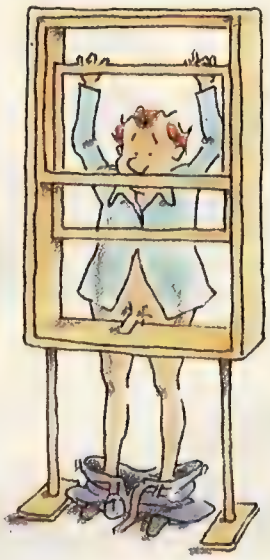

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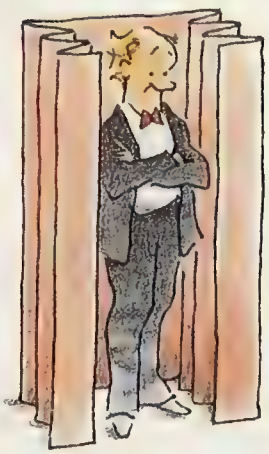

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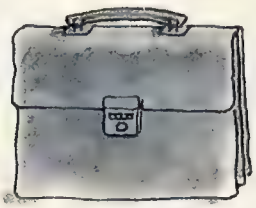

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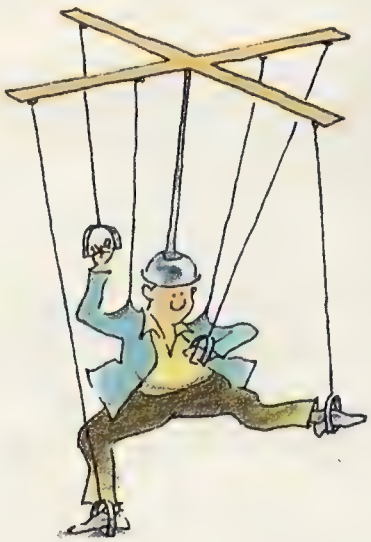

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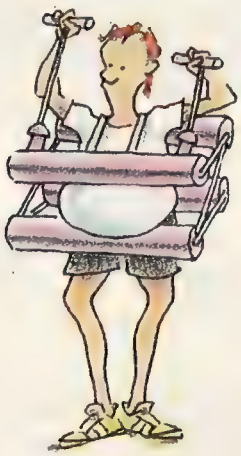

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Pet of the Year

RUNNER-UP GIFTS

Heidi Lynne proves good things come in small packages, but her prizes make for some big packages. (Clockwise from top left) From TED JOHNSON of BONEMAN ACTIVEWEAR, Casio's EV-200 color television with a 1.8-inch screen and a Casio mini stereo system. From MICHAEL HAYDEN, INC., the exclusively designed amethyst- and diamond-studded PENTHOUSE KEY. From VERICCI, INC., a black lambskin jacket with natural ranch-mink collar. From KAWASAKI, the Jet Ski Super Sport and a KAWASAKI Splash Deflector. From the MYERS GROUP, a trip to Nassau, Bahamas, at the Radisson Cable Beach Casino & Golf Resort. Plus $5,000 from *Penthouse* Publisher BOB GUCCIONE. For more information see page 127.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

slowly at first and then picking up the pace while alternately reaching around to pull your nipples and inserting a finger in your ass. When she senses that you are ready, she removes the strap-on dildo from your pussy and inserts it very slowly into your ass, using little push-withdraw movements as you relax and begin to take it in all the way. It is the biggest dildo you've ever had in your ass, but it's okay, because you are incredibly hot and she is proceeding so slowly. For the first time in your life you explode in an orgasm triggered solely by getting fucked in the ass. Your orgasm makes you even hotter, wanting another one.

She lies on her back and positions your pussy over her face, with you facing her feet. She eats you again, running her tongue from your ass to your clit, sucking on your clit and then teasing your urethra. One of her hands is between her own legs, and you can watch her fingering herself frantically. You pick up the dildo and insert it into her waiting wetness as she pulls her knees up and out as far as they will go. You stroke slowly at first, but pick up speed quickly to match the pace of her hips thrusting upward to receive it. You see an incredible amount of come flowing from her pussy as her moans rise to the level of a scream. You do not mind that she has stopped eating you and is now just fucking the dildo furiously.

She comes with a stronger and longer orgasm than you thought possible. She holds herself open so that you can see the come squirting from her. It is all over the dildo, your hands, and has soaked her from her thighs to the top of her luxurious dark bush. Even after her orgasm subsides, her hips continue to move up and down involuntarily, wanting more. The sight of her swollen lips and engorged red clit bathed in her own juices overcomes you, and you drop your face between her legs as your tongue explores every part of a woman for the first time. You feast on her come. It is warm and tastes sweeter than you could have imagined. With her excitement still high and her legs still spread before you, you take her huge clit between your lips and ride your tongue up and down on it as if performing oral sex on a man.

She comes almost immediately, and as you also are nearing another orgasm, you raise yourself up on your knees to gain access to your own clit. You are now frantic to come, and will get yourself off. She teases your breasts with one hand while she helps you masturbate with the other. Just as you are nearing the brink, she replaces your fingers with her lips and sucks your clit until you explode. Your third orgasm of the night is as strong as the first, and seems to last for several minutes.

You both fall into a pile in the middle of the bed, and are asleep in only a couple of minutes. I go back downstairs to the hotel bar for a nightcap, and to reflect on what has been a monumental experience for us both. When I return she is gone, but has left her number and a note for us to call soon. Under the note is the envelope with the money I had paid her.—*W. M., Texas*

"She backed me up against the car and got down on her knees. She began stroking my member, licking and teasing me."

HONEY-NOONERS

Over the past few years my wife, Karen, and I have arranged a number of "nooners." With our busy schedules we usually take turns planning the interlude, but sometimes we just let nature take its course.

Our last nooner was especially memorable. It began with Karen's consenting to be my love slave for the day. She agreed she would obey my commands without question. With this understanding I then prepared a list of instructions for her to pursue while I was still at work. The first two instructions told her to take a long, hot Jacuzzi and then to trim her pretty pussy. The third instruction told her to get her vibrator, sit in front of the full-length mirror, and watch herself masturbate.

It was hard for me to concentrate at the office, knowing what was going on at home. During meetings I fantasized that I was secretly watching my wife soap up her pussy and trim her bush. I know that this makes her especially horny, and I imagined that she was using her favorite vibrator on her clit as she pulled on her nipples. The thought of my wife at home watching herself come was almost too much to bear. In the fourth instruction, Karen (still nude) made a picnic lunch for both of us.

My final instruction was for her to get dressed wearing only a jean-skirt, tennis shoes, and T-shirt. At the appointed time I arrived for the beginning of the nooner. As I had hoped, Karen was as hot as I'd ever seen her. It was an absolutely gorgeous day as I drove us to a secluded spot I'd found next to a river. We set our blanket down and had our picnic. While we ate lunch, Karen sat crossed-legged and showed me her nicely trimmed pussy. Somehow my appetite for food had waned, and I had only one thing in mind.

After we finished lunch I told Karen to take off her clothes, lie down, and touch herself. By now her pussy had opened like a budding flower and was sopping wet. She began putting her fingers in and out of her pussy, and was furiously rubbing her clit while pulling on her nipples. I then told her to stand up while she touched herself and show her tits to anybody who might be watching.

She was starting to lose it by then, and begged me to suck her clit while she stood there pulling on her nipples. I immediately began to suck her hard clit, and within seconds she was coming all over me. Her legs buckled as her orgasm shuddered through her. By now Karen was ready for a hard dick, and after all the anticipation I was hard as a rock. After I stripped off my clothes and lay down, she mounted me and slipped my aching dick into her slopping pussy. Being outdoors with the sun beating down on us and watching Karen's tits bouncing up and down was fantastic.

Karen rode me as if this was the last screwing of her life. I told her to imagine that there was a bunch of construction workers on the other side of the river watching as she ground her pussy on my dick. This idea put both of us over the edge, and we came together, screaming like wild animals. With the lunch hour about over, we had only a few minutes to lie in each other's arms before we dressed and left. As we walked back to the car our combined juices ran down Karen's thighs, reminding her of the experience.

I went back to work but could not wait to get home to relive the whole thing that evening in bed. This nooner will be hard to top, but we'll keep trying.—*M. R., New Mexico*

LUBE JOB

I am used to reading these letters, and believe me I never thought I'd ever have anything worth writing to you about. That is, until last July.

I am a mechanic and work at a local gas station. I open the station and usually am there alone for most of the morning, except for this particular morning. I heard the bell ring and

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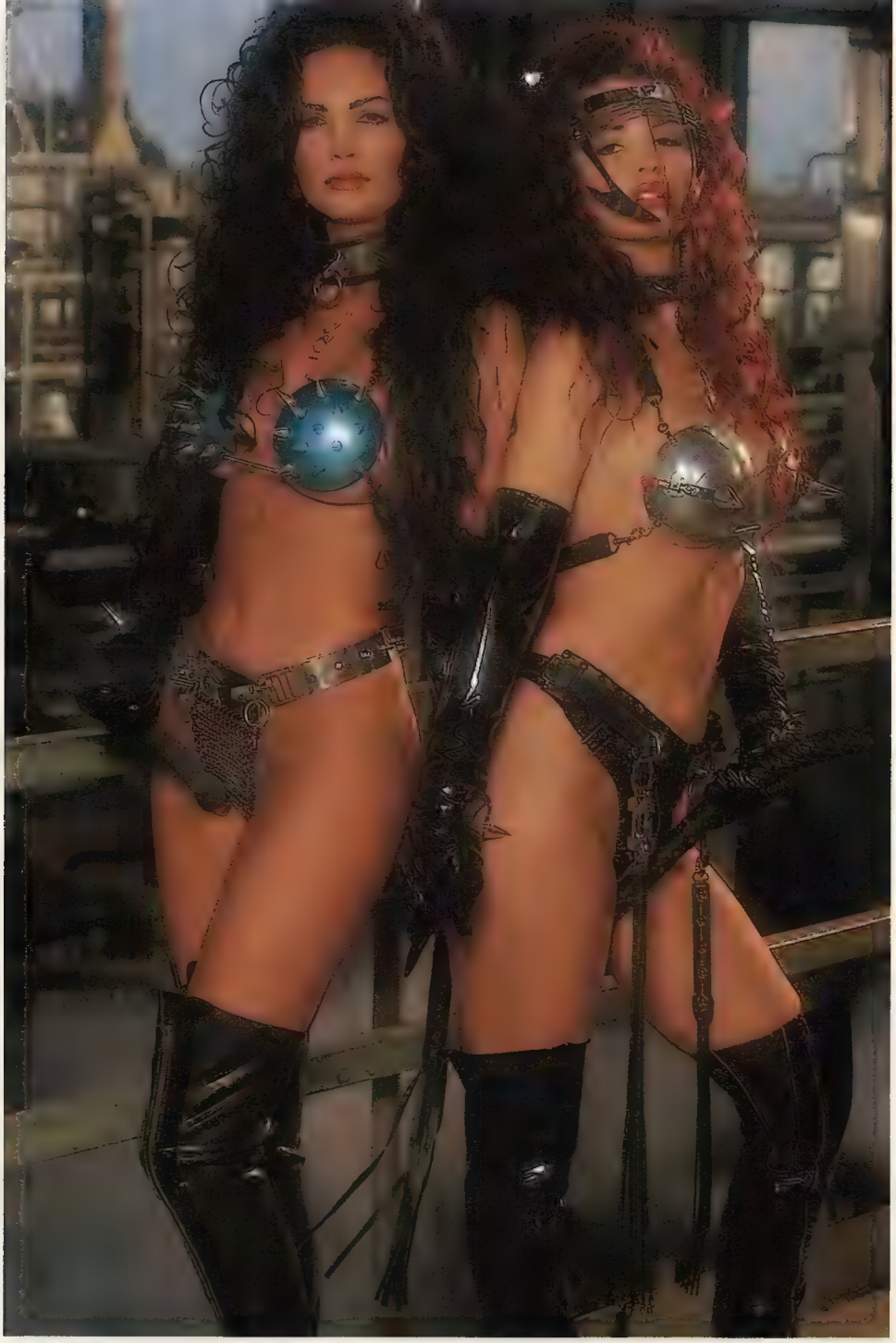
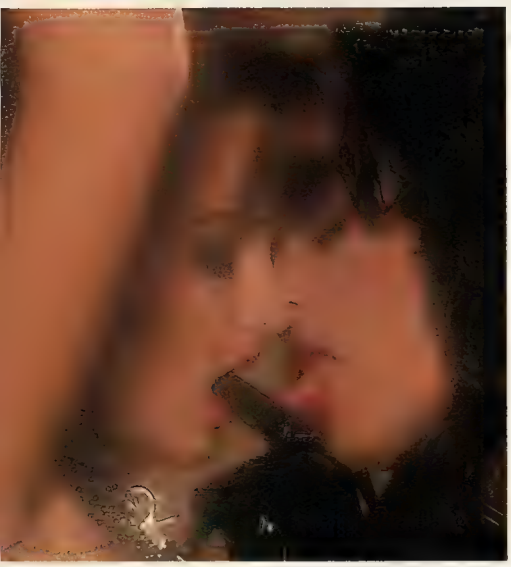


JULIE & LEVIA

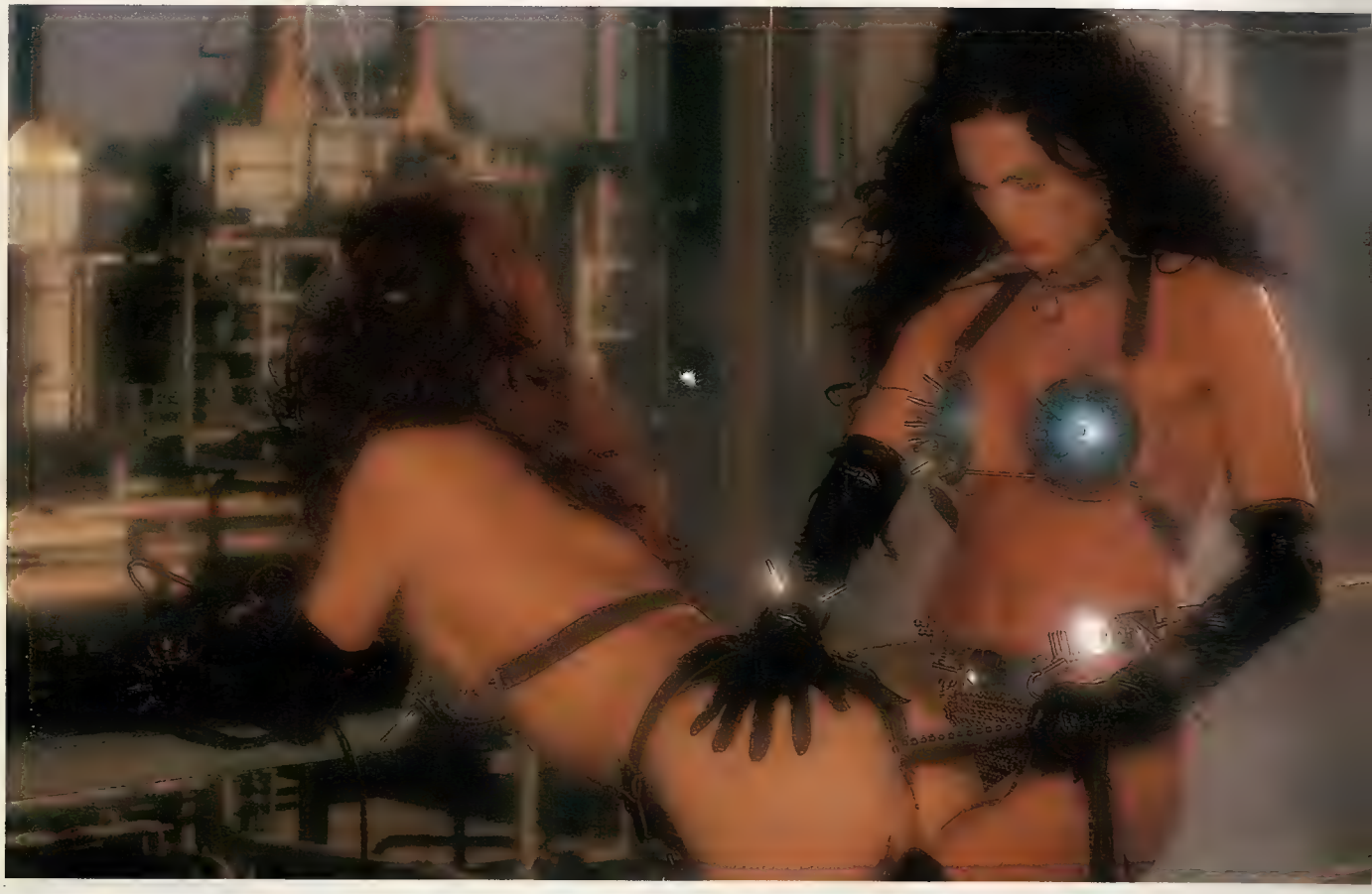
"Julie had thought she'd known everything until she hitched a ride up Levia's stunningly open-minded information superhighway. She screamed with enlightenment when Levia gave her swollen knobs a sharp twist."

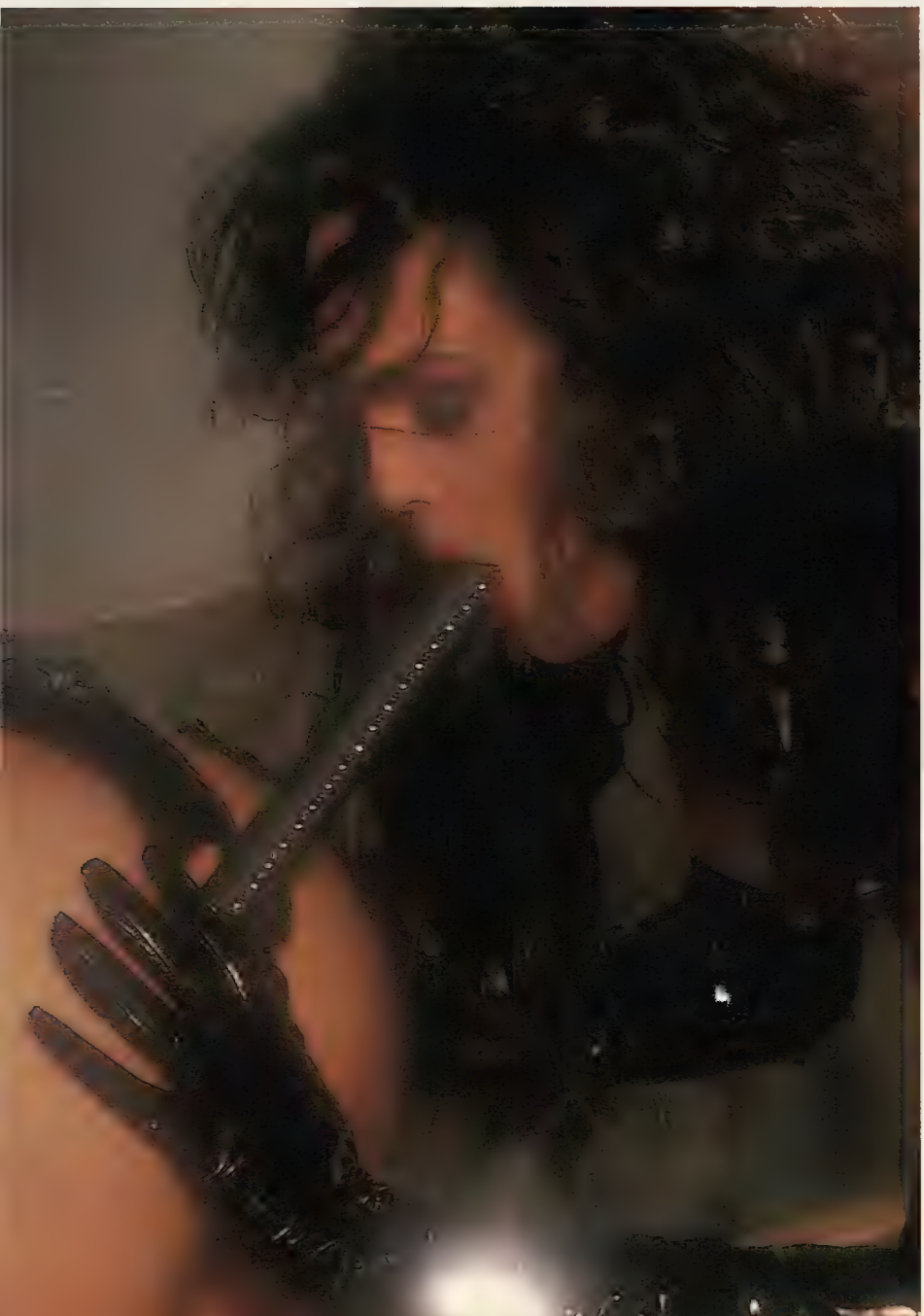


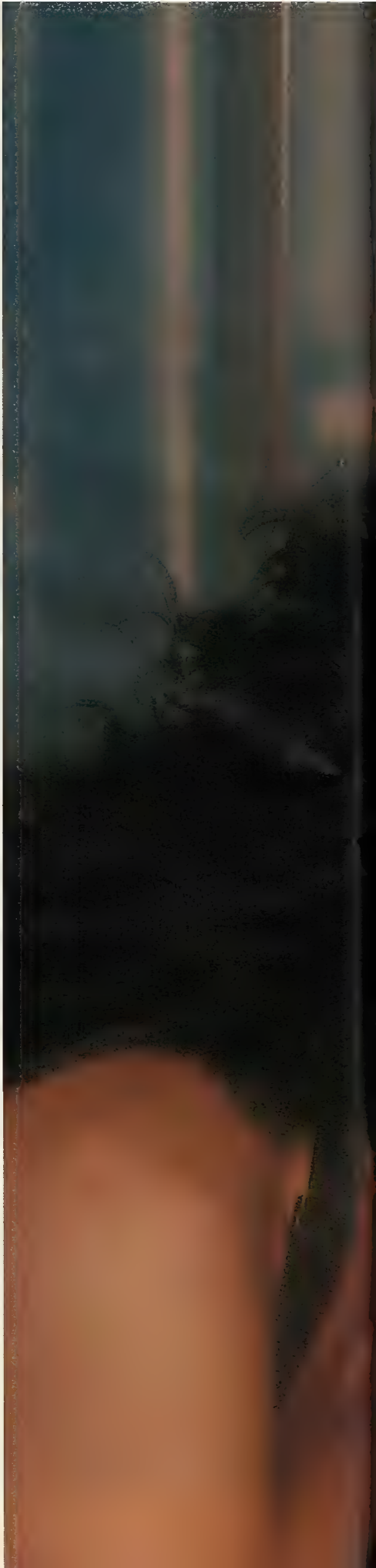
CYBER PETS

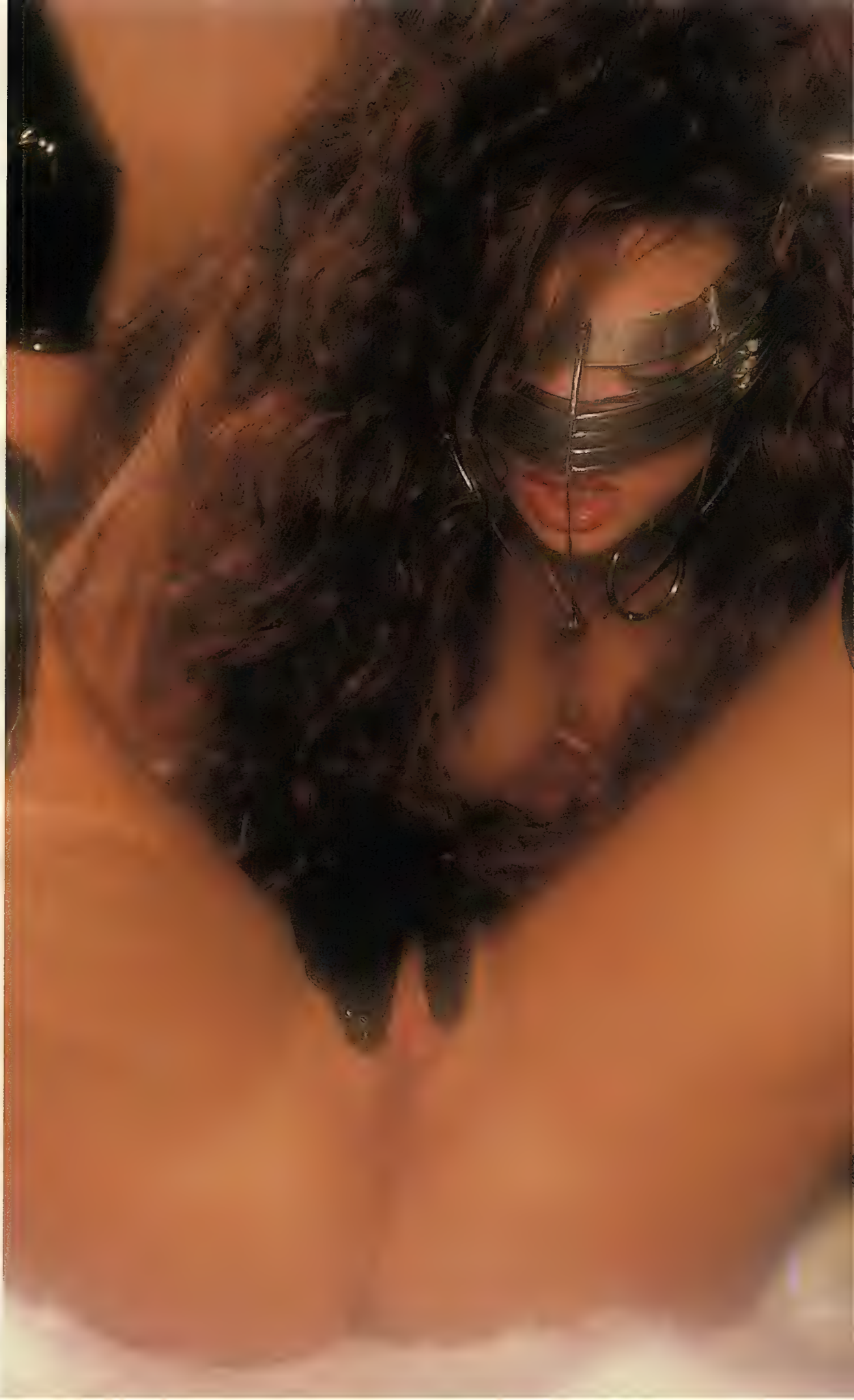
Julie and Levia live in a tangled web of wire and cable, a couple of cybersprites inhabiting a virtual vortex of real-time mischief-making. In the landscape of the typical computer's inner workings they are almost like ghosts in the machine, except these little board mites are fleshy and hot to the touch—not a bit spectral. Julie took up her braided-leather staff and prepared to plunge it into Levia's open slot. Levia begged Julie to slow down, and bit by bit the rod was inserted, until Levia could comfortably accommodate its entire span. A tiny cursor of delight bleeped from her shining lips and pulsed onto the screen. At that very moment the hands of a mysterious stranger tripped teasingly across her highly sensitive keyboard. He took her delicately bowed mouse into his fist and double-clicked on her button with his strong and deliberate index finger. "Harder, Julie! RAM it in harder!" Levia cried.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

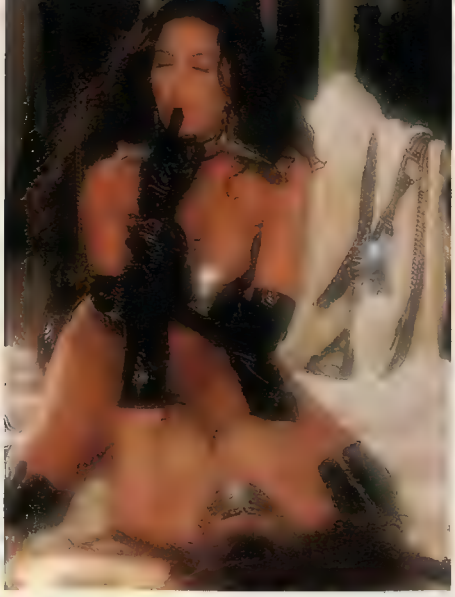


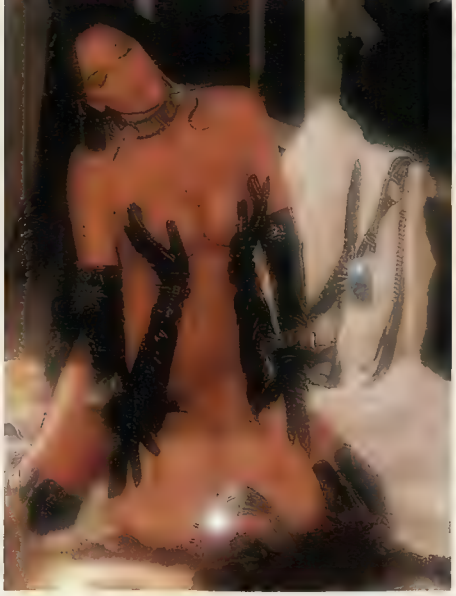






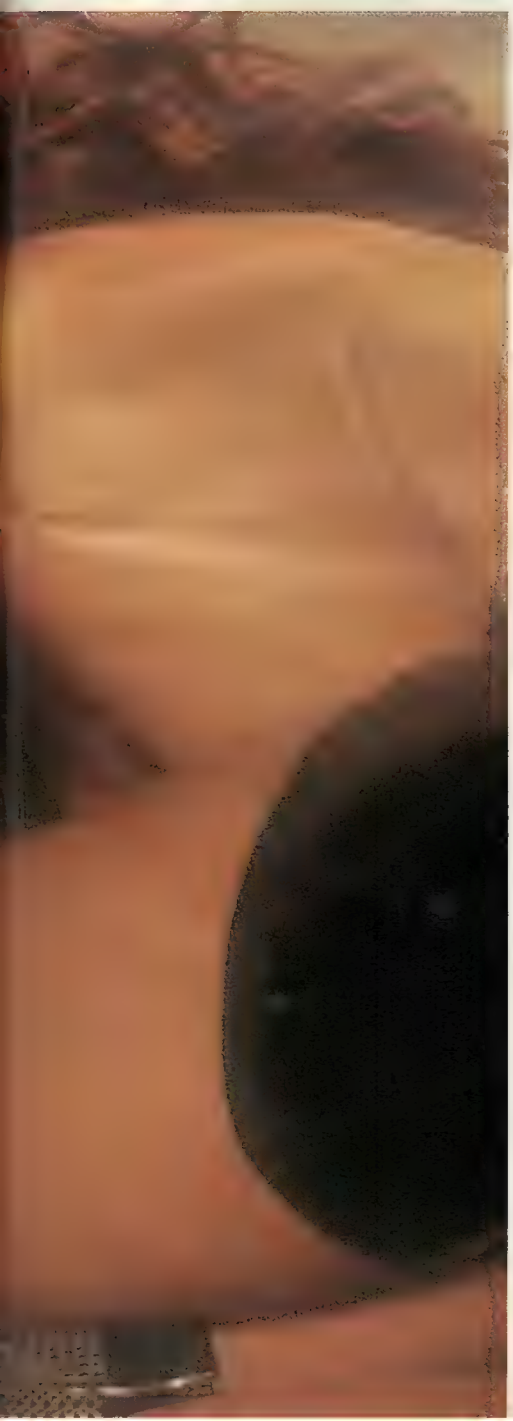
Julie bent her tongue to Levia's breast, pressed close, and took a big byte. Then each girl's wetware went into an autoerotic frenzy, a cyber circle jerk of spurting synapses.





Wardrobe styled by Julie Strain.

But shareware was really much more fun. Julie had thought she'd known everything until she hitched a ride up Levia's stunningly open-minded information superhighway. She screamed with enlightenment when Levia gave her swollen knobs a sharp twist.



No matter how many times it was crammed to the hilt, Julie and Levia's hard drive just kept expanding. But then, the girls knew how to give it a good boot.

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DOPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

ing and saying, "Man, stop shitting around." When I came to on the floor, Manny was staring at me because it finally hit him that I wasn't joking.

Now he's reached that point. It's easy to tell when someone's reached it, because they wear long sleeves no matter how hot it is, and they're zombie-like, stupid. Manny keeps running into things; his own feet have turned against him. "Manny, stop running into the door! Can't you see it?" I yell at him. He'll look at me, eyes glazed and slightly swollen, mouth open a little, confused in a droopy way. Today he came in and started fixing up while my roommate was in the kitchen stir-frying something with her new boyfriend.

"Man," I said softly, "not *here*. Sherry'll shit." Manny looked at me, then he looked at the dope. "Really?" he asked. "Yeah, man," I said, "she'll shit." Manny picked up his works and headed for the bathroom. A few seconds later he stomped back and asked if I would come hold his arm. Wanting the process to be over, I did.

In the bathroom Manny stood and I sat on the toilet. Facing me, he held out his arm, and I clasped real tight around one of those tattoos he got in the Army. "Pump," I said, and he did, and soon veins showed face and he zeroed in on a decent one. I could see myself in the mirror over the sink. I could see Manny's back. When he hit the vein, I could barely see the swirl of blood mix with the heroin, a sure sign he was inside. Manny looked down at me and his face relaxed as he pushed all the dope into his body. I let go and he thanked me. I said, "No problem." Manny cleaned up his mess, wiping the heroin residue off the counter with the tail of his Malcolm X shirt. I kept thinking about how the mirror made my part in what just happened look stupid and wrong. It was the first time I'd ever watched what I was doing.

I called the methadone clinic. Not because I'm doing so much heroin that I need to get off. I was just curious. I mean, if you are a junkie and you know that you need to kick, how do you do it? What does it take to make the first step? Do you just call and say, "I want to quit. What do I do?" And if you don't have a phone, and I expect a lot of junkies don't, do you bum a quarter and go to a pay phone? It seems like a lot of work to get off something that feels so good.

"*Methadone clinic.*"

"Yeah, I need to know the procedure of getting on methadone."

"Right now we have a six- to eight-week waiting list."

"Really? Uh, well, how do I get on that list?"

"I can take down your name and phone number and call you when your name comes up and you can come down."

"Uh … I'll just call back."

Tom came to my house hungry, so I cooked some macaroni-and-cheese. He hung out by the stove, telling me about when he was at college. I told him that I didn't know he went there, and he said, "Yeah, but I got expelled for starting a fire." Tom was antsy because he'd shot up heroin and cocaine the day before, and coming off coke is the scrappiest suicidal depression known to mankind. After we shared a few tips on the best way to come down, Tom said, "That's why Glenn killed himself, coming off coke. Put a gun to his head." Glenn used to be in Tom's band. After Tom ate his macaroni-and-cheese he told me that if he passes the French competence exams he'll have his psychology degree by the end of the summer. Then he plans to get a job in one of those homes where they treat people for

addiction. He'll only be able to party on the weekend then. That's what he said.

Michael Massing just called me a "chipper." That's street lingo for someone who just shoots on the weekend—the responsible heroin user, I guess. Massing hangs out with dope buyers and dealers in and around New York City, so he knows his dope. But he doesn't *do* dope; he studies it, researches it, writes about it. He even got a MacArthur Foundation "genius" award for doing just that. I thought he was the guy to ask about the big picture.

As a nation, how do we deal with our drug problem?

Sink money into it. Arrest our way out of it. Tens of thousands of people a year get arrested, but that inevitably has no effect.

Is there a new heroin problem?

The press is always looking for new types of drug stories. When crack first came out the media jumped on it. CBS did "48 Hours on Crack Street," and the pebble in the lake rippled from there. If you recall, a couple of years ago crank was going to be the big thing, the craze. Methamphetamine was supposed to take over the country. It was in Hawaii, it was in San Diego, it was only a matter of time until it spread eastward. Of course that never happened. And now heroin has suddenly become the big story. Again.

How long has heroin been a problem in the United States?

Really, the modern heroin problem began in the early fifties, when the stuff started appearing in Harlem. The spread was very limited until the mid-sixties, when it really took off, again primarily in black inner-city communities. There was some leakage to the middle class. I was at Harvard during the early seventies, and everybody knew someone who was doing it, but it was very limited. The problem was in Harlem and the South Side of Chicago and in Watts and places like that. Then it kind of fell off, stabilized, in the seventies, when it was overtaken by cocaine and of course by crack. Now, basically because of all the new supplies on the streets and the great purity levels, and because you can sniff it, you are finding a lot more people going back to it, with some new users, but again, mostly old-timers.

Is there a glamour factor involved these days? Do people look up to reported users like William Burroughs and the late Kurt Cobain?

Definitely. To people who came of age in the late sixties and the early seventies heroin was *the* evil drug, No one touched it. People who did pot or acid or speed or mescaline or whatever, 98 percent of them would never think of doing heroin. It was evil incarnate, and the idea of sticking a spike in your arm gave most people the chills. What happened, because heroin was seen as so sinister, was that cocaine was seen as the cool drug. Then cocaine became déclassé, largely because of crack and because a lot of people were having problems with it. It became very déclassé, associated with poor people, crackheads. By the early nineties people totally forgot how damaging heroin could be, they lost sight of the earlier experience of heroin, and younger people in their twenties who did not go through that experience were unaware of how risky the drug could be. So, yes, it became very cool in the way that cocaine was in the late seventies and early eighties.

So the thought that there's a resurgence, and a new epidemic, is simply false? There's no new trend?

Since the mid-eighties the one trend that really seems undeniable, based on all the statistics and the observations, is that drug use among middle-class professionals, suburban Americans, has been falling. There are indications that that might be changing, but for the most part the middle-class love affair with hard drugs has certainly abated com-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

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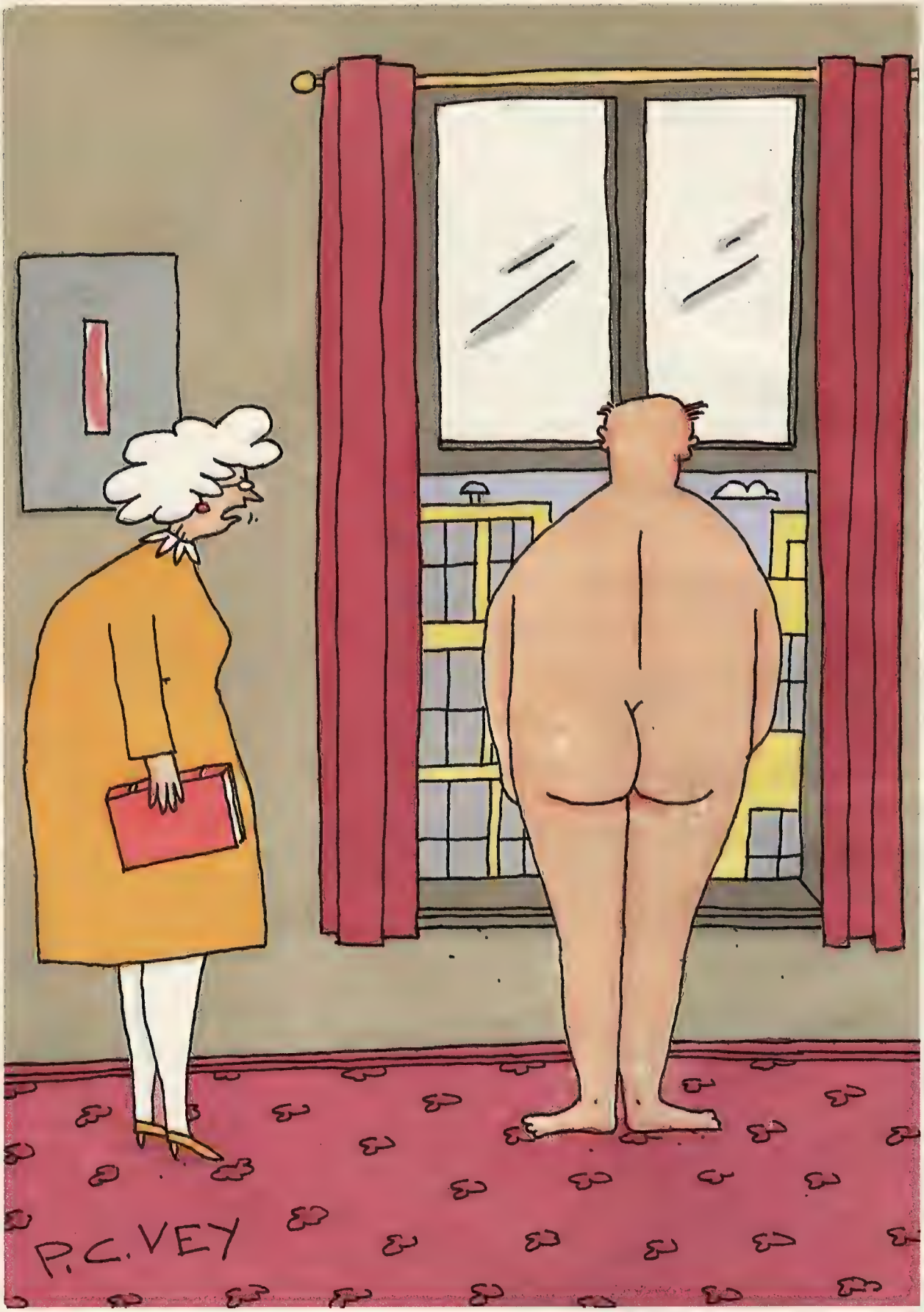

"Do you have to stick that green sock out the window every St. Patrick's Day?"

JACKSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

never spent the night with girls or adults of either gender....

Other evidence points to Jackson's sexual obsession with young boys. When Jackson moved out of his parents' Encino home, he purchased his "Westwood Hideaway"; an apartment whose location was kept secret even from Jackson's mother.... The hideaway was left unfurnished, except for a single sleeping bag.... Jackson slept in this sleeping bag numerous times with one young boy—sometimes wearing pajamas and sometimes not....

Jackson also had an extensive collection of photographs of young boys. He hid this collection in a secret closet at the Neverland Ranch.... These photos included a Polaroid of one young boy—naked—except for a sheet covering his genitals....

Still other discoveries point to improper conduct between Jackson and his young "friends." Francia was in charge of purchasing Jackson's underwear. Jackson rapidly went through this underwear, often owning 60 pairs at a time.... She regularly discovered stains of unknown origin in the front of the underwear....

Jackson relied on an elaborate security sytem to protect him from discovery. The system sounded a warning whenever someone approached his bedroom so he would never be discovered in a compromising position.... He further bolstered his security by insisting that Francia knock before entering the room. When Jackson was alone in his bedroom with one of his young boys, he would instruct her to go away....

Jackson only allowed Francia to see his dalliances with young boys. He allowed her to see these goings-on because he felt sure she would tell no one. She was a young single mother, an immigrant who needed this job desperately.... Jackson trusted her. During her tenure, she was the only maid allowed in Jackson's bedroom.... Jackson asked her not to tell anyone about his contact with young boys.... He regularly gave Francia extra money to keep her loyalty.... She maintained this loyalty until she discovered his improper touching of one young boy.... Jackson stuffed $300 in the boy's pocket after Francia discovered them lying together on a sleeping bag in broad daylight, but with the room darkened.... This discovery pushed her past the limits of her tolerance. She quit her lucrative position to keep her peace of mind.

As the foregoing shows, there is substantial direct and circumstantial evidence that plaintiff was sexually molested by Jackson. Indeed, the evidence shows that the plaintiff was not the first child victimized by Jackson's lust for young boys. For several years now, Jackson has engaged in a pattern of luring young boys into his bedroom and sexually assaulting them—a pattern finally brought to light by the filing of this lawsuit....

Plaintiff's contentions are supported by deposition testimony of numerous witnesses. Jackson's own chauffeur and maids confirm that the plaintiff and defendant spent numerous nights together. Jackson's former private maid confirms that plaintiff was not the first little boy Jackson molested. Indeed, her testimony reveals Jackson's pattern of luring little boys into his bed.

The plaintiff is entitled to punitive damages, as a matter of law, if he can demonstrate he was sexually molested by Jackson. *Civil Code* §3294 authorizes an award of punitive damages where the defendant is guilty of oppression, malice or fraud. Malice is defined as conduct which is *intended by the defendant to cause injury* to the plaintiff.... The California Supreme Court has ruled that a child molester always intends to cause injury to his victim.... the Supreme Court expressly held that there is no such thing as negligent or reckless child molestation:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

Pet of the Year RUNNER-UP GIFT GUIDE

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Larry K. of St. Petersburg, FL, said Passion's Fire has had a remarkable effect on his sexual energy – even though he's 77 years old. "I've been taking it for years and I'm convinced it's improved my sex life substantially."

Said "Maria S., 40, a Sacremento saleswoman: "When I take Passion's Fire, sex seems to be on my mind a lot more."

And Patti B., 48, of New York said: "I found that Passion's Fire not only increased my sex drive but also enhanced my sensitivity!"

Further proof that Passion's Fire is a powerful, natural sex enhancer: Male account executive, 65, "It's great. I feel like a young man again. Stood up at the office and had to sit down. Embarrassing, but wonderful."

And female grocery clerk, 36, "I'm thinking about sex all day long! I can't wait to get home to my husband."

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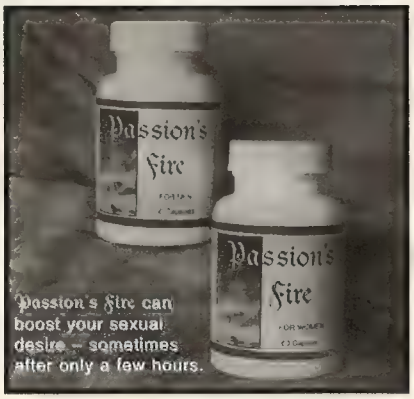

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

looked up to see this gorgeous lady wearing a sexy little sundress. She had long blonde hair that fell around her face. Her lean body was tan, and I could see that she wasn't wearing a bra because her nipples were poking through the top of her dress. Needless to say I was instantly at her service.

She said that she needed to have her oil checked before she left for a road trip. For her, anything. I got the job done quickly as she watched. As I closed the hood she stood close behind me. I could feel her breath on the back of my neck. I turned to face her. She asked me how much she owed. I told her, "Don't worry about it, this has been my pleasure." I had been staring at her long legs that led up to her tight little ass since the minute she got there. Obviously she knew I had been staring, because she smiled teasingly and said, "I'm sure it has been." Then she said, "I have to thank you somehow. Do you have any ideas?" She stepped closer to me, laid a hand on my chest, and ran her fingers down until she reached my belt.

I told her, "I can think of several ways." She began to undo my belt and then my pants. I couldn't believe this was actually happening. She backed me up against the car and got down on her knees. She began stroking my member, which was already rock-hard. Just when I thought this couldn't get any better, I felt her wet tongue on the head of my cock. She rolled her tongue around the head of my member, licking and teasing me with her full, wet lips. Then she took all nine and a half inches into her mouth. She was sucking harder and faster, the whole time rubbing my balls. She was giving me the best lip service I'd ever had. This girl was wild and she was hungry. My hot, hard cock was going to be her breakfast.

Just when I felt like I might lose it, she stood up and said, "Take me from behind." Once again I was quick to service her. I bent her over the car and threw up that little sundress. I was hard already, and looking at that tight little ass just got me harder. I grabbed her hips and plunged my pulsating cock in between her wet lips. I pumped her slowly from behind. She was soaking wet. I played with her tits. Her nipples were hard, and she was moaning loudly, begging me to fuck her harder, so I pulled her to me and shoved my throbbing cock into her dripping cunt.

I pounded in and out of her, and with each stroke I knew I couldn't stand it much longer. She must have felt that I was close too. She moaned, "I want to taste you. I want you in my mouth." She turned around and got back down on her knees. I shoved my hard, throbbing cock into her mouth, pulled her head to me, and exploded in her mouth. She sucked every last drop out of me, then licked me clean. Needless to say, this was an experience worth writing about. I look forward to her next lube job.—*S. H., California*

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Send to *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003.

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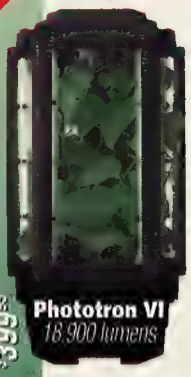

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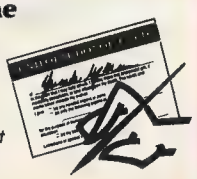

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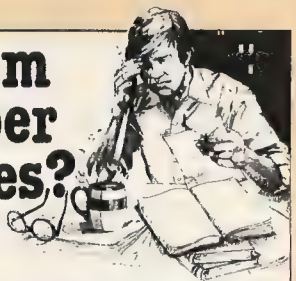

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Michael Dorsey. Illustrated by David Miller.

Ribald Rimes

While mile high over the Bois
A stewardess named Zsa Zsa
With two passengers willing
Found herself fulfilling
Her dream of a ménage à TWA.

Cowgirls, it is said, ride sidesaddle
When out on the range herding cattle,
But when stud is the game
And poke 'er's the aim
They do it bareback and astraddle.

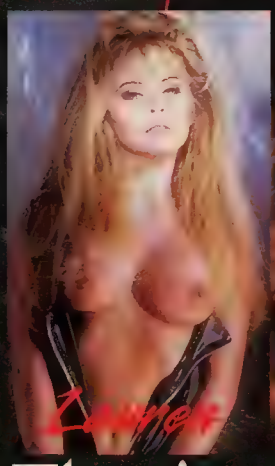
Lana, a dyslexic whore,
Did it anally just on the floor
And learned in the doing
By reversing her screwing
That eros *spelled backwards is* sore.

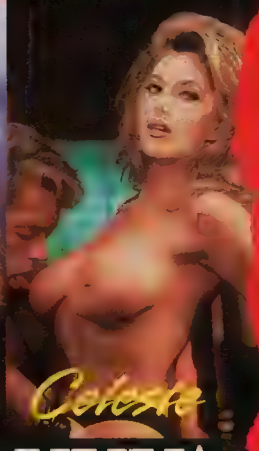
A top-heavy waitress named Mary
Whose tits were a virtual dairy
Served coffee with cream
By spritzing a stream
From either—'twas arbitrary.

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, http://www.penthousemag.com. We'll publish our favorites in an upcoming issue, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse.*

They're Beautiful!

They're Hot!





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Janine Raises The Stakes!

THE PLAYER

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Dyanna Lauren Takes It Off!

UNDRESS TO THRILL

Stripper Dyanna Lauren sees boyfriend Marc Wallice filling up Christina Angel. Tianna Taylor and Deborah Wells lock labes. Marc wins Dyanna back with buttery probes. Nick East and Jeannie Pepper meet at her backdoor. 78 min.

Does Celeste Get Fingered?

POISON

Mike Horner's hot on the tail of the killer. Is it Celeste? She was seen inhaling a big gulp. Kylie Ireland? She's been busy bouncing on a rod. Dyanna Lauren? Well, she was the last one to boink the victim. Mike'll find out...as soon as he's through getting some head from busty Sally Layd. 81 minutes.

Exotic Asia Carrera!

CRAZY LOVE

Asia Carrera and Jonathan Morgan have writer's block—between their legs! Kylie Ireland "opens up" their relationship right there in her orifice, er, office! Sweet April seduces Jonathan with oral lovin'. Anna Malle and Joey Silvera add spice on a pool table. 75 min.

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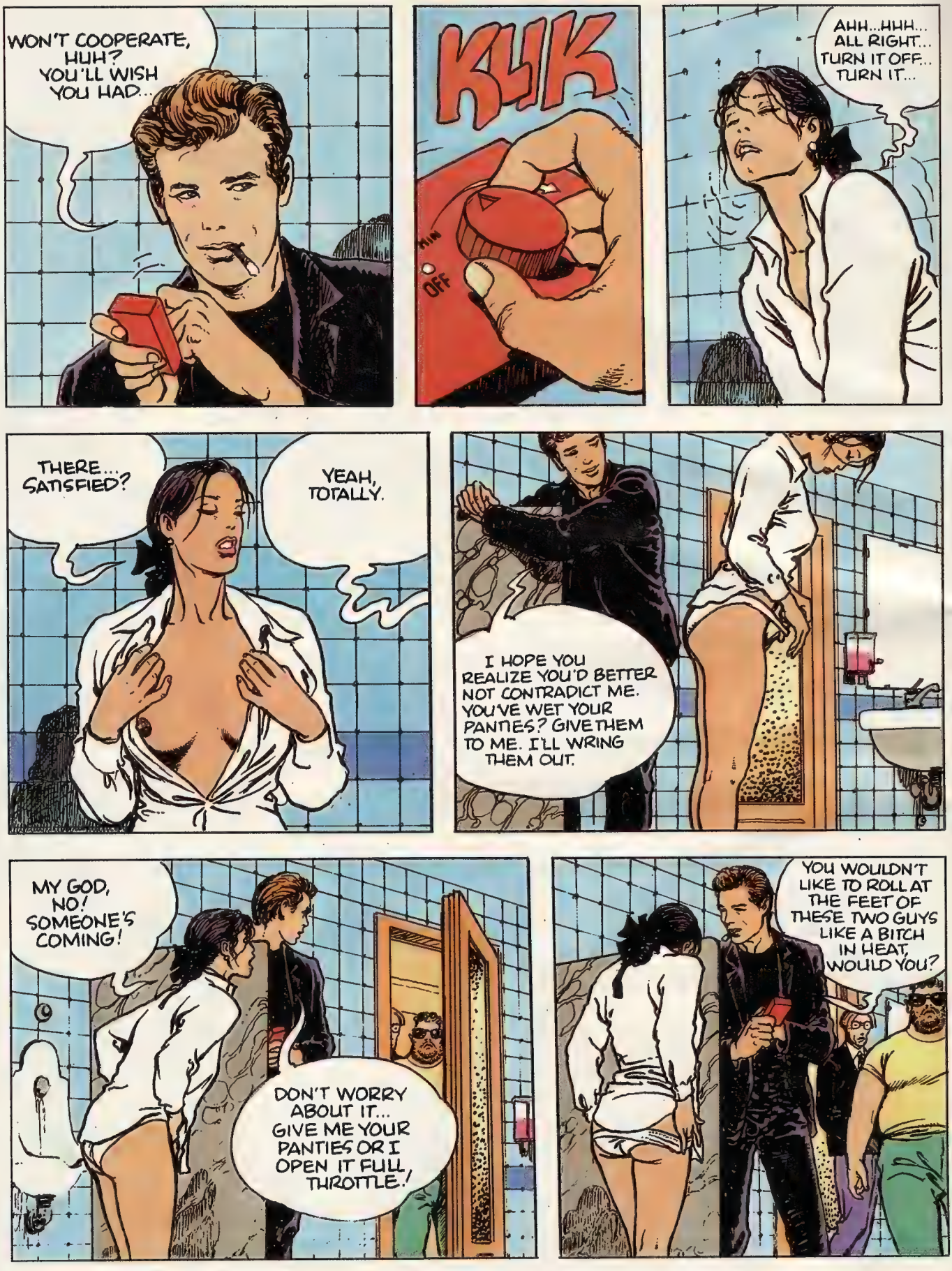
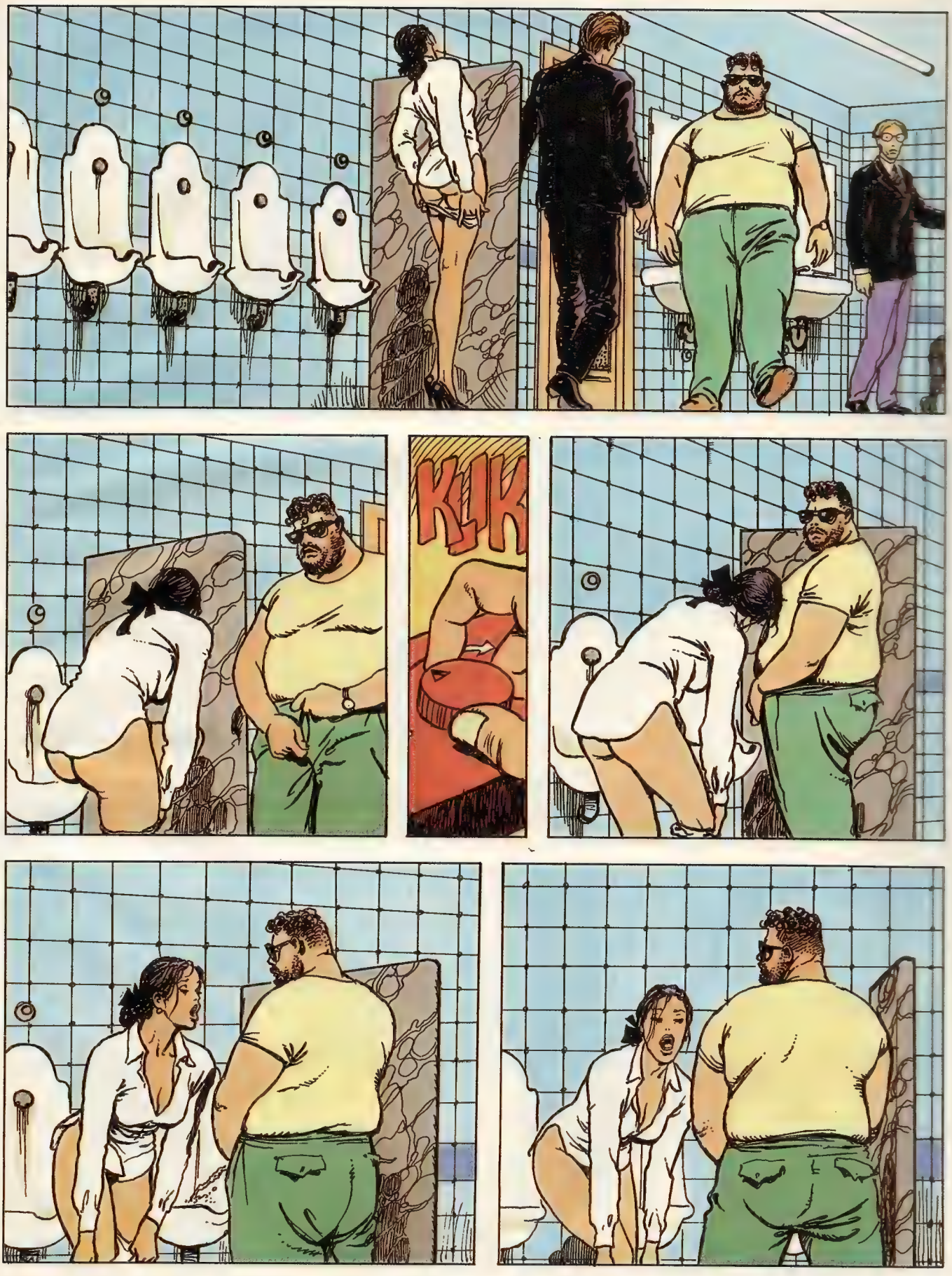
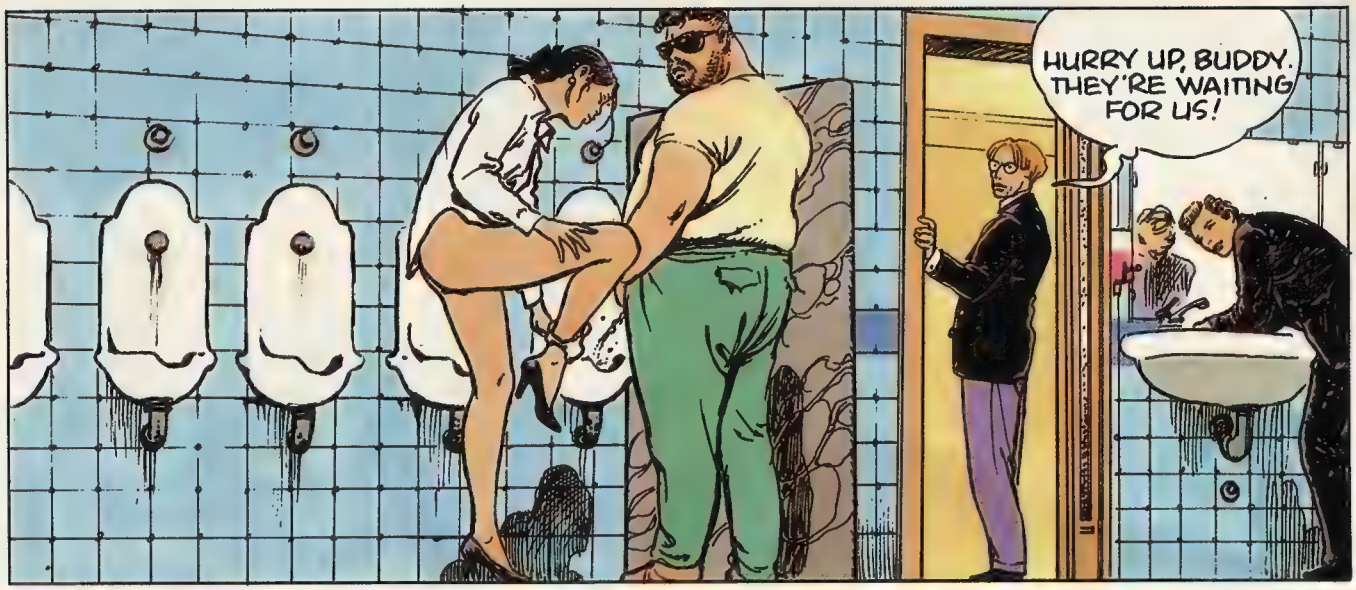
episode 2

by Milo Manara

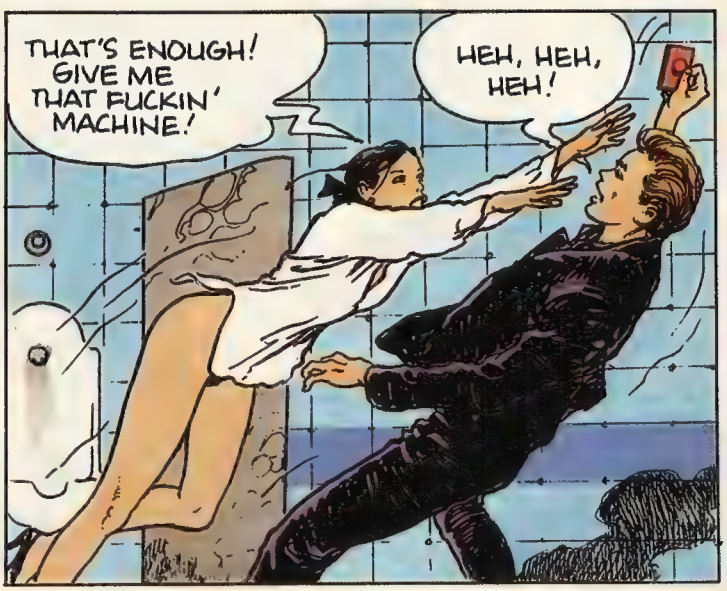
YOU WANT TO HUMILIATE ME, HUH? FINE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT... PROVIDED YOU GIVE ME THE BOX.
YOU CAN'T HURT ME. I'M A JOURNALIST AND MY LIFE HAS A PURPOSE.
SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT. AND T.V. IS THE ONLY WAY TO REALLY EDUCATE THE MASSES ABOUT THE PROBLEMS WE FACE. PROTECTING NATURE IS MY MISSION.
IF MY WORK REQUIRES ME TO BE DISCOVERED IN THE MEN'S ROOM IN MY UNDERWEAR, WHO CARES? ONE THING'S CERTAIN: I'LL NEVER GIVE IN TO YOUR INTIMIDATION. NEVER!
PERFECT. NOW I WANT YOUR BRA.
SO SORRY, I DON'T WEAR ONE.
REALLY? LET ME SEE!
I SAID I DON'T WEAR ONE. PERIOD.

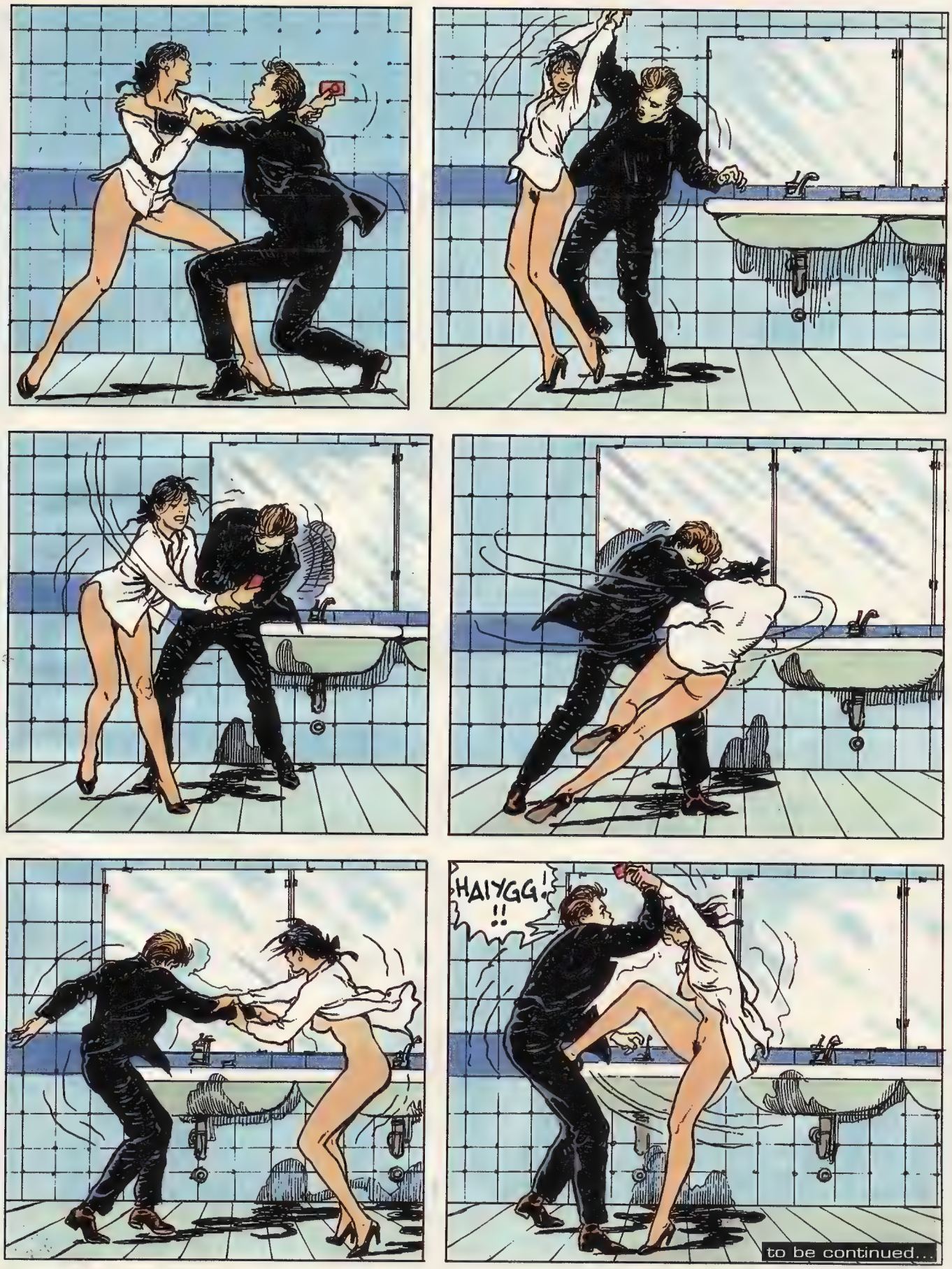

WON'T COOPERATE, HUH? YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD...
KLIK
MIN
OFF
AHH...HHH... ALL RIGHT... TURN IT OFF... TURN IT...
THERE... SATISFIED?
YEAH, TOTALLY.
I HOPE YOU REALIZE YOU'D BETTER NOT CONTRADICT ME. YOU'VE WET YOUR PANTIES? GIVE THEM TO ME. I'LL WRING THEM OUT.
MY GOD, NO! SOMEONE'S COMING!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... GIVE ME YOUR PANTIES OR I OPEN IT FULL THROTTLE!
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO ROLL AT THE FEET OF THESE TWO GUYS LIKE A BITCH IN HEAT, WOULD YOU?


KLIK


HURRY UP, BUDDY. THEY'RE WAITING FOR US!

YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT, MRS. CRISTIANI. BUT A WORD TO THE WISE. DON'T DO IT AROUND HERE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!


THAT'S ENOUGH! GIVE ME THAT FUCKIN' MACHINE!
HEH, HEH, HEH!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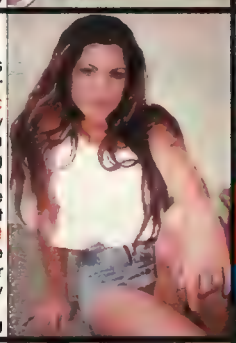
Lisa puts on the hottest show I've ever seen! Naked, she rubs "it" long & hard and gets so excited her juices flow and flow! Not just a little ...A LOT! Very messy & very wet, with "in your face" close-ups! Also: Tight panty tease (they get wet too!), naked wide open exercise, naked house cleaning & a shower scene. You'll see lots of hot posing as she pulls "it" open front & rear for close-ups and wet inside views!
60 min. $40.00 - #1352U

CARLA - INCREDIBLE BUSH! VERY WET & RUBBING "IT"!
Carla has the biggest bush we have ever seen! She Dances Over Your Face in tight white panties. She rubs them until they get very wet! Naked, she puts whip cream all over her body. Her bush gets so messy she washes "it" in the kitchen sink! Close-ups as she pulls open her Thick Meaty Lips. In bed she rubs "it" long & hard as she pushes her hips up & down! Very Wet! Loud moans & groans. You'll see Extreme, Wide Open, Front & Rear Close-Ups throughout this video. A very HOT video indeed!
60 min. $40.00 - #1310U

TINA - RUBS HER THICK MEATY LIPS, IN PUBLIC!
Tina flashes all over the place: on a fire engine, in a clothing store, at a car wash and more! In a gazebo she stands over your face & Spreads Her Lips for great Extremely Wide Open Close-Ups! She Gets Completely Naked in a parking lot (except for her dress around her tummy) where she Rubs Her Thick Meaty Lips! Indoors, she strips, poses Wide Open & Rubs It A Lot! She gives herself a Hot lotion massage while Rubbing "It"! The Real Thing! Sexy moans and groans! Sweet smiles.
67 min. $40.00 - #1285U

CINDY C. - GOOEY WET! MASTURBATES IN PUBLIC!
Cindy talks to you a lot as she gets naked & pulls it open front & rear for extreme close-ups! Public Flashing: Pumping gas, busy street, an accountant's office, an auto mechanic's shop, a parking garage and much more! At an optometrist's office, while she takes an eye exam, she pulls it open front & rear for Gooey Wet Close-Ups! Next, all alone, she Rubs "It" Hard while pinching her nipples. The real thing with heavy breathing & sweet moans.
63 min. $40.00 - #1329U



MANDY - DANCES OVER YOUR FACE & PULLS "IT" WIDE OPEN! - Wearing No Bra or Panties, she exposes her bare butt crotch & breasts in public: At a clothing store, a busy restaurant, 2 parks, a mall & much more! Wide Open Front & Rear Close-Ups. She's Brave! Indoors: She strips nude & dances right over your face! You'll see Extreme Close-Ups as she pulls her Lips & Butt Wide Open! Next, she touches herself while looking straight into your eyes. Lots of sexy eye contact & talking to you
A Very, Very FAST PACED 60 min. $40.00 - #1264U

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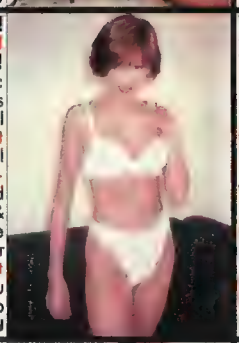
SADIE - WET & PULLED OPEN! BREATHLESS MASTURBATION TALKS TO YOU PLAYFULLY!
Sadie begins in her backyard for: 1. Sweet panty tease 2. Strips naked from tight bikini 3. Oil massage (completely naked) 4. Hot masturbation, she gets wet! You'll see shocking pulled open close-ups front & rear! Indoors: 1. Naked wide open exercise. 2. Garter belt & lingerie show. 3. More naked wide open masturbation! You'll hear loud, breathless moans & see wet close-ups! She says "I wish you could feel this"! Lot's of talking to you!
72 min. $40.00 - #1340U



VICKY - CHEERLEADER RUBS "IT"! NICE FULL BUSH!
Vicky, a gorgeous 19 yr. old, sits with her legs Wide Open and plays with her tight panties. She exercises with & without panties for Wide Open Close-Ups! Next, she Rubs "It" a lot! Sexy moans & groans as she sweetly looks into your eyes. Fantastic Rear Views without panties, as she puts "it" right in your face! Naked & Wide Open on the dining room table, she rubs an ice cube on "it"! It melts & runs out. You'll see Extreme Close-Ups as she pulls "it" Open So Wide You Can See Inside! VERY HOT!
64 min. $40.00 - #1312U

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2 HOT HOURS! COLLEGE CO-EDS, WET & RUBBING "IT" FOR YOU!
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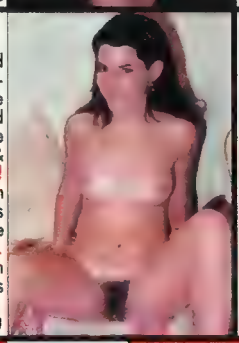
Special Price $18.95 - #1255U

Save Today! Order Both Samplers for only $35.00 - #2001U

LAURIE - SUPER HAIRY & JUICY WET RUBBING "IT"!
Laurie is a 19 yr. old college co-ed at the Univ. of Mass. She does a little Semi Public Flashing: Outside her house, in a car & at a deserted hardware store. Inside her apt. she does Wide Open Nude aerobics & leg spreads. Extreme Close-Ups! She is really hairy, even between her butt cheeks! Nude, she reads you a sexy story. Next, you'll see her pull her lips open & Rub "It". The Real Thing! Her hand even trembles when she's done. She's Very Wet during the entire video!
60 min. $33.00 - #1265U



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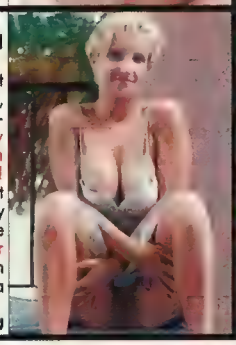

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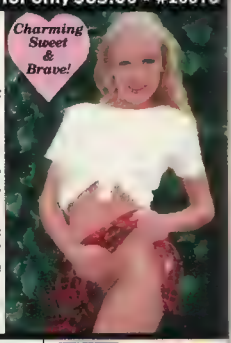

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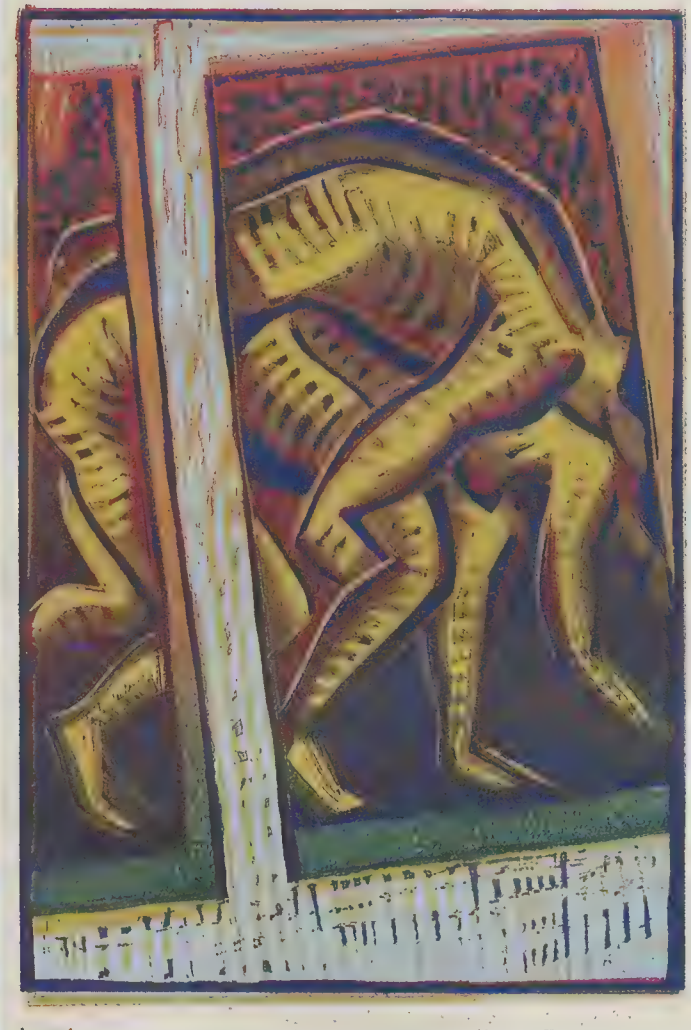

THE NAKED CITY

Uncle Mikey had a peculiar and, so the family thought, harmless hobby: Perched in his eighth-floor New York apartment, he whiled away the hours exploring the city through a pair of powerful and expensive binoculars. When I was little he'd let me look through them as he pointed out interesting architectural features on the city skyscrapers. That was probably one of the reasons I ended up studying architecture, an unusual choice for a girl in those days. On a clear day he'd take me up to the roof, from which we could see all the way downtown to the Statue of Liberty.

Thus I grew up thinking that city-gazing was a pastime as normal as bird-watching, and after Uncle Mikey died my aunt presented me with his binoculars. I was 26 years old before I realized that, when I hadn't been around to cramp his style, Uncle Mikey had found subjects for scrutiny that were far more entertaining than Lady Liberty.

One evening while casually running my binoculars up, down, and around the city, I was stopped dead by the sight of a young woman preparing to step into the shower.

ILLUSTRATION BY RAYMOND VERDAGUER

Feeling I was invading her privacy, I quickly veered my optics to the right—only to have them land on a window behind which a couple were locked in an amorous embrace, the woman's red sweater raised to reveal a plump breast. Shocked, I dropped the binoculars into my lap as the implications of what I was seeing dawned on me: Uncle Mikey had been a voyeur.

I shuddered, wondering if my uncle had been a pervert. From what I'd seen, he'd had a fairly normal relationship with my aunt, and I certainly never recalled him touching me in an inappropriate manner. Yet it seemd likely that he'd enjoyed spying on people during their most intimate moments.

Slowly I raised the binoculars and focused on the couple who'd been making out. They'd progressed to the point where they were lying down, and therefore hidden from view. Moving my super specs to the left, I saw the young woman emerge, wet and glistening, from her shower. Fascinated, I watched as she dried herself off, vigorously bouncing her breasts with the towel. My God, why didn't she think to draw the shade? And how could that couple paw each other in full view of the entire city? Maybe Uncle Mikey wasn't the only sicko around—maybe the city was crawling with exhibitionists. Shaken, I drank a cup of cocoa, and carefully closed every shade and curtain before retiring.

The next day I couldn't stop thinking about what I'd seen through the binoculars. Surely what I'd done was immoral—and yet I couldn't wait to get home from work and "watch the movie," as I came to think of it. Although I felt somewhat guilty, and still thought of Uncle Mikey as something of a wrongo, I had to admit that I understood him. I canceled dinner with my boyfriend, Adam, and declined my friend Sally's invitation to go to the movies. I had to follow my curiosity, never mind about it killing the cat.

I set myself up for the evening, bringing pillows, blankets, and a bottle of wine over to my window seat. The city's lit windows twinkled against the darkening sky. As the night wore on, the prudent closed their blinds, while the more thoughtless—or daring?—remained exposed to curious eyes. I watched as mothers prepared babies for bed, teenagers copped one last feel before separating, older couples climbed into bed and turned out the light. Finally I lucked out—I hit upon a couple right across the street, a few stories down, whose window angle allowed me a panoramic view of their activities.

Completely naked, they lazily slithered over and around each other, unaware they were providing me with hot entertainment. I found them extremely sensual as they coiled their long, smooth limbs in an endless variety of positions. I was surprised to find that what turned me on the most was not his long prick gliding in and out of her inviting cunt, but the looks on their faces as they became more and more aroused. And when they came their faces were utterly exquisite.

First her orgasm began, as her mouth opened wide; apparently she was making a lot of noise, which I unfortunately couldn't hear. Her eyes were half-closed, but I could still glimpse that peculiar look of ecstasy, so intense it bordered on suffering. As her head thrashed from side to side, I zeroed in on her partner and watched his face dissolve in a thousand emotions as he released his fluid into her. I could actually see beads of sweat forming over his thin mustache as he pursed his lips, probably making an "ooooh" sound.

At that point I abandoned the binoculars to tend to my own needs. I pulled my skirt up and slipped my hand in under my panties. I was soaking wet between my legs, and the moisture made it easy for my fingers to slip inside. I pulled them out and brought them to my nose to sniff the aroma. Then I reached in again and flicked myself in earnest, rubbing my swelling clit back and forth with my thumb. I like to finish off with my vibrator, which I had brought over to my window seat. It hummed quietly as I pressed it between my legs. I had taken the precaution of turning off every light in my apartment so nobody could see what I was up to, yet I couldn't help but fantasize that somebody was watching me as I came.

A week went by, and I spent every night in front of the window. Eventually I selected a few main stars from the cast of characters in my vicinity; on any given night I could locate at least one couple making love, one bather, and one masturbator. I lost all interest in seeing Adam, who began to complain about my lack of attention to him. I didn't care; I was too absorbed in my new hobby.

One night as I sat munching popcorn and gazing through my binoculars I heard a key turning in the lock. I froze. Adam had a key to my apartment, but had never used it without first telling me he was coming over. When he walked in I nearly sobbed with relief that he wasn't a burglar or a rapist. But as

Adam gazed around the darkened room, and I saw what he was seeing, I cringed in embarrassment. In this case one picture was indeed worth a thousand words: The scene revealed the sordid story of my week's activity.

I had just about moved into the window seat. Lying atop the bedding were my binoculars, vibrator, dildo, and lubricating jelly. The floor was strewn with candy wrappers, and an empty wineglass stood on the windowsill.

"What have you been doing?" Adam asked, bewildered.

I held my breath as he came over and picked up the binoculars. Slowly he raised them to his eyes and peered through. A low, throaty chuckle emerged as he moved them from window to window, pausing every now and then to observe a scene.

"This is some trip," he said softly. "How'd you ever get into doing this?"

"Well, see, my Uncle Mikey," I began, hesitantly at first, then excitedly describing the scenarios I'd witnessed, pointing Adam in key directions. At first he roared with laughter, thinking this was a big prank. But when he came to the sensual lovers with the expressive faces he stopped laughing. The binoculars remained riveted to that one spot, and I watched the bulge in Adam's jeans grow and throb. Hardly believing what was happening, I knelt on the pillows, unzipped Adam's pants, and took out his pulsing meat. I pulled on it a few times with my hand, feeling it in its half-erect state. I love it like that, just before it gets hard, and I know I have the power to make it grow and stiffen.

I parted my lips to take him into my mouth. I licked and sucked, sliding his cock all the way down my throat, excited by the thought that he was watching my favorite couple fucking their brains out. When he came in a gush of liquid, I pictured the woman's open mouth, the man's pursed lips, and greedily swallowed Adam's come. In the back of my mind I couldn't help but hope that my couple had been watching us.

Quietly Adam stroked my hair. I looked up questioningly.

"Whew!" was all he said before lifting me into his arms and heading in the direction of the bedroom.

"Hey," I protested, "where are you going?"

"To bed, baby. I'm gonna fuck your brains out."

"Oh, you are going to fuck my brains out, Adam, but not in bed."

"Not in bed?"

"Uh uh." I pointed to the window.

"Really?"

"Really."

Adam hesitated, as if struggling with his conscience, then shrugged a "what the hell" and headed back to my little den of sin. I knew exactly what I wanted to do, and I choreographed the entire wonderful dance. First I lit a candle to give the corner a bit of illumination, just in case anyone might happen to be watching. Then I got down on all fours, facing sideways so that my entire body could be seen, but so I could still turn my head and see out. I told Adam to get behind me.

"Can you get hard again yet?" I asked. Adam usually needed at least a ten-minute respite between erections.

"Are you kidding? This is too hot not to," he said, grabbing my hips and pulling me onto his cock. "Okay, girl," he whispered, "ride me."

And ride him I did. With Adam pulling me by the hips I slid slowly back and forth over his prick. I made lazy circles to get it to touch me in all the right spots. I slammed vigorously against him, taking him to the root, causing his balls to slap against my labia. I turned my head to look out the window. Was anyone watching? I couldn't tell, but I imagined that someone, anyone, was. The thought of others observing me like this, so sexy, so juicy, my hair hanging down, my tits shaking, my ass up in the air just begging for pleasure, was the most exciting sensation I had ever known. Goose bumps crawled over my flesh, and my cunt contracted, slowly at first, then in wider and wider circles, suffusing my whole body with waves of pleasure. I shivered and moaned, my head dropping down. A few final thrusts and Adam showered my open vagina with another hefty dose of semen. Half laughing, half crying, we collapsed onto the pillows and kissed each other passionately.

I'll never know if anyone saw us that night, but I like to think they did. After that Adam made me give up my voyeurism, saying he thought it was unethical and maybe even illegal. I have to admit, though, that sometimes when he's not around I sneak a little peek at the passing show. Is it really so bad to enjoy watching people in the throes of pleasure? How did Uncle Mikey feel about it? I guess I'll never know. But I do know that I can't help but laugh now whenever I remember the closing line from that famous television series: "There are eight million stories in the naked city. This has been one of them."

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE
humor@generalmedia.com

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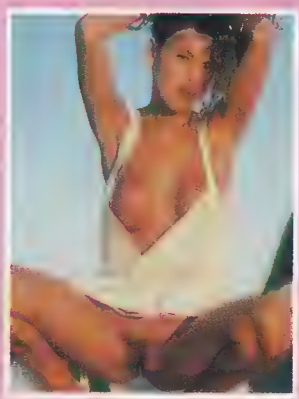

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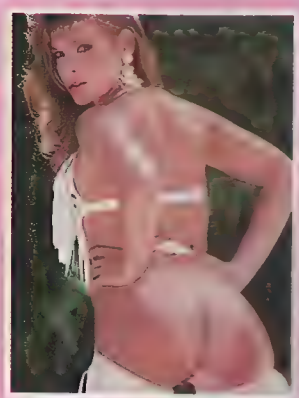

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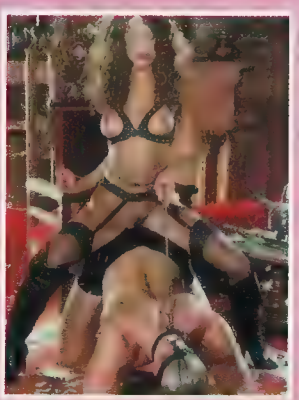

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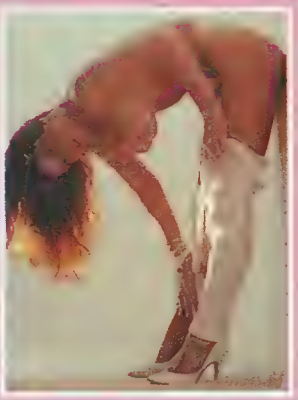

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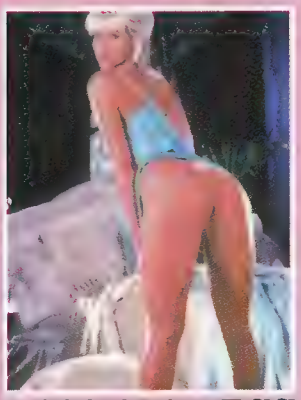

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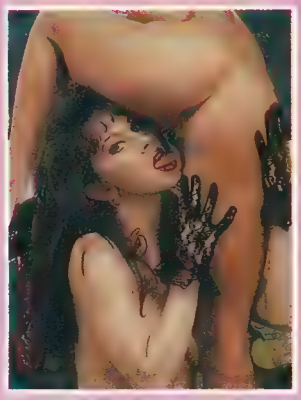

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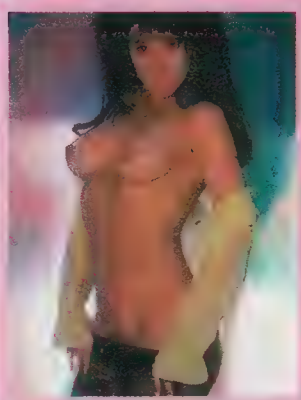

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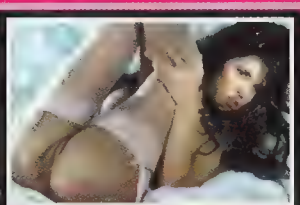

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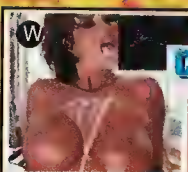

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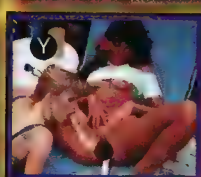

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LEATHER QUEENS TAKE CHARGE OF PARTNERS! BOOT LICKING, LEATHER TOYS AND MORE! CUM SHOTS!

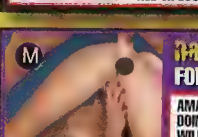
20 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

ANAL GANG BANGS

BLACK COCKS, WHITE COCKS, 8", 10", 12" COCKS - ALL POUNDING [redacted] PUSSY AT THE SAME TIME!

20 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

Nasty amateurs FORBIDDEN VIDEOS



AMATEUR ACTRESSES DOING THINGS NO ONE ELSE WILL DO OR EVEN SHOW! ANALS, ORAL & FACIAL CUMSHOTS! AND MORE!

40 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 60 MINUTES — ONLY $12

COLOSSAL COCKS

JOHN HOLMES, DICK RAMBONE, 18" COCKS & MORE POUND TIGHT PUSSIES AND ASSES!

50 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

BLOOPERS

ADULT'S WILDEST OUTTAKES AND BEHIND THE SCENES ACTS!

25 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

1000 CUMSHOTS

CREAMY GOO COVERING FACES AND FILLING MOUTHS! THESE CUM HUNGRY GIRLS EAT IT!

2 INCREDIBLE HOURS OF CUM SPRAYING COCKS — ONLY $15

FUCK SCENES IN PUBLIC PLACES

UNKNOWING COUPLES CAUGHT IN THE ACT! SUCKING COCK, EATING PUSSY, FUCKING ASSES!

30 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

INTERRACIAL ASS FUCKERS

BLACK COCKS PLUNGE DEEP INTO LILY WHITE ASSES, SPREADING CHEEKS & SHOOTING LOADS!

60 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 60 MINUTES — ONLY $12

TABOO VIXENS

THESE HOMEMADE FUCK FILMS SHOW ALL THE KINKY SEX ACTS NOT ALLOWED IN PRO FILMS! THERE ARE NO LIMITS!

30 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

FAT FREAKS

THE FATTEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD SUCK COCK & EAT CUM THEIR MASSIVE ROLLS GET PROBED! HOT!

35 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

GIRLS WITH HUGE PUSSIES

GIRLS WITH THE BIGGEST, GAPING PUSSIES YOU'VE EVER SEEN FILL THEIR OPEN LOVE HOLES WITH ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT WILL FIT! YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES!

25 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

EXTREME SEX ACTS

WOMEN FUCKING UNBELIEVABLE OBJECTS!

40 VIDEO VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES — ONLY $9

FOLLOW THESE EASY ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS TO RECEIVE YOUR SELECTIONS PROMPTLY

1) CHECK THE BOXES OF THE VIDEOTAPES YOU WISH TO RECEIVE: ❑ A $9 ❑ B $12 ❑ C $9 ❑ D $9 ❑ E $15 ❑ F $9 ❑ G $9 ❑ H $9 ❑ I $9 ❑ J $9 ❑ K $12 ❑ L $9 ❑ M $12 ❑ N $9 ❑ O $9 ❑ P $12 ❑ Q $9 ❑ R $9 ❑ S $9 ❑ T $9 ❑ U $9 ❑ V $12 ❑ W $15 ❑ X $9 ❑ Y $9 ❑ Z $12 ❑ AA $9 ❑ BB $9

2) FILL OUT FORM BELOW AND MAIL PROPER PAYMENT TO:

KINK'S ULTIMATE COLLECTION DEPT. E37
P.O. BOX 10935, MERRILLVILLE, IN 48411

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP_____

SIGNATURE_____ D.O.B._____

I am over 18 years of age. **MUST SIGN.**

TOTAL ORDER	$____
Postage & Handling	$3.00
OPTIONAL	
RUSH	❑ $2.00
100% Delivery Insurance	❑ $2.00
Immediate Check Clearance	❑ $2.00
Full Color Catalog (with order only)	❑ $2.00
Foreign & Canadian Orders remit in U.S. Funds And Add	❑ $4.00
TOTAL ORDER	$____

All actresses and actors that appear in any visual depiction of sexual conduct with regard to this ad and appear in these videotapes are over the age of 18. Some of the depictions contained in this ad and some of the graphical materials associated therewith on which this label appears contain only visual depictions of actual sexually explicit conduct made before July 3, 1995, and as such are exempt from the requirements pursuant to TITLE 18, U.S.C. Section 2257 and C.F.R. 75. With regard to the remaining depictions of actual sexual conduct contained in this ad and on these videotapes the records required pursuant to TITLE 18, U.S.C. 2257 and C.F.R. 75 and kept by the Custodian of Records at the office of the manufacturer at the following location: Mr. M. Beckman, Custodian of Records, Leisure Time Entertainment, Inc., 7050 Valjean Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91406. The title of this material is 0686, which was produced on 10/30/96 and released on 11/96. Printed in the USA

FILL BOTH MY HOLES
1-900-WET-POON
9 3 8 7 6 6 6
900# $4.95/MIN.
1-800-937-BUTT
2 8 8 8

1-800-955-WHIP
SLAVE TRAINING
& HUMILIATION
1-900-WE TIE U UP
(1-900-938-4388) $4.95

HOT YOUNG GIRL
TITTIE FUCK
1-800-678-TITS
1-800-945-FOXY

2 GIRL LESBO ACTION
1-900-WE TRY BI
(1-900-938-7924)
1-900-938-7954
$4.95/min.

NASTY ORGY FEST
1-800-234-2on1
6 6
011-592-246-042
INT'L RATES APPLY

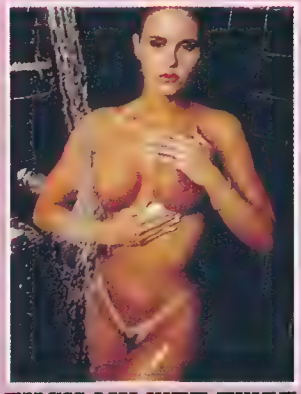
I NEED A GOOD SUCK
1-800-280-69ME
1-800-590-SUCK
V/MC/AMEX 24 HRS.

FUCK 2 PORNO STARLETS
1-800-354-4ASS
1-800-395-2on1
1-800-304-ORGY

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS
1-800-753-TSTV
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-938-TVTS
011#S $4.95 /MIN. TO PHONE
011-592-592-306

FIND A FOLD AND FUCK IT
1-900-WET-N-FAT
NOT FOR THE WEAK OF HEART!
1-900-WET-FART
$4.95 PER MINUTE

WE WANT YOUR MEAT
1-800-76 FUCK US
1-900-WETT-ORGY
$4.95/min.



FUCK MY WET TWAT
IN THE SHOWER
1-900-WETT TWAT
$4.95 PER MINUTE BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.
CUM SUCKING MAIDS 011-592-592-311
GIANT JUGS 011-592-592-324

LESBIAN NYMPHOS
WE WANT YOU TO JOIN IN!
1-800-678-LICK
(5425)
011-683-ORGY

WE LOVE TO SWALLOW YOUR CUMM! 1-900-WETT-2-CUM
PICK A HOLE & DO IT QUICK! 1-800-923-CUNT
HUNG MAN TO MAN ACTION 1-800-444-STUD
7 8 8 3
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.
1-900 $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO PHONE. INT'L RATES APPLY
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!

$4.95/MIN. TO PHONE
GOOD GIRLS GONE BAD
1-900-WETT 1ON1

INTIMATE TREASURES

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Phone Orders: **1-415-863-5002**
FAX 24 Hrs.,7 Days: **1-415-863-4801**
Techies: E-mail your order to [redacted]

Monday - Friday 8AM-8PM (PST)
Have your credit card # ready when you call!

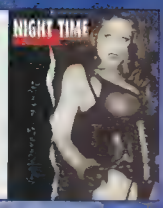
Red Airplane indicates --RUSH-- delivery!

MEMBER DIRECT MARKETING ASSOCIATION

INTIMATEtreasures online

Mail Orders To: **INTIMATE TREASURES**
Dept. 1PH030197 **P.O. Box 77902, San Francisco, CA 94107-0902**

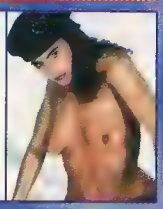
#2997 NIGHT TIME VIDEOS™
Huge collection of sexy adult videos. Sizzling two hour sampler tape featuring 24 award-winning XXX titles with your favorite porn superstars! Plenty of uncut action. **Catalog + $5.00 Savings Coupon** $5.00
#2448 Video Sampler + Catalog $19.95



#2589 BOUDOIR NOIR
Non-fiction quarterly magazine about leather-fetish, consensual S/M lifestyles, stories, interviews, reviews, erotic photo features and club listings. Boudoir Noir – the magazine about relationships, the dynamics of power & sensual pleasures...do it!
Single issue $6.95

#1390 ATTENTION SWINGERS!
Odyssey Group presents America's #1 selling swing magazine! 100s of personal ads, pics & direct contact ads from across the U.S. Single Issue/ Odyssey Express $9.95
#1389 Explicit Monthly Offers $3.00

#125 ADAM & EVE
Our new catalog is packed with 100s of products – the newest videos, toys, fantasy lingerie & more! We've offered only the best products and excellent service to 3 million satisfied customers for25 years! Send for your catalog subscription and get a **50% discount coupon & FREE video offer.** Must be 21. $3.00

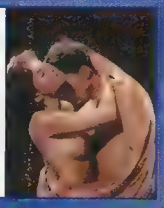


#542 ADAM & GILLIAN'S
The largest variety of "Implements of Affection," all made in one workshop. Luscious colors & textures in leathers, nylon, rubber & rattan – from the soft and sensual to the serious. Original designs & unusual devices, hand-crafted & "feel-tested" to satisfy the kinky in you. Quality and reliability since 1987. Custom orders? Of course. 24 Page Catalog $3.00

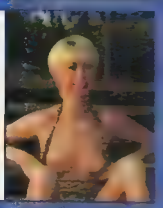
#2421 THE BLOWFISH CATALOG
Choosy lovers choose Blowfish! Much more than just a catalog, every issue has poetry, fiction, photography as well as the best collection of books, videos, edible products, objects d'art, safer sex stuff, toys and everything else for great sex. $3.00

#365 UNDERGROUND VIDEO
The exotic & erotic world of secret underground videos. A shocking & surreal world where dark dreams become reality. Uncut, unrated & uncensored movies from around the world. The most revealing video catalog ever! **($5 Refundable with First Order) Catalog** $5.00

#156 THE XANDRIA COLLECTION – Great Romance Every Time! Your desires, along with our sensuous toys and instructional aides assure your next rendezvous will be your best. Whether you want it romantic or racy, we've got what you need to make it happen. **100% Satisfaction Guaranteed.** Must be 21. Redeemable with order. $4.00



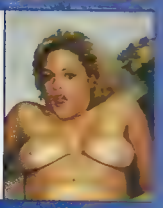
#3030 ULTIMATE PUBLIC NUDITY
Uncensored: Raised skirts, flashing young coeds, girls-next-door, wet T-shirts, Skin-to-Win!, Mardi-Gras, Spring Break, Nude Beaches. Watch us talk women into doing things they never thought they'd do!! No sales in FL & UT Dreamgirls color catalog $3.00
#3031 2 Hour Preview Sampler + Free Catalog $29.97



#2766 BABES WITH BALLS
Here they cum...big-breasted, hard-nippled, sex kittens. Then they peel off their bikinis to reveal huge, throbbing, members. See women with 40" tits & 10" dicks in hot action. Shocking! Catalog $5.00
#3665 5 Hr. Video Extravaganza + Free Catalog $19.95

#2846 FANTASY ISLAND INNOVATIONS
Have YOU been BAD?? (or just fantasizing about being bad?) We have everything you need to make your wildest fantasies come true! Toys, leather from mild to wild, latex, books, videos, lingerie. Let us help you broaden your horizons.
10% discount on 1st order. $8.00

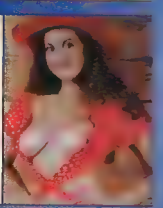
#2901 CUM IN MY VAGINA
Each girl gets fucked heavy-duty and screams to get a Hott load shot into her soaking pussy! Watch as the CUM oooozes out!! Infopak $5.00
#2902 60 Minute Mike Hott Sampler Video + Free Infopak $29.95



#1016 GET ANY WOMAN OUT OF HER PANTIES
Watch Karen get SEXUALLY AROUSED & EXCITED before your very eyes. She quivers with excitement as she opens her legs for your tool or tongue. Includes LESBIAN SECRETS you can use, including PHEROMONE-based sprays. Cum-Drenched Info Kit $2.00

#913 MIDWEST GIRLS
Over 40 gorgeous amateur models perform sexy strip tease in hot lingerie, then pose in the nude for YOU! Over 120 titles, photo-sets, slides. Catalog $3.00
#914 90 Min. Video + Free Catalog. Over 40 models strip & pose for the first time. No sales in Missouri & Illinois. $39.95

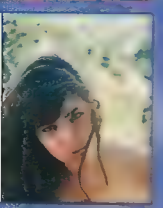
#1431 45 TEXAS GIRLS
Tired of the "Motorcycle Mamas" that dominate most amateur videos? See 45 nervous but excited ladies "SHOW OFF" for their first time in this 2 hour introduction video.
$40 Value Only $14.95!
G.D. Douglass Brochure $2.00
#1432 2 Hour Video + Free Brochure $14.95



#3101 19 & NAKED 2
Pretty models eager to reveal their blossoming bare bodies in a variety of nude video vignettes. Full color catalog featuring new talent in intimate photos & erotic videos. Includes **$5 Gift Certificate Brochure** $3.00
#3102 Sample Tape II + Free Brochure $29.95

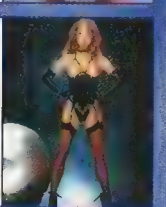
#865 HOMEGROWN VIDEO
Over 550 titles of real people having real sex! The largest true amateur collection. Includes selection guide for choosing the videos that satisfy you! Descriptions of every title, hundreds of photos, lot's more! Catalog $5.00
#866 2 Hour Preview Video + Free Catalog.
Must be legal adult. $19.95

#3398 MIDNIGHT FILM & VIDEO
California's wettest amateur action. Hollywood amateurs – Volume 2 squirts and squirts! Black Hollywood amateurs! Beach bums, mo' better ho' movies! Over 200 amateurs and 400 XXX features! Interracial, fat women, lesbian, DP & more! Catalog $4.00
#3399 75 Min. XXX Sampler Video + Catalog for only $19.95



#915 NASSTOYS
A must see! 24 explicit, color pages jam-packed with erotic products aimed to stimulate and satisfy every taste. If you can imagine it you'll see it here. Exclusive NASSWALK ORIGINALS will take you places you never thought possible. $5.00

#154 DREAM DRESSER®
Fashion fetish fantasy clothing. The most elite catalog available to the erotic shopper. Lingerie of leather, rubber, skin-tight stretch patent, 5" & 6" stiletto & boots, open-breast costumes, corsets, fabulous dresses. Unique fashions unavailable anywhere. **Catalog Price Refunded with First Purchase.** $10.00



To Advertise: DDI, P.O. Box 77902, S.F., CA 94107-0902

Mail orders to: Intimate Treasures®, Dept: **1PH030197** P.O. Box 77902, San Francisco, CA 94107-0902

125	$ 3.00	1016	$ 2.00	2901	$ 5.00
154	$ 10.00	1207	FREE	2902	$ 29.95
156	$ 4.00	1389	$ 3.00	2997	$ 5.00
356	$ 5.00	1390	$ 9.95	3030	$ 3.00
365	$ 5.00	1431	$ 2.00	3031	$ 29.97
542	$ 3.00	1432	$ 14.95	3101	$ 3.00
865	$ 5.00	2421	$ 3.00	3102	$ 29.95
866	$ 19.95	2448	$ 19.95	3398	$ 4.00
913	$ 3.00	2589	$ 6.95	3399	$ 19.95
914	$ 39.95	2766	$ 5.00	3665	$ 19.95
915	$ 5.00	2846	$ 8.00		

#1207 FREE IT Subscription with 4 or more
#356 IT Subscription $5.00

Total number of items ordered: ____
Total cost of items ordered: $ ____
Processing charge: $ 2.50
Total enclosed: $ ____

❑ Check
❑ Money Order
❑ VISA
❑ MasterCard

Make Checks & Money Orders payable to Intimate Treasures®. U.S. & Canadian orders only. U.S. funds only. Check orders may be held 14 days. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

AVOID DELAYS

DECLARATION *IMPORTANT* By signing, and or placing this order, I declare that I am 21 years of age or older. I desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own use and authorize Intimate Treasures® to mail me such materia'. I will not show material to minors. I believe such material does not offend the standards of the community in which I live. I have not requested the US Postal Service, or anyone else to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented material

X _____ / _____
signature date

First name:
Last name:
Address:
City:
State/Prov: Zip
Phone: ___ - ___ - ____ (Phone # required for all credit card orders)

[ ][ ][ ][ ] [ ][ ][ ][ ] [ ][ ][ ][ ] [ ][ ][ ][ ]

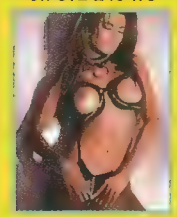
X _____ _____
authorized credit card signature expiration

I Suck U U Lick Me
1-800-688-69ME

Fuck Me Live!
1-900-WET-0195
1-900-938-0114
$4.95/min.

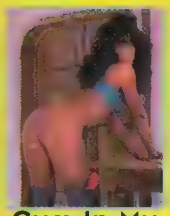
Anxious Virgin
1-900-WETT 2CUM
ONLY $4.95/MIN.

International Sex Orgy
011-592-246-040
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
011-592-248-173



I'M HOT!
1-900-WETT HOLE
$4.95/min. 18+

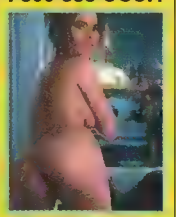
FUCK MY WET ASS
1-900-WETT REAR
(1-900-938-8732)
$4.95/MINUTE



Cum In My Back Door
1-800-756-LACE
Billed to Credit Card

Wet, Wild Lesbian Orgy
1-800-304-ORGY
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

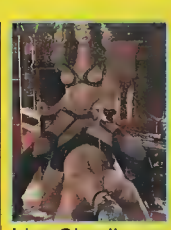
Give Me A Pearl Necklace
1-800-666-UCUM



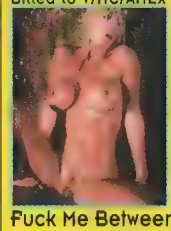
#1 NATIONAL ANAL SEX SERVICE
1-800-685-ANAL
Billed to Credit Card

Lesbian Sex- 4 Women Only
1-800-753-MEET
Billed to V/MC/AMEX

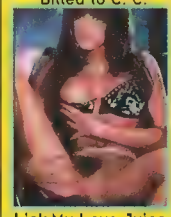
Uncensored Sex
011-592-240-472
International Rates Apply



Live Obedience Training Sessions
1-800-955-WHIP
Billed to V/MC/AMEX



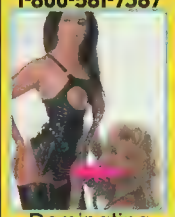
Fuck Me Between My Wet Tits
1-800-678-TITS
Billed to C. C.



Lick My Love Juice
1-900-WETT BABE
NO LONG INTROS!
NO STUPID CRAP!

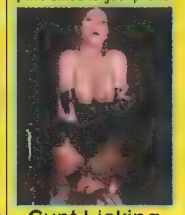
CUM IN MY ASS
1-900-938-0111
$4.95/MINUTE

Push Your Cock Up My Ass!
1-800-876-6116
Or My Cunt
1-800-581-7387



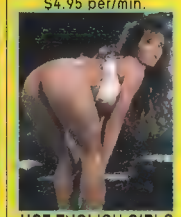
Dominating British Bitches
011-44-171-814-1327
CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY

1 On 1
Live Fucking
1-900-WETT 1on1
$4.95 billed to your phone



Cunt Licking Lesbians
1-900-WETT N'HOT
$4.95 per/min.

Find A Fold & Fuck It!
1-900-WET-N-FAT
Totally Gross
1-900-WET-FART
$4.95 per/min.



HOT ENGLISH GIRLS
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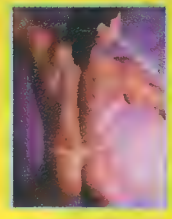

1-900-9 FUCK HIM IN THE ASS!
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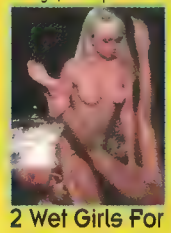

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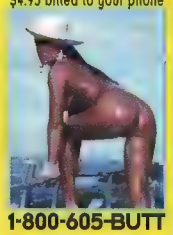

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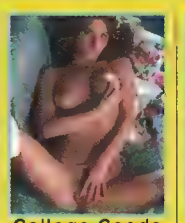

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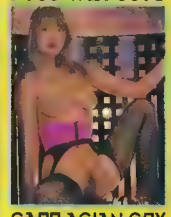

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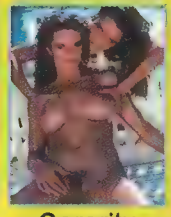
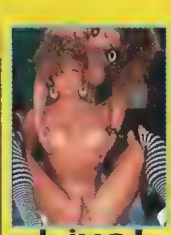


Sorority Slut Orgy
1-800-285-ORGY



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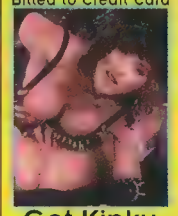

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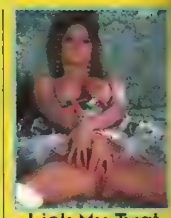

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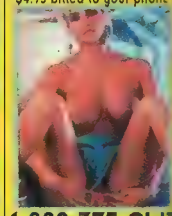

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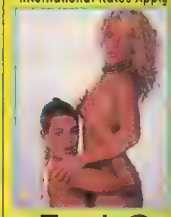

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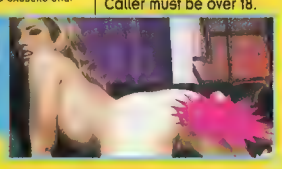

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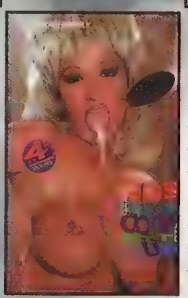

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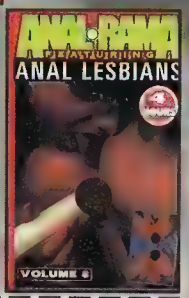

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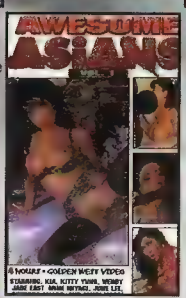

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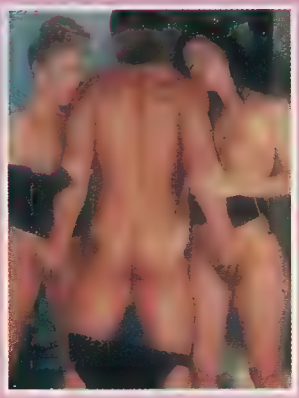

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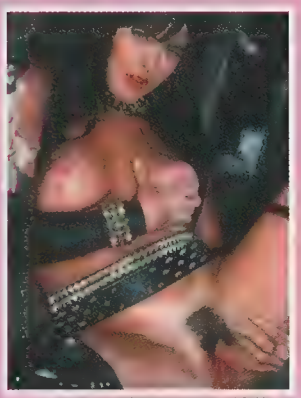

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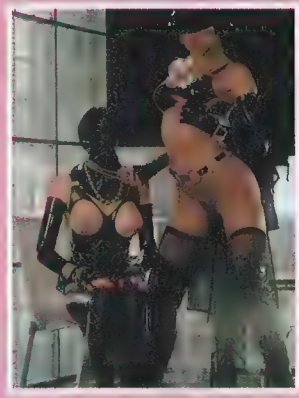

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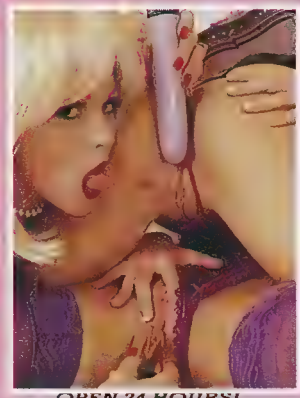

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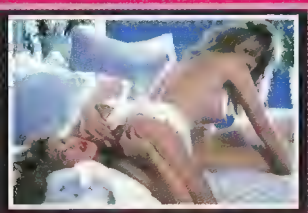

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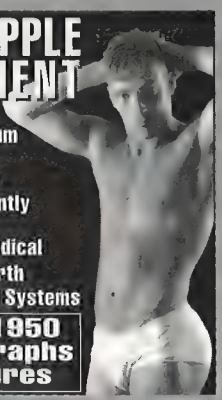

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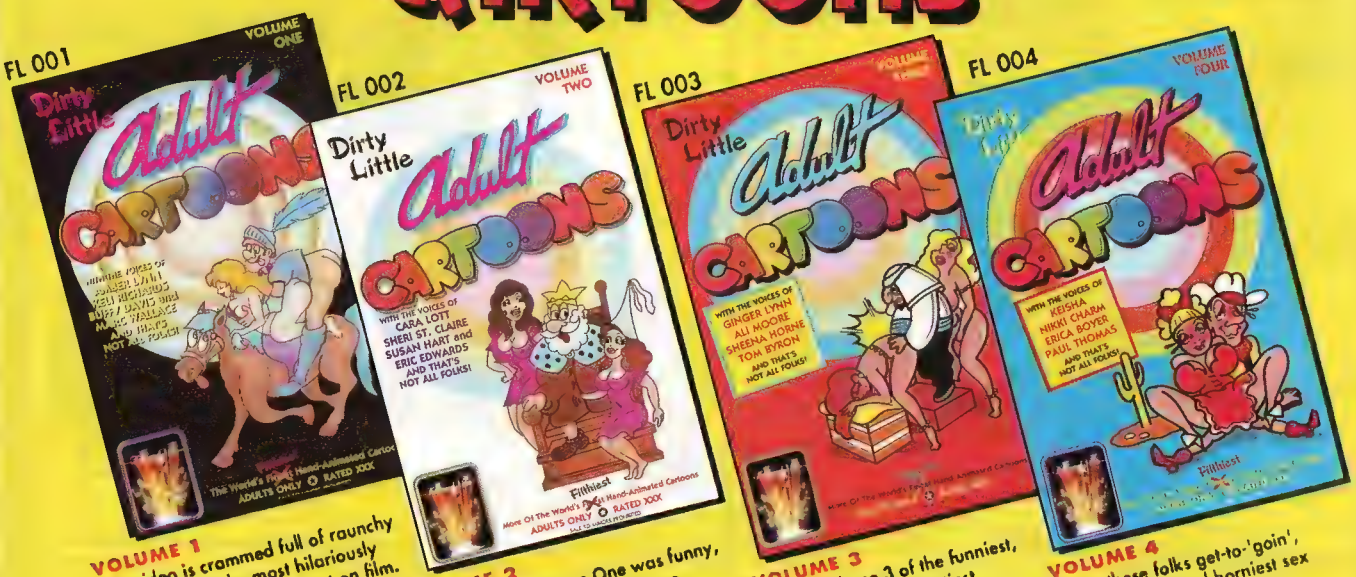

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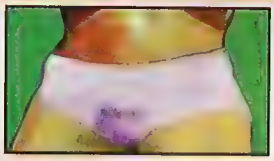

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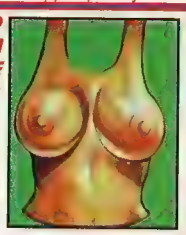

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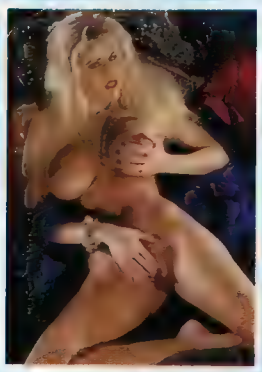
BEST PHONE SEX AWARD
1-900-745-1109
1-800-733-7825
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCOVER
CANADA:1-900-870-1099
18+ $1.00 - $2.99 1/2 MIN.



FILL MY ASS & PUSSY
I LOVE HARD MEN . . . CALL ME
NO CREDIT CARD NUMBER NEEDED
1-800-418-6644
ALSO TRY **1-900-725-2550**
CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-797-5995
V./MC./$4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+
OTHER SEXY OPTIONS:
011-592-249-661
011-592-593-681
LESBIAN SEX STORIES

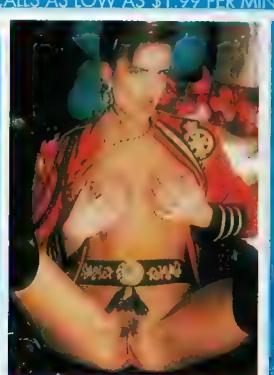
WE DO IT YOUR WAY!
1-800-680-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$
$2.99 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
HARDCORE, 1-ON-1 AND ORGY
1-900-537-3030
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

SQUEEZE & CUM ON THESE
1-800-494-T$_8$I$_4$T$_8$S$_7$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V./MC./AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
OUR DEEP THROATS ARE WAITING
1-900-993-2252
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

MY GIRLFRIENDS GONE
I'M HORNY
1-800-677-MENN
CALLS AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MIN BILLED AS 4600
MEN-WOMEN-COUPLES
1-800-766-BI-69
BILLED TO V./MC./AMEX/D. MUST BE 18+
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99 PER MIN.

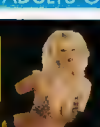
TWO KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!
1-800-285-KINK
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
1-800-444-STUD
BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-STUD
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

I'M HOTT
1-800-666-HOTT
(4688)
ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



TASTE MY SUCCULENT PUSSY!
1-800-688-69ME
SUCK MY TITS & I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!
1-800-967-ORAL
BANG MY WET CUNT!
1-800-766-WETT
BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER

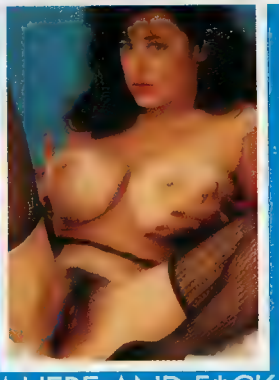
1-800-BLOW-JOB
Licking & Swallowing!!! **1-800-256-9562**



1-800-HOT-STUFF
SEX BI-WAYS!!!
1-800-468-7883
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

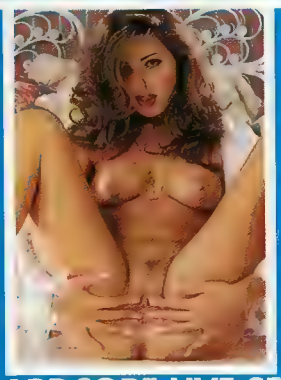
SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

TASTE THE EXOTIC
ALWAYS LIVE 1 ON 1
1-800-741-L5I4C2K5
1-900-674-2277
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



CUM HERE AND F*CK ME
011-592-247-754
011-592-599-533
011-592-588-861
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

CUM IN ME- I'M WIDE OPEN FOR YOU!
1-800-780-10611
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-674-1111
$2.98 PER MIN 18+



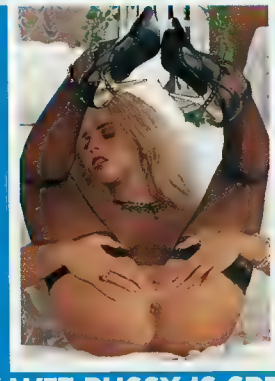
HARDCORE LIVE SEX
IT IS THE BEST!
1-800-839-M6O6N6A2
1-900-674-2299
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

HORNY COLLEGE FRESHMEN
800-816-6699/900-993-2700
HORNY BLACK GIRLS
800-504-7474/900-435-5556
HORNY ORIENTAL SLUTS
800-987-9797/900-435-5551
HORNY SLUTS AT HOME 1-818-865-8925
$2.50-$4.99/MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

MY WIFE DOESN'T GET IT
1-800-901-H4E3A2D3
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
V.I.P. ORGY ACTION...CUM NOW
1-900-993-9690
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

2 HORNY GIRLS + YOU = 3SUM
1-800-945-3SUM
HOT ANAL FETISHES!
1-800-937-BUTT
$2.98 PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER
NO CREDIT CARD CALLERS
011-68-FUCK ASS
INT'L RATES APPLY

WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK
1-800-967-O6R7A2L5
WET BLOW JOBS
1-900-W9E3T8T8-B2L5O6W
WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION
1-900-W9E3T8T8-O6R7G4Y
800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



MY WET PUSSY IS SPREAD & READY FOR YOU!
1-800-248-4F3U8C2
1-900-666-1155
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

PETITE & INNOCENT GIRLS 1-800-808-1-O6N6-1
WILL GET YOU OFF FAST 1-900-666-2S7U8M6
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE 18+

1-800-551-4S7E3X9
1-900-666-SEXY9

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

PHONE SEX
TWO GALS AND YOU
1-800-205-6300
1-800-210-8808
1-800-405-3687
ADULTS 21 AND OVER.

• BEST XXX SEX •
HOT, DRIPPING WET PUSSIES
1-900-745-1816
1-800-859-7877
FROM CANADA:1-900-451-3262
VISA/MC/AMEX/DSCVR/CHECKS/ $1.25 2.99 1/2 MIN. 18+

HORNY HOUSEWIVES
WANT TO GET YOU OFF
1-800-806-6699
1-900-745-5550
NASTY HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-889-1997
MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

CALL THE BEST! 24HRS LINDA'S LIP SERVICE
1-800-L$_5$I$_4$N$_6$D$_3$A$_2$-Ø7
BEST PERSONAL SERVICE
(415)-665-5216
COSTS LESS
***1-888-L$_5$I$_4$P$_7$-S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$-Ø**
*CANADIAN CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE!
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE/LIVE!/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE
1-900-745-2329
$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY

TALK DIRTY TO ME!
1-800-955-5600
LIVE 24 HOURS
MC/VISA AMEX.

MADE TO BE LAID
1-800-577-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
I'M HOT, YOU'RE HARD...CUM NOW
1-900-993-5538
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

GET OFF WITH 2 KINKY GIRLS!
1-800-947-2on1
LICK OUR LOVE JUICES!
1-800-444-LICK
RAW, UNRESTRICTED SEX!
011-592-590-658
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

1-800-980-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE / DIRECT BILLING 18+
HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-900-666-1515
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

SPICY ORIENTAL SUCK OFFS!
1-800-752-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
TELL US HOW-WE'LL DO IT!
1-900-993-2524
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

1-800-HOT-GIRL
HORNY GIRLS!!! 1-800-468-4475

Want XXX Sex???
1-800-HOT-4SEX
1-800-HOT-SUCK
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.98 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

LIVE OUT YOUR SEXUAL FANTASY!

1-800-481-3440

1-900-745-7220

CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-762-6996

011-592-249-655

OR 011-592-593-688

FLAMING DESIRE

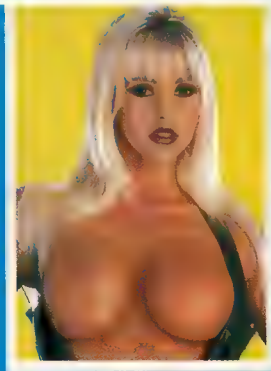
WRAP YOU LIPS AROUND THIS!

1-800-407-C$_2$L$_5$I$_4$T$_8$

1-900-674-1144

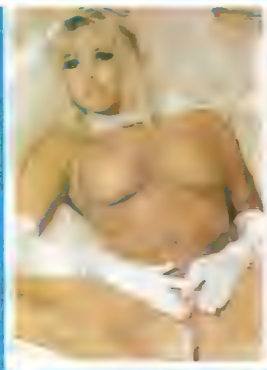
$3.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



!!! STRICTLY FOR SUBMISSIVES!!!

NYMPHO SEX SLUTS-59¢!	011-592-592-426
NASTY SUCK OFF-59¢!	011-592-592-427
BACK DOOR BITCHES!	011-592-592-428
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
DOMINANT MISTRESSES!	312-263-WHIP
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-FUCK



LICK MY WET CUT

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-C$_2$L$_5$I$_4$T

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

WET, WILD, HOT F**CKING PETS

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$-4P$_7$E$_3$T$_8$

UNCENSORED ORGY SEXLINE!

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$-0217

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS

WILL GET YOU OFF

1-800-605-0$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-4400

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

EROTIC SLUT FEST

1-800-839-S$_7$L$_5$U$_8$T$_8$

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

HORNY 2 GIRL ACTION

1-900-993-4432

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!

1-800-842-HUNK

HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WET-4-GAY!

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET

1-800-365-WETT

SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!

1-800-923-CUNT

UNCENSORED FANTASIES!

1-900-938-1155

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.

ALL ANAL FETISH!

1-800-376-4ASS

STICKY, WET & NASTY!

1-800-WET-4PET

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED

1-900-938-2300

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.

Lickem' & Suckem'

1-800-HOT-TITS

1-800-HOT-LICK

1-800-HOT-SLUT

SLEAZY SLUTS!!! 1-800-468-7588

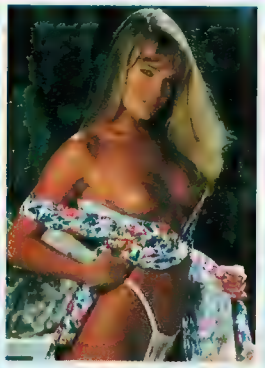
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

SUBMIT TO MY PLEASURES
1-800-249-L$_5$A$_2$I$_4$D$_3$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
LEATHER LOVERS TASTE THIS
1-900-993-2660
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1-ON-1
1-800-939-1-O$_6$N$_6$-1
$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-666-P$_7$I$_4$N$_6$K$_5$
$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

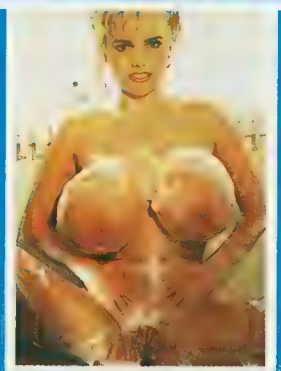
SELECT-A-SLUT
YOU GET IT YOUR WAY... EVERY TIME
1-800-218-4V$_3$I$_4$P$_7$
1-900-537-2030
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



DISCREET SEX SERVICE
CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT
1-800-511-2428
1-800-518-5425
ADULTS 18 & OVER

TWO FOR ONE SPECIAL
THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS
1-800-779-7319
YOU MUST BE 21 OR OLDER

I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN
YOUR EAR!
1-800-274-9999
MC/V/AMEX. NO CALL BACKS



LIVE 24 HRS. 1 ON 1
ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD
1-800-364-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$
YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT
1-800-213-4A$_2$S$_7$S$_7$
$1.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

HOT & HORNY WOMAN
WILL TURN YOU ON
1-800-294-2-T$_8$O$_6$-1
1-900-666-1199
$1.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

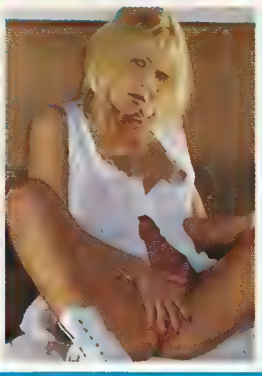
CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!
ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!
1-800-214-1-T$_8$O$_6$-1
1-900-537-1818
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

Hump my Ass & Pussy
1-800-HOT-BUTT
1-800-H4O6T8T9W2A8T

1-800-SPANK-ME
DO IT HARD!!! 1-800-772-6563
18+ V/MC
$2.50 $4.00
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

NEW
SEX CALL SAMPLES
1-800-488-0514
1-800-495-7710
1-800-501-7825
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

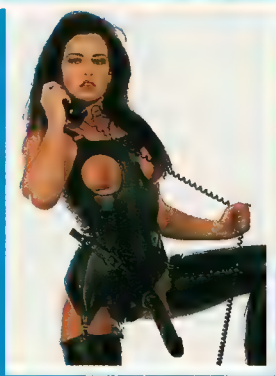


MASTURBATE WITH ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS
1-800-251-1-T$_8$O$_6$-1
1-900-666-1177
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

I'M HOLDING FOR YOU
1-888-479-T$_8$I$_4$T$_7$S$_7$
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL:
1-800-424-L$_5$I$_4$S$_7$A$_2$
ALL#'S LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
1-888-878-G$_4$I$_4$R$_7$L$_5$
LIVE $2.00/MIN. CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+ LIVE $2.00/MIN.

SEX STARVED HOUSWIVES WHO CHEAT BOTH WAYS!
1-800-624-T$_8$W$_9$A$_2$T$_8$
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$ 2W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$
1-888-7-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$ M$_6$E$_3$
MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS. 18+ FROM $3.99 TO $4.95/MIN.

KINKY LESBIAN SEX!
1-800-395-2on1
CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!
1-800-678-TITS
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-683-8071
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



LET'S RAM EACH OTHER UP OUR ASS! CALL ME...
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-759-9955
1-900-993-9440
CREDIT CARD USERS: **1-800-465-7550**
VISA/MC $4.99 MIN. MUST BE OVER 18
OTHER SEXY OPTIONS: INT'L LD RATES APPLY
011-592-249-640
OR **011-592-593-066** 24HRS LIVE CHAT
DOMINANCE SEX STORIES

HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING FOR YOUR ROCK HARD PIECE
1-800-990-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-674-2020
$2.98- PER MIN. 18+

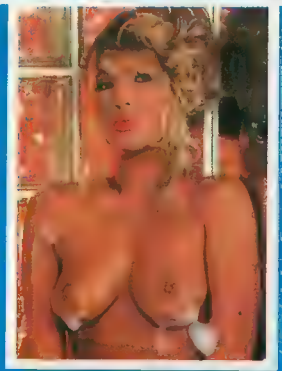
GET SOME BROWN SUGAR!
1-800-869-X$_9$T$_8$S$_7$Y$_9$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
KINKY COEDS ON CALL
1-900-993-1800
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

FUCK US BOTH
1-800-926-20$_6$N$_6$1
DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING
1-800-285-H$_4$E$_3$A$_2$D$_3$
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$ 4 T$_8$W$_9$O
$4.95 MIN. 900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE • 800# BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/DISC.

Hot Sex Action !!!
1-800-HOT-STUD
1-800-HOT-GUYS

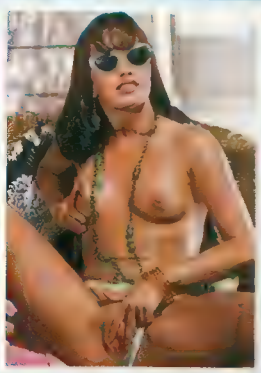
1-800-BLOW-JOB
SUCKING SLUTS!!! **1-800-256-9562**
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.90 Minute

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



HOT SEX SAMPLES
FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW
1-800-488-0517
1-800-506-5425
1-800-508-8255
ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY.

COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM, WET + READY FOR YOU!
1-800-980-0R7G4Y9
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-666-3555
$2.98- PER MIN. 18+



HOT! HORNY! SEXY!
DON'T MISS OUT!
1-800-319-B2A2B2E3
1-900-666-2244
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!
1-800-395-2on1
DO US DOGGIE STYLE!
1-800-937-BUTT
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. NO C.C. NEEDED
1-900-938-1919
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC /V

I JUST MET OUR NEW GIRLFRIEND
1-800-892-M4U2F3F3
BI GIRLS NEVER SAY NO
1-888-59-G4I4R2L5S,
WE'RE GETTING OFF SOON, CALL NOW
1-888-808-6969
LIVE 1-ON-1 $2.00 PER MIN CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+

TOP 5 LIST

LOCAL HOUSEWIVES	1-888-HORNY-WIFE
NASTY OLDER WOMEN	1-800-NASTY-TALK
KINKY ASIAN GIRLS	1-800-SEXY-ASIAN
HARDCORE DOMINATION	1-888-DOMINANT
REAL GIRLS AT HOME	1-818-587-9191

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES WITH HARDCORE KINK!
1-800-224-R7O6X9Y9
1-900-666-1133
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!
1-800-568-3SUM
CROSSDRESSING FANTASIES!
1-800-577-TSTV
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L ID. RATES APPLY.
011-592-246-208
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSY!
1-800-766-W9E3T8T8
I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!
1-800-879-S7U8C2K5
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
1-900-W9E3T8T8-10N61
$4.95 PER MIN. OVER 18 ONLY.

1-818-609-9141
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS 18+

$1 XXX LIVE!
HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!

1-818-758-9769
ONLY $1.49/MIN. 18+

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

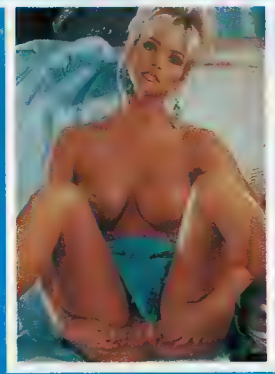
TASTE THE CUM FROM OUR PUSSIES LIVE SEX !

1-800-408-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS!
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

1-900-537-1040

$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL 18+



LICK MY LOVE JUICES

011-592-599-535
011-592-588-754
011-592-247-751

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY.

HOT FANTASY
INDULGE YOURSELF

1-800-268-8535

HALF HOUR FLAT RATE
V./MC./AMEX. MUST BE OVER 18

INTERNATIONAL CALLERS 1(416)924-1852

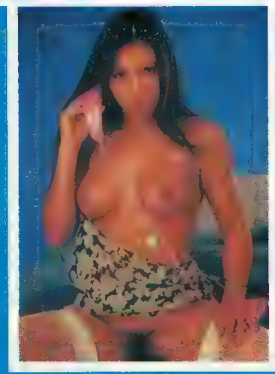
I'LL GET YOU OFF IN MY ASS!
LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!

1-800-795-9996

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

1-900-666-9996

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

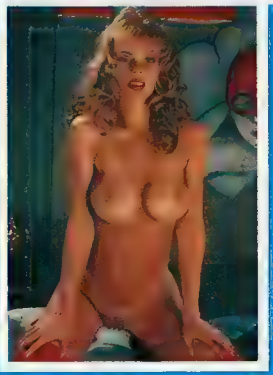


TRY ME, I'LL EXCITE YOU!

1-800-666-SEXY
(7399)

IT'S TOLL FREE
VISA/MC.

OPEN 24 HOURS
MUST BE OVER 18



I LOVE IT ON TOP!
LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX

1-800-372-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

1-900-666-3311

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

FRESHER, PINKER PUSSY

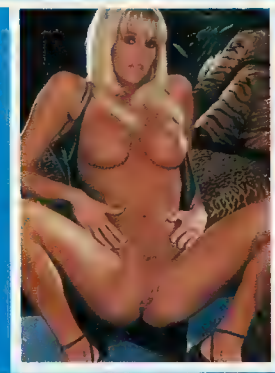
1-800-905-P$_7$U$_8$S$_7$S$_7$Y

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V./MC./AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

FOR JUICY FOREIGN BABES

011-237-750-011

INT'L I.D. APPLIES 18+ ONLY



FIRST TIME OFFERED IN THE USA
ALL NEW! ALL LIVE! INTERNATIONAL
HOT ENGLISH GIRLS

011-44-171-814-1326

DOMINANT BRITISH BITCHES

011-44-171-814-1327

CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY!

KINKY 2 GIRL PARTY LINE!

1-800-254-KINK

LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING SESSIONS!

1-800-955-WHIP

$3.99 PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER.

1-900-WE TAME U

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 **SCREAMERS** 1-800-717-1150
BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 **BEST PHONE SEX ACTION** 1-800-449-1003

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

JACKSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

"Child molestation is *always* intentional and it is *always* wrongful and it is *always* harmful." (Emphasis in original.)

Accordingly, if the plaintiff establishes that Jackson had sexual contact with plaintiff, plaintiff has demonstrated defendant's malice and is entitled to punitive damages.

Based upon the declaration of the plaintiff and the evidence presented in the depositions of Blanca Francia, Adrian McManus, Gayle Goforth, Evangeline Aquilizan, Gary Hearne, and Jolie Levine plaintiff has more than established a prima facie case that he was sexually molested. As a result, he is entitled to discovery of the defendant's financial condition....

Determining the financial net worth of defendant Michael Jackson is a significant undertaking. Jackson is one of the wealthiest individuals in the United States. Forbes magazine estimates he earned $272 million between 1986 and 1993. Much of his wealth is in things which are not easily quantifiable. For example, he owns the publishing rights to the entire catalogue of songs written by "the Beatles." He has publishing rights to his own catalogue of music written over a nearly thirty year career in the record industry. In addition, he is doubtless diversified in hundreds of different investments.

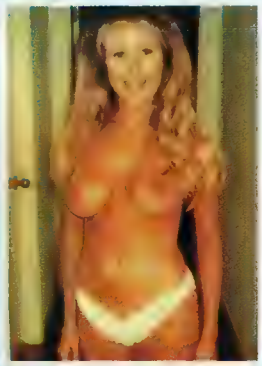
Determining the value of all of Jackson's assets will require a significant amount of time. Economists and other experts will be needed to determine the value of such intangibles as the publishing rights to "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" and "Thriller." Jackson is not a public corporation, so there is no concise annual report which will set forth his net worth. He is not a man of ordinary means whose financial condition is readily ascertainable. Instead, he is a millionaire hundreds of times over whose assets are tied up in intangibles. Plaintiff will need the three months remaining before the trial date to be able to track down these assets and come up with an approximation of their worth. Accordingly, plaintiff should be allowed to begin discovery of Jackson's financial condition immediately....

DATED: January 10, 1994 Respectfully submitted,

Larry R. Feldman
Robert M. Turner
Peter L. Weinberger
Fogel, Feldman, Ostrov, Ringler & Klevens, a law corporation
By (signed) LARRY R. FELDMAN
Attorneys for Plaintiff J. CHANDLER, a minor, by and through his Guardian Ad Litem E. Chandler and J. Chandler

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN
INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS
SEX STARVED HOUSEWIVES
1-800-464-2861
1-900-WET 2 HOT
1-900-938-2468
800- $4.95/MIN. 900-$3.99/MIN.
MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS 18+
DO ME NOW
CALIFORNIA DREAM GIRLS
415-788-GIRL
4475
1-900-344-1112
$19.95/CALL
BAD GIRLS
1-800-600-0087
I GET NASTY
1-818-758-3888
VISA-MC-AMEX-DISC-CHECKS-PHONE
COME TASTE BOTH WORLDS!
1-800-945-BI-BI
1-800-756-BI-SEX
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+
WET, JUICY & DEEP!
1-800-568-NASTY
1-800-999-6666
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+
PHONE SEX PARTIES
1-800-741-4480
1-800-742-4450
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
SAMPLE THESE
TRAMPS NOW CALL
1-800-997-4780
1-800-258-5231
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
FETISH FANTASY
1-888-TRY KINKY
011-592-1987
011-683-A2N6A2L5
INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY
WANNA GET LAID?
1-800-48-FUCK U'S'
38258
011-683-8074
800# $4.95/MIN. INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY 18+
PICK YOUR
PLEASURE
1-800-588-1840
1-800-731-3370
ADULTS OVER 18.
HOT SAMPLES
1-800-588-2180
1-800-770-6230
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
WE DO IT YOUR WAY
HARDCORE, 1-ON-1 & ORGY
1-800-200-ORGY
(1-800-200-6749)
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-4700
$2.98/MIN. 18+
.99¢ PHONE SEX
1-ON-1
1-900-725-HOTS
(4687)
LIVE 1-ON-1
011-592-1-ON-1
(1661)
INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY
1-800 WET TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
FUCK MY
1-800-WET CUNT
1-800-EAT TWAT
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET CUNT
$4.95/MIN.BILLED TO PHONE. 800#'s BILLED TO V/MC.
PHONE SEX SAMPLES
1-800-997-4740
1-800-871-1131
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
FIND OUT HOW
BEST SEX SAMPLES
1-800-997-4790
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
COLLEGE GIRLS
Live, Uncensored, & Enthusiastic - 24 /hr.
$1.99/min. CC/CHECKS BY PHONE/MO
614-263-2633
1-900-382-2633 3.99/Mn
FRESH PUSSY 1-800-SLUTS-18
LIVE FUCKING 1-800-807-FUCK
CHEATING HOUSEWIVES 1-818-597-9181
1-800-470-HUNK
1-800-587-1-ON-1
1-900-484-EDGE
1-900-484-LADY
QUICKIE
011-592-1849
1-664-410-1803
1-758-455-5404
011-239-3601
70¢-$3.99/Min.

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



HAVE YOU EVER FUCKED A
STARVING COLLEGE
GIRL?

1-818-889-8009

MC/VISA/AMEX OR CHECKS 18+

HOT LIVE PHONE SEX

99¢/MIN.

(212) 741-1202

CHEAP FETISH SEX CALLS! 011-592-592-430

LICK MY DRIPPING WET C♥NT

1-800-WET-C♥NT

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WET-C♥NT

LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING

1-900-WE-TRAIN-U

800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX.
900#S 4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

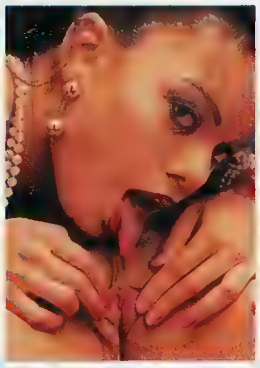
CALL US NOW WE WILL
MAKE YOU CUM

1-800-230-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$

$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-1122

$1.98 PER MIN. 18+



CUNT LICKING BABES

1-800-831-ORAL

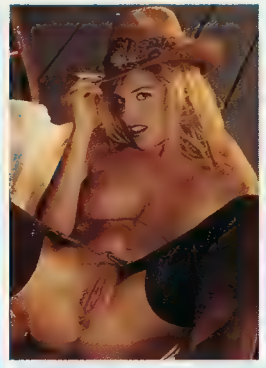
ALWAYS 2 LESBIANS TO GET U OFF!

1-800-964-3SUM

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WE TASTE U

900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE $4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.

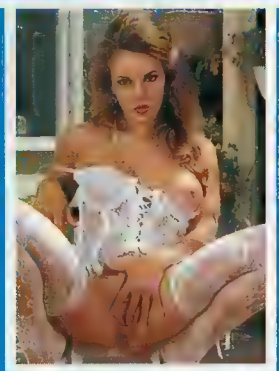


KINKY SEX OF ALL KINDS
BE READY TO CUM!

1-800-208-1-0$_6$N$_6$-1

1-900-674-1188

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!

HARDCORE UNSENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1

1-800-321-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

1-900-666-2288

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

MY HOT CUNT IS WATING
FOR YOUR TONGUE!

1-800-571-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

1-900-674-1166

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

STRANGE & UNUSUAL

DIFFERENT DESIRES, FORBIDDEN DREAMS

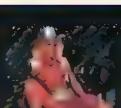
1-800-396-4F$_3$U$_8$C$_2$

1-900-674-1020

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810

LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230



HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489

HIDE'N SEEK 1-800-748-4420

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

DOPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

pared to what it was. The media love to write about middle-class drug users, so they're focusing on more affluent users, the models, the musicians, the cool cats. While there's a group of cool people who do it to be cool, I think that there are just hundreds of thousands out there who are strung out on years of drug use, and getting to them is the real challenge we face. They are the people mostly responsible for committing the crimes, for transmitting AIDS, for trips to the emergency room. Until we wake up and realize that that group is the core of the problem, we're going to continue to suffer very bad side effects from drugs in this country.

Manny died. He died twice, but luckily Steve and his new girlfriend were sleeping in the other room, and Steve got up to pee and found Manny lying on the floor, dead, beside some empty pill bottles. Blood was coming out of his wrist and neck. Steve dialed 911, just as he did when Mary died, and the E.M.S. people came and shocked Manny back to life. He died again on the way to the hospital, but they shocked him back to life a second time. The next morning the doctors told Manny that he was lucky to be alive, and said they wanted to do more tests to make sure his heart wasn't damaged. Manny jerked the IV's out of his arms, got dressed, and walked home. He called me later that day after he took a nap. He wanted to come over and talk to me about something.

It was hard for him to admit he tried to kill himself. First he tried to slash his wrist with a steak knife, but he was too messed up. Then he tried to stab himself in the neck. Although he hit it a few times, that didn't work either. Finally he took two bottles of pills that he had gotten from Mexico. All you have to do is drive down there—which takes four hours—tell a doctor what pills you want, and he'll prescribe them for you. Manny took a bottle of Xanax and a bottle of Rohypnol, the date-rape drug. I asked him why. He said that he was just bored with the same old shit, shooting dope, watching TV, collecting unemployment until he fulfills his Texas residency requirements so he can go to nursing school for cheap. I told Manny that I was tired of everything too, and we both decided to make our lives different, but had trouble thinking of how, so we ended up watching Tom Brokaw. Later on I told Manny that I was considering moving someplace where no one knew who I was, where I could settle down and get an AIDS test and plan out the rest of my life. He looked at me and said, "No, don't," and I could tell he really meant it.

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN
INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS
TRASH TALK COLLEGE GIRLS
LIVE, UNCENSORED & FUN!
1-216-226-7874
1-900-382-0001
99 MIN -MAJOR CC ELECTRONIC CHECKS
3.33 MIN -PHONE 24 HRS. 18+ C&R
CUM WITH ME
EXPERIENCE THE FANTASY NOW
1-888-575-LIVE MC/V/AX PREPAY
ONLY $1.99 PER MIN! LIVE 24 HR HOT LINE 18+
KINKY OLDER WOMEN
1-800-781-5565
18+ $1.99-3.99/MIN
HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-597-2600
TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1 ON 1!
1-800-325-4SEX
(1-800-325-4739)
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-1117
$2.98/MIN 18+
CALL US NOW!
WE WILL MAKE YOU COME!
1-800-WILD SEX
(1-800-945-3739)
$1.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-3700
$1.98/MIN. 18+
HOT HORNY WOMEN
CALL FOR SAMPLES
1-800-210-8802
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
TWO TRAMP PHONE SEX
1-800-230-1452
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
1-800 ASK 4 ASS
CROSS DRESSING FANTASIES
1-800-963-TSTV
1-800-458-KINK
1-800 WE FUCK U
BILLED TO MC OR V. 18+
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900 WET 4 HER
SHE-MALES
BIG BREASTS, BIG COCKS
1-800-361-3280
Donna's LIVE Phone-Sex
(Since 1982) 15 Min. call $9.95 MC/V/MO
No Gimmicks
203-931-7825
BETSY'S BUTT BANG
1-888-F3U8C2K5 B2E3T9SY
TWO HOLE FUCK FEST
1-888-F3U8C2K5 F3E3S7T
SAMPLE THEIR SEX
BY PHONE
1-809-563-0551
011-237-737-115
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY
Personal Erotic
Consultants Answer
Every Call!
1-800-496-7680
CHICKS WITH DICKS
1-800-726-TSTV
(8788)
011-592-246-014
800# 4.95/MIN. INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY ON 011/18+
DIRTIEST STUFF EVER
1-800-207-8105
1-800-720-2290
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
PRIVATE SAMPLES
HOT, NAKED & WAITING
1-800-967-0112
1-800-811-9500
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
HOT SEXY SAMPLES
1-800-340-4990
1-800-373-3041
Adults over 18
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS NEEDED.
SPECIAL SEX
FIRST TIME PHONE
1-800-815-6670
1-800-440-9150
ADULTS OVER 18
SIZZLING PHONESEX!
We're friendly, hot & so horny!
Only $14. 2 girls $25. Credit Cards
SUE or JENNY 415-441-7832
$1/MINUTE XXX LIVE
1-818-758-9769
ONLY REAL MEN NEED APPLY
HOT WET HOLES 1-888-233-FUCK
FREE PHOTO to all new callers CHECKS-V/MC/AMEX/DISC

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

WET LESBIAN LIPS &YOU GET OFF FAST

1-800-672-2-T$_8$0$_6$-1

1-900-674-2255

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

TASTE MY WARM PUSSY

1-800-716-L$_5$0$_6$R$_7$A$_2$

$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS? CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-537-1007

$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

LICK MY ASS!

1-800-873-LICK

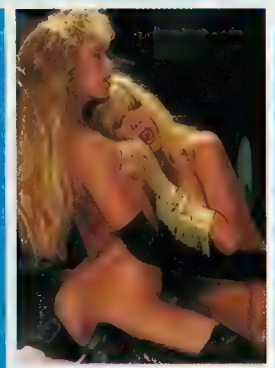
FUCK MY WIFE IN THE ASS

1-800-666-U CUM

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT 4 CUM

900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE $4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.



ALWAYS TWO HOT CUNT EATING LESBIANS!

1-800-840-L$_5$I$_4$V$_8$E$_3$

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS? CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-9090

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

HOT & HORNY LESBIAN ORGY

1-800-304-0$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$

CUM IN HER WETT ASS

1-800-766-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-938-2112

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.800# TO MC./V.

WE'LL USE & EXCUSE YOU!

1-800-300-4S$_7$I$_4$N$_6$

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

GET 2 BONUS MINUTES FREE!

1-900-993-2116

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

WE WANT YOUR MEAT

011-592-588-752

011-592-247-750

011-592-599-534

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY.

WET CUM DRIPPING BLOW JOBS

1-800-879-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-O$_6$R$_7$A$_2$L

F*CK MY WET HOLE!

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-H$_4$O$_6$L$_5$E

900#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX

900#S 4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

FUCK MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOUTH

1-800-831-O$_6$R$_7$A$_2$L$_5$

2 HOT GIRLS TAKE YOU ON!

1-800-945-2 O$_6$N$_6$ 1

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT-2 ON 1

1-900-938-8266

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE•800#S BILLED TO C. CARDS

LIVE, 1 ON 1 AND ORGY $2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLINGOR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+ 1-800-771-ORGY

WE'RE HORNY, WE'LL GET YOU OFF 1-900-666-3SUM

1-800-881-SUCK

1-900-666-KINK

The Gutter!

THE RAUNCHIEST NASTIEST CHEAPEST phone lines **ANYWHERE!**

TOTALLY CHEAP PHONE SEX
011-592-247-495
1-900-725-2330
1-809-490-8700

TALK TO ME LIVE!
1-900-993-1576
NO CC REQ'D CHEAP
011-592-1620

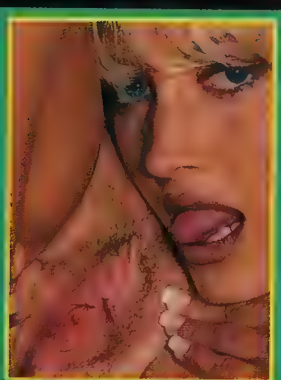
HOLD IT OPEN & RAM IT IN!
1-888-DOG STYLE
UNCENSORED NASTY 1 ON 1
011-592-1ON1

LIVE SEX
99¢/MINUTE
1-900-725-HOTS

THE BEST PHONE SLUTS
1-800-566-2CUM
1-900-725-3437
011-592-1393

FETISH CONNECTION!
1-800-294-FUCK
CALL NOW WE'LL MAKE YOU CUM!
1-900-725-SINS
011-592-1695

SHAVE MY PUSSY SMOOTH!
011-592-1098
SILK SMOOTH BUTT HOLES
011-683-ANAL



BETSY LIKES IT IN THE ASS
1-888-FUCK BETSY
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STEALING AMERICA'S SECRETS

With the end of the Cold War between the United States and the Soviet Union, vast spy networks have turned their expertise to economic espionage. Rivals across the seas find it cheaper and faster to steal American innovations than to invent their own. Next month prize-winning *New York Times* reporters Ralph Blumenthal and Judith Miller show how both the U.S. government and skittish corporations—fearful of alienating global partners as well as their own stockholders—have allowed these thefts to escalate to where annual losses to our economy have ranged as high as $100 billion, according to F.B.I. Director Louis Freeh, and have cost America more than one million jobs.

WHAT A BLAST!

In an instant the rapid-fire explosions of more than two dozen weapons shred the darkness. The eerie light of muzzle flashes reveals a team of camouflaged commandos raining fire on their desert target. A voice cries out, "Is there anyone here who does not have a hard-on?" Welcome to the Delta/SEAL training camp, where writer Jeff Kamen spent four intense days learning combat-handgun, knife-fighting, and other martial-arts techniques—and having one hell of a blast—alongside 30 civilians from all walks of life. *Penthouse* readers will get a unique inside view of what it's like to handle high-tech weapons and learn combat secrets from some of the most lethal warriors in America.

LIGHT YOUR OWN FIRE

It might sound like a blessing: You're making love, stroking away, your lady's having serial orgasms—and you can't get off for love or money. We've all heard of women who can't come, but a guy's not supposed to have trouble in that department. In "Men's Health & Fitness" we look at a little-known but surprisingly common condition that prevents men from climaxing. The cure, it turns out, is simple. You'll also learn about secret pressure points all over the female body where a single touch can give her a shuddering orgasm. And we'll show you five satisfying substitutes for your favorite fattening snacks, how to get a better pump from your exercises, and plenty more.

TEAM GREEN'S WINNING DUO

Barry and Kim Green—the Australian brothers who guided Canadian prodigy Jacques Villeneuve to an Indy 500 win in 1995—are stockpiling driving talent for future seasons, and they're doing it through an unusual arrangement at their Team Green Academy. A class of 25 of the best and brightest prospects will be narrowed down to two drivers, who will be contracted to Team Green for the '97 racing season. In "Fast Forward" writer Terry Reed details the winnowing process the drivers have to endure in their attempts to break into racing's big time.

IS MARILYN MANSON FOR REAL?

Armed with a barbaric brand of hard rock and a nerve-racking philosophy that make grown-ups quiver, multiplatinum recording artist Marilyn Manson is back on the scene with a grisly new album, *Antichrist Superstar,* and teens are gobbling it up like candy. Is Manson's group one of society's most pestilent enemies? Or are they simply a bunch of schmucks with a decent shtick, milking our young for what they're worth? To get to the bottom of the madness, reporter Chuck Dean went on the road with the band, and what he uncovered reinforces the time-tested notion that there's a thin line between love and hate.

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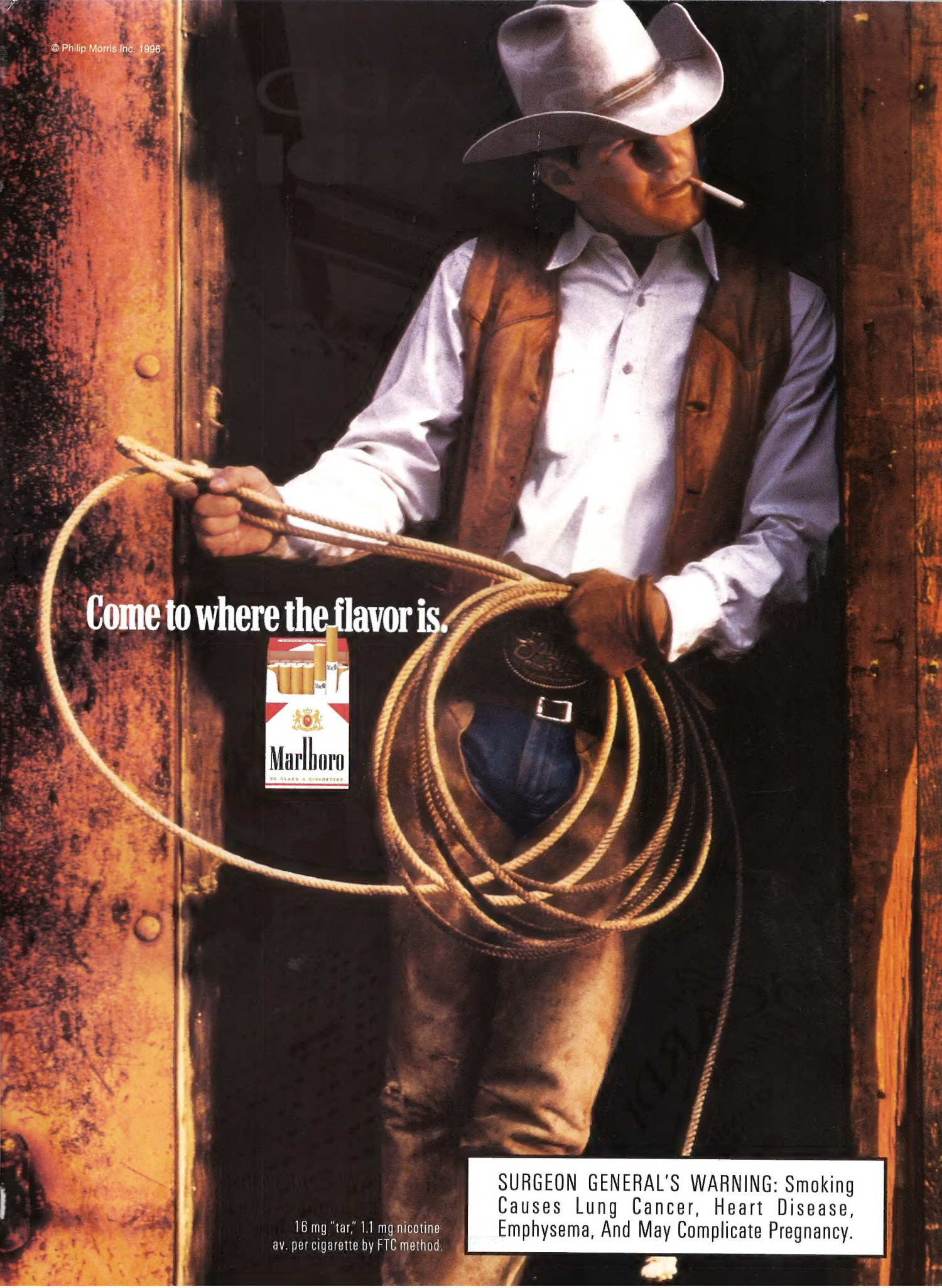

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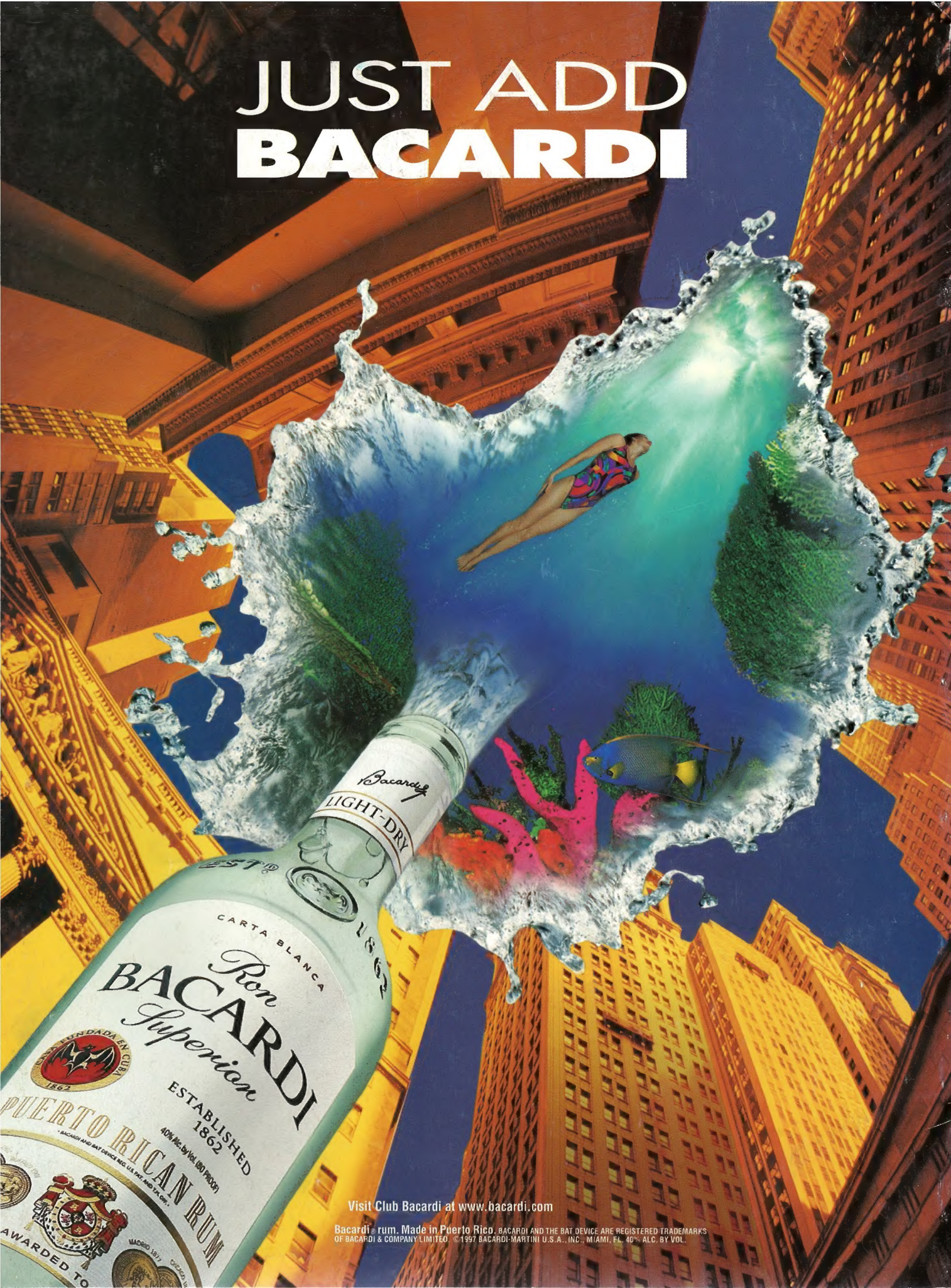

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